The Tragedies of Shakespeare

THE Comedies and Tragedies of Shakespeare

TRAGEDIES · VOLUME TWO

Complete and unabridged, with notes and glossary, and with illustrations by

WARREN CHAPPELL

RANDOM HOUSE · *New York*

COPYRIGHT, 1944, BY RANDOM HOUSE, INC.

Designed by Warren Chappell

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

CONTENTS

VOLUME ONE

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA 1

CORIOLANUS 97

TITUS ANDRONICUS 203

ROMEO AND JULIET 277

TIMON OF ATHENS 365

JULIUS CAESAR 437

MACBETH 511

VOLUME TWO

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK 581

KING LEAR 689

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE 787

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA 883

CYMBELINE 985

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE 1087

NOTES 1159

GLOSSARY 1209

HAMLET
PRINCE OF DENMARK

CAST OF CHARACTERS

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark*
HAMLET, *Son to the late, and Nephew to the present King*
FORTINBRAS, *Prince of Norway*
HORATIO, *Friend to Hamlet*
POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain*
LAERTES, *his Son*

VOLTIMAND
CORNELIUS
ROSENCRANTZ
GUILDENSTERN
OSRIC
A Gentleman
} *Courtiers*

A Priest

MARCELLUS
BERNARDO
} *Officers*

FRANCISCO, *a soldier*
REYNALDO, *Servant to Polonius*
A Captain
English Ambassadors
Players. Two Clowns, Grave-diggers

GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet*
OPHELIA, *Daughter to Polonius*

Ghost of Hamlet's Father

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and Attendants

SCENE

Elsinore

HAMLET PRINCE OF DENMARK

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.

Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo

BERNARDO. Who 's there?

FRANCISCO. Nay, answer me; stand, and unfold yourself.

BERNARDO. Long live the king!

FRANCISCO. Bernardo?

BERNARDO. He.

FRANCISCO. You come most carefully upon your hour.

BERNARDO. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

FRANCISCO. For this relief much thanks; 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

BERNARDO. Have you had quiet guard?

FRANCISCO. Not a mouse stirring.

BERNARDO. Well, good-night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

FRANCISCO. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who 's there?

Enter Horatio and Marcellus

HORATIO. Friends to this ground.

MARCELLUS. And liegemen to the Dane.

FRANCISCO. Give you good-night.

MARCELLUS. O! farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?

FRANCISCO. Bernardo has my place.
Give you good-night. *Exit*

MARCELLUS. Holla! Bernardo!

BERNARDO. Say—
What! is Horatio there?

HORATIO. A piece of him.

BERNARDO. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

MARCELLUS. What! has this thing appear'd again to-night?
BERNARDO. I have seen nothing.
MARCELLUS. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.
HORATIO. Tush, tush! 'twill not appear.
BERNARDO. Sit down awhile,
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
HORATIO. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
BERNARDO. Last night of all,
When yond same star that 's westward from the pole
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—
MARCELLUS. Peace! break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost

BERNARDO. In the same figure, like the king that 's dead.
MARCELLUS. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
BERNARDO. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
HORATIO. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.
BERNARDO. It would be spoke to.
MARCELLUS. Question it, Horatio.
HORATIO. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!
MARCELLUS. It is offended.
BERNARDO. See! it stalks away.
HORATIO. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!

Exit Ghost

MARCELLUS. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
BERNARDO. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on 't?

HORATIO. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
MARCELLUS. Is it not like the king?
HORATIO. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.
MARCELLUS. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
HORATIO. In what particular thought to work I know not;
But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
MARCELLUS. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land;
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:
Who is 't that can inform me?
HORATIO. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet—
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him—
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit with his life all those his lands
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror;
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant,
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,

Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in 't; which is no other—
As it doth well appear unto our state—
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsative, those forsaid lands
So by his father lost. And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

BERNARDO. I think it be no other but e'en so;
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch, so like the king
That was and is the question of these wars.

HORATIO. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse;
And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.
But, soft! behold! lo! where it comes again.

Re-enter Ghost

I 'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
O! speak;
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life

Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Cock crows
Speak of it: stay, and speak! Stop it, Marcellus.

MARCELLUS. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

HORATIO. Do, if it will not stand.

BERNARDO. 'Tis here!

HORATIO. 'Tis here! *Exit Ghost*

MARCELLUS. 'Tis gone!
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

BERNARDO. It was about to speak when the cock crew.

HORATIO. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine; and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

MARCELLUS. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

HORATIO. So have I heard and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill;
Break we our watch up; and by my advice
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

MARCELLUS. Let 's do 't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. *Exeunt*

SCENE TWO

A Room of State in the Castle.

Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, and Attendants

KING. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,
With one auspicious and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: for all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for ourself and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject; and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,

For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king more than the scope
Of these delated articles allow.
Farewell and let your haste commend your duty.

CORNELIUS. } In that and all things will we show our duty.
VOLTIMAND. }

KING. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius

And now, Laertes, what 's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is 't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice; what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

LAERTES. Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

KING. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

POLONIUS. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition, and at last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

KING. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will.
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

HAMLET. (*Aside*) A little more than kin, and less than kind.

KING. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

HAMLET. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

QUEEN. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common; all that live must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

HAMLET. Ay, madam, it is common.

QUEEN. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

HAMLET. Seems, madam! Nay, it is; I know not 'seems.'
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly; these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

KING. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow; but to persever
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father; for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you. For your intent

In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire;
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

QUEEN. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

HAMLET. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

KING. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

Exeunt all except Hamlet

HAMLET. O! that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world.
Fie on 't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet, within a month,
Let me not think on 't: Frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month; or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears; why she, even she,—
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with mine uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father

Than I to Hercules: within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O! most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets.
It is not nor it cannot come to good;
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo

HORATIO. Hail to your lordship!
HAMLET. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio, or I do forget myself.
HORATIO. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
HAMLET. Sir, my good friend; I 'll change that name with you.
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
Marcellus?
MARCELLUS. My good lord,—
HAMLET. I am very glad to see you. (*To Bernardo*) Good even, sir.
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
HORATIO. A truant disposition, good my lord.
HAMLET. I would not hear your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself; I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We 'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
HORATIO. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
HAMLET. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
HORATIO. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
HAMLET. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio!
My father, methinks I see my father.
HORATIO. O! where, my lord?
HAMLET. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
HORATIO. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.
HAMLET. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

HORATIO. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
HAMLET. Saw who?
HORATIO. My lord, the king your father.
HAMLET. The king, my father!
HORATIO. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
HAMLET. For God's love, let me hear.
HORATIO. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd: a figure like your father,
Armed at points exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.
HAMLET. But where was this?
MARCELLUS. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
HAMLET. Did you not speak to it?
HORATIO. My lord, I did
But answer made it none; yet once methought
It lifted up its head and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away
And vanish'd from our sight.
HAMLET. 'Tis very strange.
HORATIO. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.
HAMLET. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to-night?

MARCELLUS. } We do, my lord.
BERNARDO. }

HAMLET. Arm'd, say you?

MARCELLUS. } Arm'd, my lord.
BERNARDO. }

HAMLET. From top to toe?

MARCELLUS. } My lord, from head to foot.
BERNARDO. }

HAMLET. Then saw you not his face?

HORATIO. O yes! my lord; he wore his beaver up.

HAMLET. What! look'd he frowningly?

HORATIO. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

HAMLET. Pale or red?

HORATIO. Nay, very pale.

HAMLET. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

HORATIO. Most constantly.

HAMLET. I would I had been there.

HORATIO. It would have much amaz'd you.

HAMLET. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

HORATIO. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

MARCELLUS. } Longer, longer.
BERNARDO. }

HORATIO. Not when I saw it.

HAMLET. His beard was grizzled, no?

HORATIO. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

HAMLET. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.

HORATIO. I warrant it will.

HAMLET. If it assume my noble father's person,
I 'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well.
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I 'll visit you.

ALL. Our duty to your honour.

HAMLET. Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.

Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

Exit

SCENE THREE

A Room in Polonius' House.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia

LAERTES. My necessaries are embark'd; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

OPHELIA. Do you doubt that?

LAERTES. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

OPHELIA. No more but so?

LAERTES. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will; but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own,
For he himself is subject to his birth;
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it

LIBRARY OF EWING CHRISTIAN COLLEGE ALLAHABAD

As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough
If she unmask her beauty to the moon;
Virtue herself 'scapes not calumnious strokes;
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

OPHELIA. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.

LAERTES. O! fear me not.
I stay too long; but here my father comes.

Enter Polonius

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

POLONIUS. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There, my blessing with thee!
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear 't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

LAERTES. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

POLONIUS. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

LAERTES. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

OPHELIA. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

LAERTES. Farewell. *Exit*

POLONIUS. What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

OPHELIA. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

POLONIUS. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so,—as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,—I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? Give me up the truth.

OPHELIA. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

POLONIUS. Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

OPHELIA. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

POLONIUS. Marry, I 'll teach you: think yourself a baby,

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or,—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus,—you 'll tender me a fool.

OPHELIA. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love
In honourable fashion.

POLONIUS. Ay, fashion you may call it: go to, go to.

OPHELIA. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

POLONIUS. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
You must not take for fire. From this time
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to 't, I charge you; come your ways.

OPHELIA. I shall obey, my lord. *Exeunt*

SCENE FOUR

The Platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus

HAMLET. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

HORATIO. It is a nipping and an eager air.

HAMLET. What hour now?

HORATIO. I think it lacks of twelve.

MARCELLUS. No, it is struck.

HORATIO. Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within
What does this mean, my lord?

HAMLET. The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

HORATIO. Is it a custom?

HAMLET. Ay, marry, is 't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners; that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,
Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt,
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost

HORATIO. Look, my lord, it comes.

HAMLET. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee: I 'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father; royal Dane, O! answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

The Ghost beckons Hamlet

HORATIO. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

MARCELLUS. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

HORATIO. No, by no means.

HAMLET. It will not speak; then will I follow it.

HORATIO. Do not, my lord.

HAMLET. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again; I 'll follow it.

HORATIO. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness? think of it;
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea

And hears it roar beneath.

HAMLET. It waves me still. Go on, I 'll follow thee.

MARCELLUS. You shall not go, my lord.

HAMLET. Hold off your hands!

HORATIO. Be rul'd; you shall not go.

HAMLET. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. *Ghost beckons*
Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen.
Breaking from them
By heaven! I 'll make a ghost of him that lets me:
I say, away! Go on, I 'll follow thee.
Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet

HORATIO. He waxes desperate with imagination.

MARCELLUS. Let 's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

HORATIO. Have after. To what issue will this come?

MARCELLUS. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

HORATIO. Heaven will direct it.

MARCELLUS. Nay, let 's follow him.
Exeunt

SCENE FIVE

Another Part of the Platform.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet

HAMLET. Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak! I 'll go no further.

GHOST. Mark me.

HAMLET. I will.

GHOST. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

HAMLET. Alas! poor ghost.

GHOST. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

HAMLET. Speak; I am bound to hear.

GHOST. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

HAMLET. What?

GHOST. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,

And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

HAMLET. O God!

GHOST. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAMLET. Murder!

GHOST. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

HAMLET. Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

GHOST. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

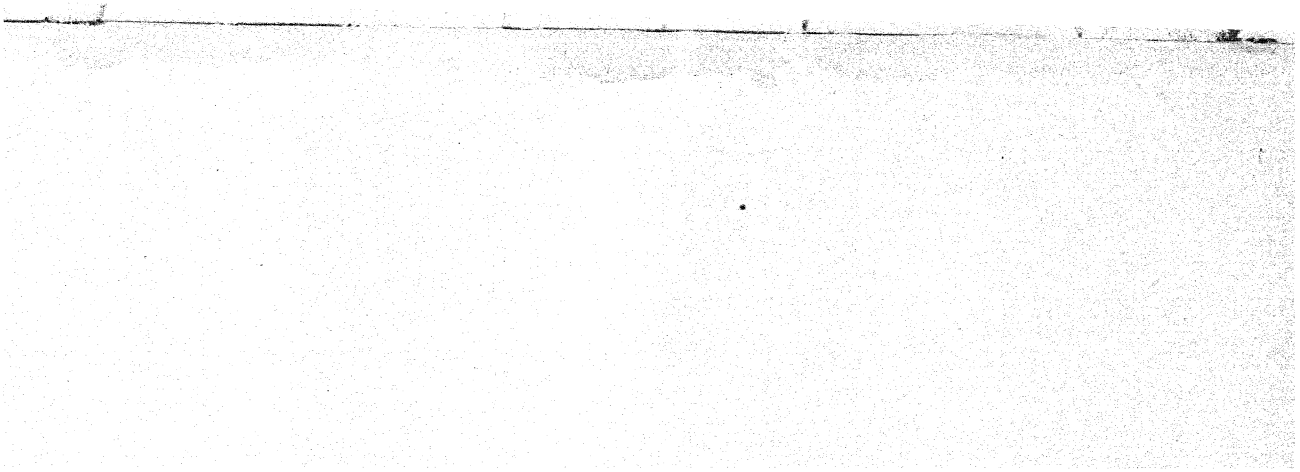
HAMLET. O my prophetic soul!
My uncle!

GHOST. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
O Hamlet! what a falling-off was there;
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline



HAMLET. Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee: I 'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father; royal Dane, O! answer me

ALLAHABAD.)



Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebona in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire;
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. *Exit*

HAMLET. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?

And shall I couple hell? O fie! Hold, hold, my heart!
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up! Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark: *Writing*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'
I have sworn 't.

HORATIO. (*Within*) My lord! my lord!

MARCELLUS. (*Within*) Lord Hamlet!

HORATIO. (*Within*) Heaven secure him.

MARCELLUS. (*Within*) So be it!

HORATIO. (*Within*) Hillo, ho ho, my lord!

HAMLET. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus

MARCELLUS. How is 't, my noble lord?

HORATIO. What news, my lord?

HAMLET. O! wonderful.

HORATIO. Good my lord, tell it.

HAMLET. No, you will reveal it.

HORATIO. Not I, my lord, by heaven!

MARCELLUS. Nor I, my lord.

HAMLET. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?
But you 'll be secret?

HORATIO. }
MARCELLUS. } Ay, by heaven, my lord.

HAMLET. There 's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark,
But he 's an arrant knave.

HORATIO. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.
HAMLET. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part;
You, as your business and desire shall point you,—
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is,—and, for mine own poor part,
Look you, I 'll go pray.
HORATIO. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
HAMLET. I am sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily.
HORATIO. There 's no offence, my lord.
HAMLET. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence, too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
HORATIO. What is 't, my lord? we will.
HAMLET. Never make known what you have seen tonight.
HORATIO. } My lord, we will not.
MARCELLUS. }
HAMLET. Nay, but swear 't.
HORATIO. In faith,
My lord, not I.
MARCELLUS. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
HAMLET. Upon my sword.
MARCELLUS. We have sworn, my lord, already.
HAMLET. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
GHOST. (*Beneath*) Swear.
HAMLET. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?
Come on,—You hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.
HORATIO. Propose the oath, my lord.
HAMLET. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.
GHOST. (*Beneath*) Swear.
HAMLET. Hic et ubique? then we 'll shift our ground.

Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.

GHOST. (*Beneath*) Swear.

HAMLET. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?
A worthy pioner! once more remove, good friends.

HORATIO. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

HAMLET. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come;
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, 'Well, well, we know,' or, 'We could, an if we would,'
Or, 'if we list to speak,' or, 'There be, an if they might,'
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me: this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.

GHOST. (*Beneath*) Swear. *They swear*

HAMLET. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint; O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let 's go together. *Exeunt*

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

A Room in Polonius' House.

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo

POLONIUS. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.
REYNALDO. I will, my lord.
POLONIUS. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.
REYNALDO. My lord, I did intend it.
POLONIUS. Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense; and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus, 'I know his father, and his friends,
And, in part, him'; do you mark this, Reynaldo?
REYNALDO. Ay, very well, my lord.
POLONIUS. 'And, in part, him; but,' you may say, 'not well:
But if 't be he I mean, he 's very wild,
Addicted so and so'; and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.
REYNALDO. As gaming, my lord?
POLONIUS. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing; you may go so far.
REYNALDO. My lord, that would dishonour him.

POLONIUS. Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That 's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so quaintly
That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

REYNALDO. But, my good lord,—

POLONIUS. Wherefore should you do this?

REYNALDO. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.

POLONIUS. Marry, sir, here 's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence;
'Good sir,' or so; or 'friend,' or 'gentleman,'
According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country.

REYNALDO. Very good, my lord.

POLONIUS. And then, sir, does he this,—he does,—what was I about to say? By the mass I was about to say something: where did I leave?

REYNALDO. At 'closes in the consequence,'
At 'friend or so,' and 'gentleman.'

POLONIUS. At 'closes in the consequence,' ay, marry;
He closes with you thus: 'I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was a' gaming; there o'ertook in 's rouse;
There falling out at tennis'; or perchance,
'I saw him enter such a house of sale,'
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.
See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth;
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out:
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?
REYNALDO. My lord, I have.
POLONIUS. God be wi' you; fare you well.
REYNALDO. Good my lord!
POLONIUS. Observe his inclination in yourself.
REYNALDO. I shall, my lord.
POLONIUS. And let him ply his music.
REYNALDO. Well, my lord.
POLONIUS. Farewell! *Exit Reynaldo*

Enter Ophelia

How, now, Ophelia! what 's the matter?
OPHELIA. Alas! my lord, I have been so affrighted.
POLONIUS. With what, in the name of God?
OPHELIA. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors, he comes before me.
POLONIUS. Mad for thy love?
OPHELIA. My lord, I do not know;
But truly I do fear it.
POLONIUS. What said he?
OPHELIA. He took me by the wrist and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And to the last bended their light on me.
POLONIUS. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.

This is the very ecstasy of love,
Whose violent property fordoes itself
And leads the will to desperate undertakings
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.
What! have you given him any hard words of late?

OPHELIA. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters and denied
His access to me.

POLONIUS. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted him; I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wrack thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!
By heaven, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.
Come. *Exeunt*

SCENE TWO

A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Attendants

KING. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court

Some little time; so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whe'r aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

QUEEN. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

ROSENCRANTZ. Both your Majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

GUILDENSTERN. But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

KING. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

QUEEN. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz;
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

GUILDENSTERN. Heavens make our presence, and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him!

QUEEN. Ay, amen!

Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some Attendants

Enter Polonius

POLONIUS. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

KING. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

POLONIUS. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king;
And I do think—or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do—that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy

KING. O! speak of that; that do I long to hear.
POLONIUS. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.
KING. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.
Exit Polonius
He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.
QUEEN. I doubt it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.
KING. Well, we shall sift him.
Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand and Cornelius
Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?
VOLTIMAND. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highness: whereat griev'd,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give the assay of arms against your Majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack;
With an entreaty, herein further shown, *Giving a paper*
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.
KING. It likes us well;
And at our more consider'd time we 'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business:
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour.
Go to your rest; at night we 'll feast together:
Most welcome home. *Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius*
POLONIUS. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate

What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

QUEEN. More matter, with less art.

POLONIUS. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then; and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause;
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter, have while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now, gather, and surmise.

Reads the letter

'To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia.'—

That 's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified' is a vile phrase; but you shall hear. Thus:

'In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.'—

QUEEN. Came this from Hamlet to her?

POLONIUS. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

Reads

'Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.

'O dear Ophelia! I am ill at these numbers: I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best! believe it. Adieu.

'Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him,

'Hamlet.'

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me;
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

KING. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?

POLONIUS. What do you think of me?

KING. As of a man faithful and honourable.

POLONIUS. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,—
As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,—what might you,
Or my dear Majesty, your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;
This must not be': and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsed,—a short tale to make,—
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness; and by this declension
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

KING. Do you think 'tis this?

QUEEN. It may be, very likely.

POLONIUS. Hath there been such a time,—I'd fain know that,—
That I have positively said, ' 'Tis so,'
When it prov'd otherwise?

KING. Not that I know.

POLONIUS. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
Pointing to his head and shoulder
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

KING. How may we try it further?

POLONIUS. You know sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby.

QUEEN. So he does indeed.

POLONIUS. At such a time I 'll loose my daughter to him;
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter; if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

KING. We will try it.

QUEEN. But look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

POLONIUS. Away! I do beseech you, both away.
I 'll board him presently.

Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants

Enter Hamlet, reading

O! give me leave.
How does my good Lord Hamlet?

HAMLET. Well, God a-mercy.

POLONIUS. Do you know me, my lord?

HAMLET. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

POLONIUS. Not I, my lord.

HAMLET. Then I would you were so honest a man.

POLONIUS. Honest, my lord!

HAMLET. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

POLONIUS. That 's very true, my lord.

HAMLET. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

POLONIUS. I have, my lord.

HAMLET. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to 't.

POLONIUS. (*Aside*) How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I 'll speak to him again. What do you read, my lord?

HAMLET. Words, words, words.

POLONIUS. What is the matter, my lord?

HAMLET. Between who?

POLONIUS. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

HAMLET. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

POLONIUS. (*Aside*) Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't. Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

HAMLET. Into my grave?

POLONIUS. Indeed, that is out o' the air. (*Aside*) How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter. My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

HAMLET. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

POLONIUS. Fare you well, my lord. *Going*

HAMLET. These tedious old fools!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

POLONIUS. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

ROSENCRANTZ. (*To Polonius*) God save you, sir!

Exit Polonius

GUILDENSTERN. Mine honoured lord!

ROSENCRANTZ. My most dear lord!

HAMLET. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

ROSENCRANTZ. As the indifferent children of the earth.

GUILDENSTERN. Happy in that we are not over happy;
On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

HAMLET. Nor the soles of her shoe?

ROSENCRANTZ. Neither, my lord.

HAMLET. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

GUILDENSTERN. Faith, her privates we.

HAMLET. In the secret parts of Fortune? O! most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

ROSENCRANTZ. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

HAMLET. Then is doomsday near; but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

GUILDENSTERN. Prison, my lord!

HAMLET. Denmark 's a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ. Then is the world one.

HAMLET. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

ROSENCRANTZ. We think not so, my lord.

HAMLET. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

HAMLET. O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

GUILDENSTERN. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

HAMLET. A dream itself is but a shadow.

ROSENCRANTZ. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

HAMLET. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

ROSENCRANTZ. } We 'll wait upon you.
GUILDENSTERN. }

HAMLET. No such matter; I will not sort you with the rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

ROSENCRANTZ. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

HAMLET. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

GUILDENSTERN. What should we say, my lord?

HAMLET. Why anything, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

ROSENCRANTZ. To what end, my lord?

HAMLET. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no!

ROSENCRANTZ. (*Aside to Guildenstern*) What say you?

HAMLET. (*Aside*) Nay, then, I have an eye of you. If you love me, hold not off.

GUILDENSTERN. My lord, we were sent for.

HAMLET. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late,—but wherefore I know not,—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form, in moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

ROSENCRANTZ. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

HAMLET. Why did you laugh then, when I said, 'man delights not me'?

ROSENCRANTZ. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

HAMLET. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his Majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight

shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't. What players are they?

ROSENCRANTZ. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

HAMLET. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

ROSENCRANTZ. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

HAMLET. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

ROSENCRANTZ. No, indeed they are not.

HAMLET. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

ROSENCRANTZ. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for 't: these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages,—so they call them,—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

HAMLET. What! are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players,—as it is most like, if their means are no better,—their writers do them wrong, to make them explain against their own succession?

ROSENCRANTZ. Faith, there has been much to-do on both sides: and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

HAMLET. Is it possible?

GUILDENSTERN. O! there has been much throwing about of brains.

HAMLET. Do the boys carry it away?

ROSENCRANTZ. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

HAMLET. It is not very strange; for my uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while

my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. *Flourish of trumpets within*

GUILDENSTERN. There are the players.

HAMLET. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come then; the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players—which, I tell you, must show fairly outward—should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

GUILDENSTERN. In what, my dear lord?

HAMLET. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter Polonius

POLONIUS. Well be with you, gentlemen!

HAMLET. Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too; at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

ROSENCRANTZ. Happily he 's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

HAMLET. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. You say right, sir; o' Monday morning; 'twas so indeed.

POLONIUS. My lord, I have news to tell you.

HAMLET. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

POLONIUS. The actors are come hither, my lord.

HAMLET. Buzz, buzz!

POLONIUS. Upon my honour,—

HAMLET. Then came each actor on his ass,—

POLONIUS. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

HAMLET. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

POLONIUS. What a treasure had he, my lord?

HAMLET. Why

'One fair daughter and no more,
The which he loved passing well.'

POLONIUS. (*Aside*) Still on my daughter.

HAMLET. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

POLONIUS. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

HAMLET. Nay, that follows not.

POLONIUS. What follows, then, my lord?

HAMLET. Why,

'As by lot, God wot.'

And then, you know,

'It came to pass, as most like it was.'—

The first row of the pious chanson will show you more: for look where my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players

You are welcome, masters; welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: welcome, good friends. O, my old friend! Thy face is valanced since I saw thee last: comest thou to beard me in Denmark? What! my young lady and mistress! By 'r lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We 'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we 'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

FIRST PLAYER. What speech, my good lord?

HAMLET. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved; 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see, let me see:—

'The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,'
'tis not so, it begins with Pyrrhus:—
'The rugged Pyrrhus, he, whose sable arm,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their vile murders: roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.'
So proceed you.

POLONIUS. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent and good discretion.

FIRST PLAYER. 'Anon, he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword

Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!'

POLONIUS. This is too long.

HAMLET. It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Prithee, say on: he 's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps. Say on; come to Hecuba.

FIRST PLAYER. 'But who, O! who had seen the mobled queen'—

HAMLET. 'The mobled queen'?—

POLONIUS. That 's good; 'mobled queen' is good.

FIRST PLAYER. 'Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames
With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made—
Unless things mortal move them not at all—
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.'

POLONIUS. Look! wh'er he has not turned his colour and has tears in 's eyes. Prithee, no more.

HAMLET. 'Tis well; I 'll have thee speak out the rest soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

POLONIUS. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

HAMLET. God's bodikins, man, much better; use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they

deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

POLONIUS. Come, sirs.

HAMLET. Follow him, friends: we 'll hear a play to-morrow. (*Exit Polonius, with all the Players but the First*) Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

FIRST PLAYER. Ay, my lord.

HAMLET. We 'll ha 't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in 't, could you not?

FIRST PLAYER. Ay, my lord.

HAMLET. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. (*Exit First Player*) (*To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*) My good friends, I 'll leave you till night; you are welcome to Elsinore.

ROSENCRANTZ. Good my lord!

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

HAMLET. Ay, so, God be wi' ye! Now I am alone.
O! what a rogue and peasant slave am I:
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What 's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba
That he should weep for her? What would he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?

Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!
Swounds, I should take it, for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O! vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon 't! foh! About, my brain! I have heard,
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I 'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle; I 'll observe his looks;
I 'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy—
As he is very potent with such spirits—
Abuses me to damn me. I 'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play 's the thing
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king. *Exit*

ACT THREE

SCENE ONE

A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern

KING. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

ROSENCRANTZ. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

GUILDENSTERN. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

QUEEN. Did he receive you well?

ROSENCRANTZ. Most like a gentleman.

GUILDENSTERN. But with much forcing of his disposition.

ROSENCRANTZ. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

QUEEN. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

ROSENCRANTZ. Madam, it so fell out that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way; of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

POLONIUS. 'Tis most true;
And he beseech'd me to entreat your Majesties
To hear and see the matter.

KING. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.

26354

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

ROSENCRANTZ. We shall, my lord.

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

KING. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia.
Her father and myself, lawful espials,
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

QUEEN. I shall obey you.
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

OPHELIA. Madam, I wish it may. *Exit Queen*

POLONIUS. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves. (*To Ophelia*) Read on this book;
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

KING. (*Aside*) O! 'tis too true;
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!

POLONIUS. I hear him coming; let 's withdraw, my lord.

Exeunt King and Polonius

Enter Hamlet

HAMLET. To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and, by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there 's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There 's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

OPHELIA. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

HAMLET. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

OPHELIA. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

HAMLET. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

OPHELIA. My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,

Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

HAMLET. Ha, ha! are you honest?

OPHELIA. My lord!

HAMLET. Are you fair?

OPHELIA. What means your lordship?

HAMLET. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

OPHELIA. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

HAMLET. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love thee once.

OPHELIA. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

HAMLET. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

OPHELIA. I was the more deceived.

HAMLET. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where 's your father?

OPHELIA. At home, my lord.

HAMLET. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in 's own house. Farewell.

OPHELIA. O! help him, you sweet heavens!

HAMLET. If thou dost marry, I 'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

OPHELIA. O heavenly powers, restore him!

HAMLET. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough;
God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves
another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname
God's creatures, and make your wantonness your igno-
rance. Go to, I 'll no more on 't; it hath made me mad. I
say, we will have no more marriages; those that are
married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall
keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. *Exit*

OPHELIA. O! what a noble mind is here o'erthrown:
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy: O! woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King and Polonius

KING. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There 's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger; which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply the seas and countries different
With variable objects shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on 't?

POLONIUS. It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him

To show his griefs: let her be round with him;
And I 'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

KING. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. *Exeunt*

SCENE TWO

A Hall in the Castle.

Enter Hamlet and certain Players

HAMLET. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and—as I may say—whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

FIRST PLAYER. I warrant your honour.

HAMLET. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others,

praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

FIRST PLAYER. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

HAMLET. O! reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that 's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. *Exeunt Players*

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

POLONIUS. And the queen too, and that presently.

HAMLET. Bid the players make haste. *Exit Polonius*

Will you two help to hasten them?

ROSENCRANTZ. } We will, my lord.
GUILDENSTERN. }

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

HAMLET. What, ho! Horatio!

Enter Horatio

HORATIO. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

HAMLET. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

HORATIO. O! my dear lord,—

HAMLET. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death:
I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe mine uncle; if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

HORATIO. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

HAMLET. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:
Get you a place.

Danish march. A Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Others

KING. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

HAMLET. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed; you cannot feed capons so.

KING. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

HAMLET. No, nor mine now. (*To Polonius*) My lord, you played once i' the university, you say?

POLONIUS. That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

HAMLET. And what did you enact?

POLONIUS. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

HAMLET. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

ROSENCRANTZ. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.
QUEEN. Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by me.
HAMLET. No, good mother, here 's metal more attractive.
POLONIUS. (*To the King*) O ho! do you mark that?
HAMLET. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?
Lying down at Ophelia's feet
OPHELIA. No, my lord.
HAMLET. I mean, my head upon your lap?
OPHELIA. Ay, my lord.
HAMLET. Do you think I meant country matters?
OPHELIA. I think nothing, my lord.
HAMLET. That 's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.
OPHELIA. What is, my lord?
HAMLET. Nothing.
OPHELIA. You are merry, my lord.
HAMLET. Who, I?
OPHELIA. Ay, my lord.
HAMLET. O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within 's two hours.
OPHELIA. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.
HAMLET. So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I 'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there 's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year; but, by 'r lady, he must build churches then, or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobbyhorse, whose epitaph is, 'For, O! for, O! the hobbyhorse is forgot.'

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love. *Exeunt*

OPHELIA. What means this, my lord?

HAMLET. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

OPHELIA. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue

HAMLET. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they 'll tell all.

OPHELIA. Will he tell us what this show meant?

HAMLET. Ay, or any show that you 'll show him; be not you ashamed to show, he 'll not shame to tell you what it means.

OPHELIA. You are naught, you are naught. I 'll mark the play.

PROLOGUE. For us and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

HAMLET. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

OPHELIA. 'Tis brief, my lord.

HAMLET. As woman's love.

Enter two Players, King and Queen

PLAYER KING. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' car gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

PLAYER QUEEN. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me! you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;
For women's fear and love holds quantity,
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

PLAYER KING. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do:

And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

PLAYER QUEEN. O! confound the rest;
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst;
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

HAMLET. (*Aside*) Wormwood, wormwood.

PLAYER QUEEN. The instances that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

PLAYER KING. I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity;
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt;
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy;
Where joy most revels grief doth most lament,
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange,
That even our love should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove
Whe'r love lead fortune or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

PLAYER QUEEN. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite that blanks the face of joy
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

HAMLET. If she should break it now!

PLAYER KING. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. *Sleeps*

PLAYER QUEEN. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain! *Exit*

HAMLET. Madam, how like you this play?

QUEEN. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

HAMLET. O! but she 'll keep her word.

KING. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?

HAMLET. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

KING. What do you call the play?

HAMLET. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista. You shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what of that? your Majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Player as Lucianus

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

OPHELIA. You are a good chorus, my lord.

HAMLET. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

OPHELIA. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

HAMLET. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

OPHELIA. Still better, and worse.

HAMLET. So you must take your husbands. Begin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come; the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

LUCIANUS. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

Pours the poison into the Sleeper's ears

HAMLET. He poisons him i' the garden for 's estate. His name 's Gonzago; the story is extant, and writ in very choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

OPHELIA. The king rises.

HAMLET. What! frighted with false fire?

QUEEN. How fares my lord?

POLONIUS. Give o'er the play.

KING. Give me some light: away!

ALL. Lights, lights, lights!

Exeunt all except Hamlet and Horatio

HAMLET. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
So runs the world away.
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

HORATIO. Half a share.

HAMLET. A whole one, I.
For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock.

HORATIO. You might have rimed.

HAMLET. O good Horatio! I 'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

HORATIO. Very well, my lord.

HAMLET. Upon the talk of the poisoning?

HORATIO. I did very well note him.

HAMLET. Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders!
For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.

Come, some music!

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

GUILDENSTERN. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

HAMLET. Sir, a whole history.

GUILDENSTERN. The king, sir,—

HAMLET. Ay, sir, what of him?

GUILDENSTERN. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

HAMLET. With drink, sir?

GUILDENSTERN. No, my lord, rather with choler.

HAMLET. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.

GUILDENSTERN. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

HAMLET. I am tame, sir; pronounce.

GUILDENSTERN. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

HAMLET. You are welcome.

GUILDENSTERN. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

HAMLET. Sir, I cannot.

GUILDENSTERN. What, my lord?

HAMLET. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit 's diseased; but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

ROSENCRANTZ. Then, thus she says: your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

HAMLET. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

ROSENCRANTZ. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

HAMLET. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

ROSENCRANTZ. My lord, you once did love me.

HAMLET. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

ROSENCRANTZ. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

HAMLET. Sir, I lack advancement.

ROSENCRANTZ. How can that be when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

HAMLET. Ay, sir, but 'While the grass grows,'—the proverb is something musty.

Enter Players, with recorders

O! the recorders: let me see one. To withdraw with you: why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

GUILDENSTERN. O! my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

HAMLET. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

GUILDENSTERN. My lord, I cannot.

HAMLET. I pray you.

GUILDENSTERN. Believe me, I cannot.

HAMLET. I do beseech you.

GUILDENSTERN. I know no touch of it, my lord.

HAMLET. 'Tis as easy as lying; govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

GUILDENSTERN. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

HAMLET. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter Polonius

God bless you, sir!

POLONIUS. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

HAMLET. Do you see yonder cloud that 's almost in shape of a camel?

POLONIUS. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

HAMLET. Methinks it is like a weasel.

POLONIUS. It is backed like a weasel.

HAMLET. Or like a whale?

POLONIUS. Very like a whale.

HAMLET. Then I will come to my mother by and by. (*Aside*) They fool me to the top of my bent. (*Aloud*) I will come by and by.

POLONIUS. I will say so. *Exit*

HAMLET. By and by is easily said. Leave me, friends.

Exeunt all but Hamlet

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.
O heart! lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent! *Exit*

SCENE THREE

A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern

KING. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you.
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

GUILDENSTERN. We will ourselves provide.
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe

That live and feed upon your Majesty.

ROSENCRANTZ. The single and peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keep itself from noyance; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone, but, like a gulf doth draw
What 's near it with it; it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoined; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

KING. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

ROSENCRANTZ. }
GUILDENSTERN. } We will haste us.

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern
Enter Polonius

POLONIUS. My lord, he 's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I 'll convey myself
To hear the process; I 'll warrant she 'll tax him home;
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I 'll call upon you ere you go to bed
And tell you what I know.

KING. Thanks, dear my lord.
Exit Polonius

O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't;
A brother's murder! Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens

To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what 's in prayer but this two-fold force,
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then, I 'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O! what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murder'?
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free
Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay;
Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of steel
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.
All may be well. *Retires and kneels*

Enter Hamlet

HAMLET. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I 'll do 't; and so he goes to heaven;
And so am I reveng'd. That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heavy with him. And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?

No.
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent;
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. *Exit*

The King rises and advances

KING. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go. *Exit*

SCENE FOUR

The Queen's Apartment.

Enter Queen and Polonius

POLONIUS. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him;
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your Grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I 'll silence me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.

HAMLET. (*Within*) Mother, mother, mother!

QUEEN. I 'll warrant you;
Fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming.

Polonius hides behind the arras

Enter Hamlet

HAMLET. Now, mother, what 's the matter?

QUEEN. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAMLET. Mother, you have my father much offended.

QUEEN. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

HAMLET. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

QUEEN. Why, how now, Hamlet!

HAMLET. What 's the matter now?

QUEEN. Have you forgot me?

HAMLET. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And,—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

QUEEN. Nay then, I 'll set those to you that can speak.
HAMLET. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
QUEEN. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!
POLONIUS. (*Behind*) What, ho! help! help! help!
HAMLET. (*Draws*) How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead!
Makes a pass through the arras
POLONIUS. (*Behind*) O! I am slain.
QUEEN. O me! what hast thou done?
HAMLET. Nay, I know not: is it the king?
QUEEN. O! what a rash and bloody deed is this!
HAMLET. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
QUEEN. As kill a king!
HAMLET. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.
Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius
(*To Polonius*) Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune;
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff,
If damned custom have not brass'd it so
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.
QUEEN. What have I done that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
HAMLET. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths; O! such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words; heaven's face doth glow,
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

QUEEN. Ay me! what act,
That roars so loud and thunders in the index?
HAMLET. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband: look you now, what follows.
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it 's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion; but sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.
QUEEN. O Hamlet! speak no more;
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.



HAMLET. Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune;
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.

HAMLET. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty,—

QUEEN. O! speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!

HAMLET. A murderer, and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

QUEEN. No more!

HAMLET. A king of shreds and patches,—

Enter Ghost

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

QUEEN. Alas! he 's mad!

HAMLET. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O! say.

GHOST. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits;
O! step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.

HAMLET. How is it with you, lady?

QUEEN. Alas! how is 't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up and stands an end. O gentle son!
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

HAMLET. On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me;

Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

QUEEN. To whom do you speak this?

HAMLET. Do you see nothing there?

QUEEN. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

HAMLET. Nor did you nothing hear?

QUEEN. No, nothing but ourselves.

HAMLET. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away;
My father, in his habit as he liv'd;
Look! where he goes, even now, out at the portal.

Exit Ghost

QUEEN. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

HAMLET. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what 's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

QUEEN. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

HAMLET. O! throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night; but go not to mine uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night;

And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And master ev'n the devil or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good-night:
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I 'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,
Pointing to Polonius
I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good-night.
I must be cruel only to be kind:
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.
One word more, good lady.

QUEEN. What shall I do?

HAMLET. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your check; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
For who that 's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

QUEEN. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

HAMLET. I must to England; you know that?

QUEEN. Alack!
I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

HAMLET. There 's letters seal'd; and my two schoolfellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,

And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 'tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O! 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.
This man shall set me packing;
I 'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother, good-night. Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good-night, mother.

Exeunt severally;
Hamlet dragging in the body of Polonius

ACT FOUR

SCENE ONE

A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern

KING. There 's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves:
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

QUEEN. (*To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*) Bestow this place on us a little while.

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Ah! my good lord, what have I seen to-night.

KING. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

QUEEN. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, 'A rat! a rat!'
And, in his brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

KING. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us had we been there.
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answered?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man: but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

QUEEN. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd;
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,

Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is done.

KING. O Gertrude! come away.
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch
But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. Ho! Guildenstern!

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Come, Gertrude, we 'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what 's untimely done: so, haply, slander,
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air. O! come away;
My soul is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt*

SCENE TWO

Another Room in the Castle.

Enter Hamlet

HAMLET. Safely stowed.

ROSENCRANTZ. } (*Within*) Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!
GUILDENSTERN. }

HAMLET. What noise? who calls on Hamlet?
O! here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

ROSENCRANTZ. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

HAMLET. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

ROSENCRANTZ. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence
And bear it to the chapel.

HAMLET. Do not believe it.

ROSENCRANTZ. Believe what?

HAMLET. That I can keep your counsel and not mine own.

Besides, to be demanded of a sponge! what replication should be made by the son of a king?

ROSENCRANTZ. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

HAMLET. Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

ROSENCRANTZ. I understand you not, my lord.

HAMLET. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

ROSENCRANTZ. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

HAMLET. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

GUILDENSTERN. A thing, my lord!

HAMLET. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. *Exeunt*

SCENE THREE

Another Room in the Castle.

Enter King, attended

KING. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He 's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrantz

How now! what hath befall'n?

ROSENCRANTZ. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

KING. But where is he?

ROSENCRANTZ. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

KING. Bring him before us.

ROSENCRANTZ. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern, with Attendants

KING. Now, Hamlet, where 's Polonius?

HAMLET. At supper.

KING. At supper! Where?

HAMLET. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table: that 's the end.

KING. Alas, alas!

HAMLET. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

KING. What dost thou mean by this?

HAMLET. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

KING. Where is Polonius?

HAMLET. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

KING. (*To some Attendants*) Go seek him there.

HAMLET. He will stay till you come. *Exeunt Attendants*

KING. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

HAMLET. For England!

KING. Ay, Hamlet.

HAMLET. Good.

KING. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

HAMLET. I see a cherub that sees them. But, come; for England! Farewell, dear mother.

KING. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

HAMLET. My mother: father and mother is man and wife,

man and wife is one flesh, and so, my mother. Come,
for England! *Exit*

KING. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard:
Delay it not, I 'll have him hence to-night.
Away! for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair: pray you, make haste.
Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern
And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,—thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process, which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. *Exit*

SCENE FOUR

A Plain in Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, a Captain, and Soldiers, marching

FORTINBRAS. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his Majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

CAPTAIN. I will do 't, my lord.

FORTINBRAS. Go softly on. *Exeunt Fortinbras and Soldiers*
Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, &c.

HAMLET. Good sir, whose powers are these?

CAPTAIN. They are of Norway, sir.

HAMLET. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?

CAPTAIN. Against some part of Poland.

HAMLET. Who commands them, sir?

CAPTAIN. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

HAMLET. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,

Or for some frontier?

CAPTAIN. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

HAMLET. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

CAPTAIN. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

HAMLET. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir. *Exit*

CAPTAIN. God be wi' you, sir.

ROSENCRANTZ. Will 't please you go, my lord?

HAMLET. I 'll be with you straight. Go a little before.
Exeunt all except Hamlet

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whe'r it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward, I do not know
Why yet I live to say 'This thing 's to do';
Sith I have cause and will and strength and means
To do 't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:
Witness this army of such mass and charge
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw

When honour 's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O! from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! *Exit*

SCENE FIVE

Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Queen, Horatio, and a Gentleman

QUEEN. I will not speak with her.

GENTLEMAN. She is importunate, indeed distract:
Her mood will needs be pitied.

QUEEN. What would she have?

GENTLEMAN. She speaks much of her father; says she hears
There 's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

HORATIO. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

QUEEN. Let her come in. *Exit Gentleman*
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia

OPHELIA. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

QUEEN. How now, Ophelia!

OPHELIA. How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

QUEEN. Alas! sweet lady, what imports this song?

OPHELIA. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.
He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf;
At his heels a stone.
O, ho!

QUEEN. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

OPHELIA. Pray you, mark.
White his shroud as the mountain snow,—

Enter King

QUEEN. Alas! look here, my lord.

OPHELIA. (*Sings*)
Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

KING. How do you, pretty lady?

OPHELIA. Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord! we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

KING. Conceit upon her father.

OPHELIA. Pray you, let 's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:
(*Sings*) To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

KING. Pretty Ophelia!

OPHELIA. Indeed, la! without an oath, I 'll make an end on 't:
(*Sings*) By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!

Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;
By Cock they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

KING. How long hath she been thus?

OPHELIA. I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good-night, ladies; good-night, sweet ladies; good-night, good-night. *Exit*

KING. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. *Exit Horatio*

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude!
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; but he most violent author
Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,
In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude! this,
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. *A noise within*

QUEEN. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman

KING. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.
What is the matter?

GENTLEMAN. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,

Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, 'Choose we; Laertes shall be king!'
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!'

QUEEN. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O! this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

KING. The doors are broke. *Noise within*

Enter Laertes, armed; Danes following

LAERTES. Where is the king? Sirs, stand you all without.

DANES. No, let 's come in.

LAERTES. I pray you, give me leave.

DANES. We will, we will. *They retire without the door*

LAERTES. I thank you: keep the door. O thou vile king!
Give me my father.

QUEEN. Calmly, good Laertes.

LAERTES. That drop of blood that 's calm proclaims me bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

KING. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There 's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd. Let him go, Gertrude.
Speak, man.

LAERTES. Where is my father?

KING. Dead.

QUEEN. But not by him.

KING. Let him demand his fill.

LAERTES. How came he dead? I 'll not be juggled with.
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,

Let come what comes; only I 'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

KING. Who shall stay you?

LAERTES. My will, not all the world:
And for my means, I 'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

KING. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is 't writ in your revenge,
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

LAERTES. None but his enemies.

KING. Will you know them then?

LAERTES. To his good friends thus wide I 'll ope my arms;
And like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

KING. Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce
As day does to your eye.

DANES. (*Within*) Let her come in.

LAERTES. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter Ophelia

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is 't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

OPHELIA. They bore him barefac'd on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—
Fare you well, my dove!

LAERTES. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

OPHELIA. You must sing, a-down a-down,
And you call him a-down-a.
O how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward that stole his master's daughter.

LAERTES. This nothing 's more than matter.

OPHELIA. There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance; pray, love, remember: and there is pansies, that 's for thoughts.

LAERTES. A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

OPHELIA. There 's fennel for you, and columbines; there 's rue for you; and here 's some for me; we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays. O! you must wear your rue with a difference. There 's a daisy; I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died. They say he made a good end,—
(*Sings*) For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

LAERTES. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

OPHELIA. (*Sings*)
And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead;
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow
All flaxen was his poll,
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!
And of all Christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' ye! *Exit*

LAERTES. Do you see this, O God?

KING. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

LAERTES. Let this be so:
His means of death, his obscure burial,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

KING. So you shall;
And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you go with me. *Exeunt*

SCENE SIX

Another Room in the Castle.

Enter Horatio and a Servant

HOTATIO. What are they that would speak with me?

SERVANT. Sailors, sir: they say, they have letters for you.

HORATIO. Let them come in. *Exit Servant*
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors

FIRST SAILOR. God bless you, sir.

HORATIO. Let him bless thee too.

SECOND SAILOR. He shall, sir, an 't please him. There 's a letter for you, sir;—it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England;—if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

HORATIO. (*Reads the letter*) 'Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am.

OPHELIA. You must sing, a-down a-down,
And you call him a-down-a.
O how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward that stole his master's daughter.

LAERTES. This nothing 's more than matter.

OPHELIA. There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance; pray, love, remember: and there is pansies, that 's for thoughts.

LAERTES. A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

OPHELIA. There 's fennel for you, and columbines; there 's rue for you; and here 's some for me; we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays. O! you must wear your rue with a difference. There 's a daisy; I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died. They say he made a good end,—
(*Sings*) For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

LAERTES. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

OPHELIA. (*Sings*)
And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead;
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow
All flaxen was his poll,
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!
And of all Christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' ye! *Exit*

LAERTES. Do you see this, O God?

KING. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

LAERTES. Let this be so:
His means of death, his obscure burial,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

KING. So you shall;
And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you go with me. *Exeunt*

SCENE SIX

Another Room in the Castle.

Enter Horatio and a Servant

HOTATIO. What are they that would speak with me?

SERVANT. Sailors, sir: they say, they have letters for you.

HORATIO. Let them come in. *Exit Servant*
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors

FIRST SAILOR. God bless you, sir.

HORATIO. Let him bless thee too.

SECOND SAILOR. He shall, sir, an 't please him. There 's a letter for you, sir;—it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England;—if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

HORATIO. (*Reads the letter*) 'Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am.

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

'He that thou knowest thine,
'Hamlet.'

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do 't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt*

SCENE SEVEN

Another Room in the Castle.

Enter King and Laertes

KING. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursu'd my life.

LAERTES. It well appears: but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

KING. O! for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks, and for myself,—
My virtue or my plague, be it either which,—
She 's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

LAERTES. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,

Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

KING. Break not your sleeps for that; you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more;
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself,
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—

Enter a Messenger

How now! what news?

MESSENGER. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your Majesty; this to the queen.

KING. From Hamlet! who brought them?

MESSENGER. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

KING. Laertes, you shall hear them.
Leave us. *Exit Messenger*

(*Reads*) 'High and mighty—You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes; when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return. Hamlet.'
What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse and no such thing?

LAERTES. Know you the hand?

KING. 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked,'
And in a postscript here, he says, 'alone.'
Can you advise me?

LAERTES. I 'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come:
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
'Thus diddest thou.'

KING. If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so? how otherwise?
Will you be rul'd by me?

LAERTES. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

KING. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him

To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice
And call it accident.

LAERTES. My lord, I will be rul'd:
The rather, if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

KING. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine; your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him
As did that one, and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

LAERTES. What part is that, my lord?

KING. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness. Two months since
Here was a gentleman of Normandy:
I 've seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can well on horseback; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in 't, he grew unto his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast; so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

LAERTES. A Norman was 't?

KING. A Norman.

LAERTES. Upon my life, Lamord.

KING. The very same.

LAERTES. I know him well; he is the brooch indeed
And gem of all the nation.

KING. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed
If one could match you; the scrimers of their nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this,—

LAERTES. What out of this, my lord?

KING. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

LAERTES. Why ask you this?

KING. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodness still,
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too-much. That we would do,
We should do when we would, for this 'would' changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer;
Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

LAERTES. To cut his throat i' the church.

KING. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home;
We 'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you, in fine, together,
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.

LAERTES. I will do 't;
And, for that purpose, I 'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal; I 'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

KING. Let 's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance
'Twere better not assay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft! let me see;
We 'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings:
I ha 't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry,—
As make your bouts more violent to that end,—
And that he calls for drink, I 'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay! what noise?

Enter Queen

How now, sweet queen!

QUEEN. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sister 's drown'd, Laertes.

LAERTES. Drown'd! O, where?

QUEEN. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,

As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element; but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

LAERTES. Alas! then, she is drown'd!

QUEEN. Drown'd, drown'd.

LAERTES. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears; but yet
It is our trick, nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts it. *Exit*

KING. Let 's follow, Gertrude.
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let 's follow. *Exeunt*

ACT FIVE

SCENE ONE

A Churchyard.

Enter two Clowns, with spades and mattock

FIRST CLOWN. Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

SECOND CLOWN. I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

FIRST CLOWN. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

SECOND CLOWN. Why, 'tis found so.

FIRST CLOWN. It must be 'se offendendo'; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

SECOND CLOWN. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver,—

FIRST CLOWN. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that? but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

SECOND CLOWN. But is this law?

FIRST CLOWN. Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's quest law.

SECOND CLOWN. Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

FIRST CLOWN. Why, there thou sayest; and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but

gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

SECOND CLOWN. Was he a gentleman?

FIRST CLOWN. A' was the first that ever bore arms.

SECOND CLOWN. Why, he had none.

FIRST CLOWN. What! art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged; could he dig without arms? I 'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

SECOND CLOWN. Go to.

FIRST CLOWN. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

SECOND CLOWN. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

FIRST CLOWN. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well, but how does it well? It does well to those that do ill; now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again; come.

SECOND CLOWN. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

FIRST CLOWN. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

SECOND CLOWN. Marry, now I can tell.

FIRST CLOWN. To 't.

SECOND CLOWN. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio at a distance

FIRST CLOWN. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, 'a grave-maker': the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor.

Exit Second Clown

FIRST CLOWN (*digs and sings*)

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O! the time for-a my behove,
O! methought there was nothing meet.

HAMLET. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

HORATIO. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

HAMLET. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

FIRST CLOWN. (*Sings*)

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.

Throws up a skull

HAMLET. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once; how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-offices, one that would circumvent God, might it not?

HORATIO. It might, my lord.

HAMLET. Or of a courtier, which could say, 'Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?' This might be my Lord Such-a-one, that praised my Lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

HORATIO. Ay, my lord.

HAMLET. Why, e'en so, and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here 's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggets with 'em? Mine ache to think on 't.

FIRST CLOWN. (*Sings*)

A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet;
O! a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Throws up another skull

HAMLET. There 's another. Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries; is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the

length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyance of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

HORATIO. Not a jot more, my lord.

HAMLET. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

HORATIO. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

HAMLET. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave 's this, sir?

FIRST CLOWN. Mine, sir.

(*Sings*) O! a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

HAMLET. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in 't.

FIRST CLOWN. You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

HAMLET. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

FIRST CLOWN. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

HAMLET. What man dost thou dig it for?

FIRST CLOWN. For no man, sir.

HAMLET. What woman, then?

FIRST CLOWN. For none, neither.

HAMLET. Who is to be buried in 't?

FIRST CLOWN. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she 's dead.

HAMLET. How absolute the knave is! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

FIRST CLOWN. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last King Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

HAMLET. How long is that since?

FIRST CLOWN. Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that; it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

HAMLET. Ay, marry; why was he sent into England?

FIRST CLOWN. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

HAMLET. Why?

FIRST CLOWN. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

HAMLET. How came he mad?

FIRST CLOWN. Very strangely, they say.

HAMLET. How strangely?

FIRST CLOWN. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

HAMLET. Upon what ground?

FIRST CLOWN. Why, here in Denmark; I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

HAMLET. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

FIRST CLOWN. Faith, if he be not rotten before he die,—as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,—he will last you some eight year or nine year; a tanner will last you nine year.

HAMLET. Why he more than another?

FIRST CLOWN. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here 's a skull now; this skull hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

HAMLET. Whose was it?

FIRST CLOWN. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

HAMLET. Nay, I know not.

FIRST CLOWN. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'A poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

HAMLET. This!

FIRST CLOWN. E'en that.

HAMLET. Let me see.—(*Takes the skull*)—Alas! poor Yorick. I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! My gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? Quite chapfallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

HORATIO. What 's that, my lord?

HAMLET. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

HORATIO. E'en so.

HAMLET. And smelt so? pah! *Puts down the skull*

HORATIO. E'en so, my lord.

HAMLET. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

HORATIO. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

HAMLET. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam, and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw.

But soft! but soft! aside! Here comes the king.

Enter Priests, &c., in procession: the Corpse of Ophelia, Laertes and Mourners following; King, Queen, their Trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: who is that they follow?
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life; 'twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile, and mark. *Retiring with Horatio*

LAERTES. What ceremony else?

HAMLET. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: mark.

LAERTES. What ceremony else?

FIRST PRIEST. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warrantise: her death was doubtful,
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her;
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

LAERTES. Must there no more be done?
FIRST PRIEST. No more be done:
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.
LAERTES. Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.
HAMLET. What! the fair Ophelia?
QUEEN. Sweets to the sweet: farewell! *Scattering flowers*
I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strewed thy grave.
LAERTES. O! treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.
Leaps into the grave
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.
HAMLET. (*Advancing*) What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane. *Leaps into the grave*
LAERTES. The devil take thy soul!
Grapples with him
HAMLET. Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For though I am not splenetive and rash
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Away thy hand!
KING. Pluck them asunder.
QUEEN. Hamlet! Hamlet!
ALL. Gentlemen,—
HORATIO. Good my lord, be quiet.
The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave

HAMLET. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.
QUEEN. O my son! what theme?
HAMLET. I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?
KING. O! he is mad, Laertes.
QUEEN. For love of God, forbear him.
HAMLET. 'Swounds, show me what thou 'lt do:
Woo 't weep? woo 't fight? woo 't fast? woo 't tear thyself?
Woo 't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I 'll do 't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
I 'll rant as well as thou.
QUEEN. This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.
HAMLET. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day. *Exit*
KING. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.
Exit Horatio
(*To Laertes*) Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We 'll put the matter to the present push.
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt*

SCENE TWO

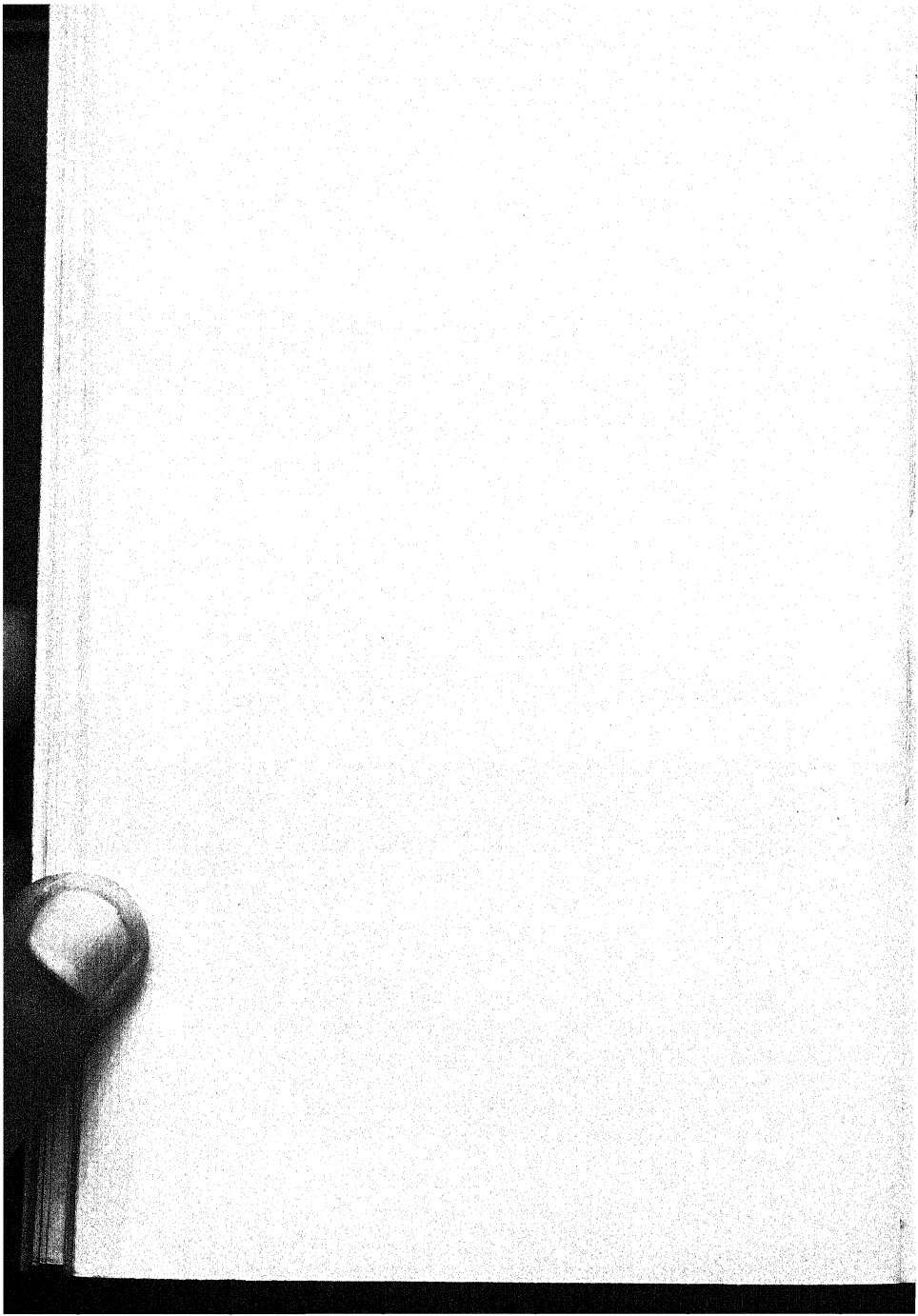
A Hall in the Castle.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio

HAMLET. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;
You do remember all the circumstance?
HORATIO. Remember it, my lord?
HAMLET. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep; methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,—
And prais'd be rashness for it, let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us
There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
HORATIO. That is most certain.
HAMLET. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them, had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making so bold—
My fears forgetting manners—to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
O royal knavery! an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.
HORATIO. Is 't possible?
HAMLET. Here 's the commission: read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?
HORATIO. I beseech you.
HAMLET. Being thus be-netted round with villanies,—
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains
They had begun the play,—I sat me down,
Devis'd a new commission, wrote it fair;
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much



HAMLET. What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers?



How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

HORATIO. Ay, good my lord.

HAMLET. An earnest conjuration from the king,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm should flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like 'As'es of great charge,
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

HORATIO. How was this seal'd?

HAMLET. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in form of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gave 't the impression, plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

HORATIO. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

HAMLET. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow.
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell-incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

HORATIO. Why, what a king is this!

HAMLET. Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me now upon—
He that hath kill'd my king and whor'd my mother,
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is 't not perfect conscience
To quit him with this arm? and is 't not to be damn'd
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

HORATIO. It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there.

HAMLET. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life 's no more than to say 'One.'
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I 'll court his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

HORATIO. Peace! who comes here?

Enter Osric

OSRIC. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

HAMLET. I humbly thank you, sir. (*Aside to Horatio*) Dost know this water-fly?

HORATIO. (*Aside to Hamlet*) No, my good lord.

HAMLET. (*Aside to Horatio*) Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

OSRIC. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

HAMLET. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

OSRIC. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

HAMLET. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

OSRIC. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

HAMLET. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

OSRIC. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his Majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter,—

HAMLET. I beseech you, remember—

Hamlet moves him to put on his hat

OSRIC. Nay, good my lord; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentlemen, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing; indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

HAMLET. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

OSRIC. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

HAMLET. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

OSRIC. Sir?

HORATIO. (*Aside to Hamlet*) Is 't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do 't, sir, really.

HAMLET. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

OSRIC. Of Laertes?

HORATIO. His purse is empty already; all 's golden words are spent.

HAMLET. Of him, sir.

OSRIC. I know you are not ignorant—

HAMLET. I would you did, sir; in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir.

OSRIC. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

HAMLET. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

OSRIC. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he 's unfellowed.

HAMLET. What 's his weapon?

OSRIC. Rapier and dagger.

HAMLET. That 's two of his weapons; but, well.

OSRIC. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses; against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

HAMLET. What call you the carriages?

HORATIO. (*Aside to Hamlet*) I knew you must be edified by the margent, ere you had done.

OSRIC. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

HAMLET. The phrase would be more german to the mat-

ter, if we could carry cannon by our sides; I would it might be hangers till then. But, on; six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that 's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this 'imponed,' as you call it?

OSRIC. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

HAMLET. How if I answer no?

OSRIC. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

HAMLET. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it please his Majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

OSRIC. Shall I re-deliver you so?

HAMLET. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

OSRIC. I commend my duty to your lordship.

HAMLET. Yours, yours. (*Exit Osric*) He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

HORATIO. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

HAMLET. He did comply with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the same bevy, that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord

LORD. My lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall; he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

HAMLET. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

LORD. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

HAMLET. In happy time.

LORD. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

HAMLET. She well instructs me. *Exit Lord*

HORATIO. You will lose this wager, my lord.

HAMLET. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all 's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

HORATIO. Nay, good my lord,—

HAMLET. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

HORATIO. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it; I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

HAMLET. Not a whit, we defy augury; there 's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes,
Lords, Osric, and Attendants with foils, &c.

KING. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

The King puts the hand of Laertes into that of Hamlet

HAMLET. Give me your pardon, sir; I 've done you wrong;
But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he 's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness. If 't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

LAERTES. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge; but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

HAMLET. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils. Come on.

LAERTES. Come, one for me.

HAMLET. I 'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

LAERTES. You mock me, sir.

HAMLET. No, by this hand.

KING. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

HAMLET. Very well, my lord;
Your Grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

KING. I do not fear it; I have seen you both;
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

LAERTES. This is too heavy; let me see another.

HAMLET. This likes me well. These foils have all a length?

OSRIC. Ay, my good lord. *They prepare to play*

KING. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
'Now the king drinks to Hamlet!' Come, begin;
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

HAMLET. Come on, sir.

LAERTES. Come, my lord. *They play*
HAMLET. One.
LAERTES. No.
HAMLET. Judgment.
OSRIC. A hit, a very palpable hit.
LAERTES. Well; again.
KING. Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here 's to thy health. Give him the cup.
Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off within
HAMLET. I 'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.
Come.—(*They play*) Another hit; what say you?
LAERTES. A touch, a touch, I do confess.
KING. Our son shall win.
QUEEN. He 's fat, and scant of breath.
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows;
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.
HAMLET. Good madam!
KING. Gertrude, do not drink.
QUEEN. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me. *Drinks*
KING. (*Aside*) It is the poison'd cup: it is too late.
HAMLET. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.
QUEEN. Come, let me wipe thy face.
LAERTES. My lord, I 'll hit him now.
KING. I do not think 't.
LAERTES. (*Aside*) And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.
HAMLET. Come, for the third, Laertes. You but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence.
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.
LAERTES. Say you so? come on. *They play*
OSRIC. Nothing, neither way.
LAERTES. Have at you now.
Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes
KING. Part them! they are incens'd.
HAMLET. Nay, come, again. *The Queen falls*
OSRIC. Look to the queen there, ho!
HORATIO. They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?
OSRIC. How is it, Laertes?
LAERTES. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
HAMLET. How does the queen?
KING. She swounds to see them bleed.

QUEEN. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!
The drink, the drink; I am poison'd. *Dies*

HAMLET. O villany! Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out. *Laertes falls*

LAERTES. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good;
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd. The foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo! here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother 's poison'd.
I can no more. The king, the king 's to blame.

HAMLET. The point envenom'd too!—
Then, venom, to thy work. *Stabs the King*

ALL. Treason! treason!

KING. O! yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

HAMLET. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion;—is thy union here?
Follow my mother. *King dies*

LAERTES. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! *Dies*

HAMLET. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time,—as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest,—O! I could tell you—
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;
Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

HORATIO. Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here 's yet some liquor left.

HAMLET. As thou 'rt a man,
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I 'll have 't.
O God! Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me.
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story. *March afar off, and shot within*
What warlike noise is this?

OSRIC. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

HAMLET. O! I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:
I cannot live to hear the news from England,
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited—The rest is silence. *Dies*

HORATIO. Now cracks a noble heart. Good-night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither? *March within*
Enter Fortinbras, the English Ambassadors, and Others

FORTINBRAS. Where is this sight?

HORATIO. What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

FORTINBRAS. This quarry cries on havoc. O proud death!
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

FIRST AMBASSADOR. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.
Where should we have our thanks?

HORATIO. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;

Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads; all this can I
Truly deliver.

FORTINBRAS. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

HORATIO. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

FORTINBRAS. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the bodies: such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the bodies; after which a peal of ordnance is shot off

KING LEAR

CAST OF CHARACTERS

LEAR, *King of Britain*
KING OF FRANCE
DUKE OF BURGUNDY
DUKE OF CORNWALL
DUKE OF ALBANY
EARL OF KENT
EARL OF GLOUCESTER
EDGAR, *Son to Gloucester*
EDMUND, *Bastard Son to Gloucester*
CURAN, *a Courtier*
OSWALD, *Steward to Goneril*
Old Man, Tenant to Gloucester
Doctor
Fool
An Officer, employed by Edmund
A Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia
A Herald
Servants to Cornwall

GONERIL
REGAN
CORDELIA
} *Daughters to Lear*

Knights of Lear's Train, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants

SCENE

Britain

KING LEAR

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

A Room of State in King Lear's Palace.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund

KENT. I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

GLOUCESTER. It did always seem so to us; but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

KENT. Is not this your son, my lord?

GLOUCESTER. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

KENT. I cannot conceive you.

GLOUCESTER. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

KENT. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

GLOUCESTER. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

EDMUND. No, my lord.

GLOUCESTER. My Lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

EDMUND. My services to your lordship.

KENT. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

EDMUND. Sir, I shall study deserving.

GLOUCESTER. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.

Sennet. Enter Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants

LEAR. Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

GLOUCESTER. I shall, my liege.

Exeunt Gloucester and Edmund

LEAR. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map here. Know that we have divided
In three our kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughters,—
Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,—
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

GONERIL. Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter;
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valu'd, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

CORDELIA. (*Aside*) What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.

LEAR. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,

With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual. What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

REGAN. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short: that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys
Which the most precious square of sense possesses
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highness' love.

CORDELIA. (*Aside*) Then, poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love 's
More richer than my tongue.

LEAR. To thee and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril. Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interess'd; what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

CORDELIA. Nothing, my lord.

LEAR. Nothing?

CORDELIA. Nothing.

LEAR. Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.

CORDELIA. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your Majesty
According to my bond; nor more nor less.

LEAR. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.

CORDELIA. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty:
Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,

To love my father all.

LEAR. But goes thy heart with this?

CORDELIA. Ay, good my lord.

LEAR. So young, and so untender?

CORDELIA. So young, my lord, and true.

LEAR. Let it be so; thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate and the night,
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.

KENT. Good my liege,—

LEAR. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid my sight!
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her! Call France. Who stirs?
Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third;
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself by monthly course,
With reservation of a hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turn. Only we shall retain
The name and all the addition to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you.

KENT. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

LEAR. The bow is bent and drawn; make from the shaft.
KENT. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound
When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.
LEAR. Kent, on thy life, no more.
KENT. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.
LEAR. Out of my sight!
KENT. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.
LEAR. Now, by Apollo,—
KENT. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.
LEAR. O vassal! miscreant!
Laying his hand on his sword
ALBANY. } Dear sir, forbear.
CORNWALL. }
KENT. Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I 'll tell thee thou dost evil.
LEAR. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance, hear me!
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,—
Which we durst never yet,—and, with strain'd pride
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,—
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,—
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back

Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

KENT. Fare thee well, king; sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.
(*To Cordelia*) The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!
(*To Regan and Goneril*) And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.
Thus Kent, O princes! bids you all adieu;
He 'll shape his old course in a country new. *Exit*

Flourish. Re-enter Gloucester, with France, Burgundy, and Attendants

GLOUCESTER. Here 's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

LEAR. My Lord of Burgundy,
We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter. What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

BURGUNDY. Most royal Majesty,
I crave no more than hath your Highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

LEAR. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us we did hold her so,
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:
If aught within that little-seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
She 's there, and she is yours.

BURGUNDY. I know no answer.

LEAR. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

BURGUNDY. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

LEAR. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—(*To France*) For you, great king,

I would not from your love make such a stray
To match you where I hate; therefore, beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.

FRANCE. This is most strange,
That she, who even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint; which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

CORDELIA. I yet beseech your Majesty—
If for I want that glib and oily art
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I 'll do 't before I speak—that you make known
It is no vicious blot nor other foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour,
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

LEAR. Better thou
Hadst not been born than not to have pleas'd me better.

FRANCE. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do? My Lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

BURGUNDY. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

LEAR. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

BURGUNDY. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father

That you must lose a husband.

CORDELIA. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

FRANCE. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful I take up what 's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou losest here, a better where to find.

LEAR. Thou hast her, France; let her be thine, for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again, therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.
Come, noble Burgundy.

Flourish. Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall, Albany, Gloucester, and Attendants

FRANCE. Bid farewell to your sisters.

CORDELIA. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And like a sister am most loath to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Use well our father:
To your professed bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

REGAN. Prescribe not us our duties.

GONERIL. Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms; you have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

CORDELIA. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;
Who covers faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

FRANCE. Come, my fair Cordelia.

Exeunt France and Cordelia

GONERIL. Sister, it is not little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence to-night.

REGAN. That 's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

GONERIL. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

REGAN. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

GONERIL. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then, must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engraffed condition, but, therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

REGAN. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

GONERIL. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

REGAN. We shall further think on 't.

GONERIL. We must do something, and i' the heat. *Exeunt*

SCENE TWO

A Hall in the Earl of Gloucester's Castle.

Enter Edmund, with a letter

EDMUND. Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who in the lusty stealth of nature take

More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate. Fine word, 'legitimate!'
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate:—I grow, I prosper;
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter Gloucester

GLOUCESTER. Kent banished thus! And France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power!
Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad! Edmund, how now! what news?

EDMUND. So please your lordship, none.

Putting up the letter

GLOUCESTER. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

EDMUND. I know no news, my lord.

GLOUCESTER. What paper were you reading?

EDMUND. Nothing, my lord.

GLOUCESTER. No? What needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let 's see; come; if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

EDMUND. I beseech you, sir, pardon me; it is a letter from my brother that I have not all o'er-read, and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

GLOUCESTER. Give me the letter, sir.

EDMUND. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

GLOUCESTER. Let 's see, let 's see.

EDMUND. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

GLOUCESTER. (*Reads.*) 'This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny, who sways, not as it hath power,

but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar.'—Hum! Conspiracy! 'Sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue.'—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in? When came this to you? Who brought it?

EDMUND. It was not brought me, my lord; there 's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

GLOUCESTER. You know the character to be your brother's?

EDMUND. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

GLOUCESTER. It is his.

EDMUND. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

GLOUCESTER. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

EDMUND. Never, my lord: but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

GLOUCESTER. O villain, villain! His very opinion in the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him; I 'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! Where is he?

EDMUND. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

GLOUCESTER. Think you so?

EDMUND. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

GLOUCESTER. He cannot be such a monster—

EDMUND. Nor is not, sure.

GLOUCESTER.—to his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.

EDMUND. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

GLOUCESTER. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there 's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there 's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing: do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty! 'Tis strange! *Exit*

EDMUND. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeit of our own behaviour,—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under Ursa Major; so that it follows I am rough and lecherous. 'Sfoot! I should have been that I am had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter Edgar

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like

Tom o' Bedlam. O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! Fa, sol, la, mi.

EDGAR. How now, brother Edmund! What serious contemplation are you in?

EDMUND. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

EDGAR. Do you busy yourself with that?

EDMUND. I promise you the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state; menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

EDGAR. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

EDMUND. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

EDGAR. The night gone by.

EDMUND. Spake you with him?

EDGAR. Ay, two hours together.

EDMUND. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance?

EDGAR. None at all.

EDMUND. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him; and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

EDGAR. Some villain hath done me wrong.

EDMUND. That 's my fear. I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower, and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go; there 's my key. If you do stir abroad, go armed.

EDGAR. Armed, brother!

EDMUND. Brother, I advise you to the best; go armed; I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you; I have told you what I have seen and heard; but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it; pray you, away.

EDGAR. Shall I hear from you anon?

EDMUND. I do serve you in this business. *Exit Edgar*

A credulous father, and a brother noble,

Whose nature is so far from doing harms
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy! I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me 's meet that I can fashion fit. *Exit*

SCENE THREE

A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Goneril and Oswald her Steward

GONERIL. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

OSWALD. Ay, madam.

GONERIL. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I 'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting
I will not speak with him; say I am sick:
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I 'll answer.

OSWALD. He 's coming, madam; I hear him. *Horns within*

GONERIL. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I 'd have it come to question:
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away! Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again, and must be us'd
With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abus'd.
Remember what I have said.

OSWALD. Well, madam.

GONERIL. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak: I 'll write straight to my sister
To hold my very course. Prepare for dinner. *Exeunt*

SCENE FOUR

A Hall in the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Kent, disguised

KENT. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness. Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy master, whom thou lovest,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights, and Attendants

LEAR. Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go, get it ready. (*Exit an Attendant*) How now! what art thou?

KENT. A man, sir.

LEAR. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

KENT. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

LEAR. What art thou?

KENT. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

LEAR. If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

KENT. Service.

LEAR. Whom wouldst thou serve?

KENT. You.

LEAR. Dost thou know me, fellow?

KENT. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

LEAR. What 's that?

KENT. Authority.

LEAR. What services canst thou do?

KENT. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me is diligence.

LEAR. How old art thou?

KENT. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing; I have years on my back forty-eight.

LEAR. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho! dinner! Where 's my knave? my fool? Go you and call my fool hither. *Exit an Attendant*

Enter Oswald

You, you, sirrah, where 's my daughter?

OSWALD. So please you,— *Exit*

LEAR. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back. (*Exit a Knight*) Where 's my fool, ho? I think the world 's asleep. How now! where 's that mongrel?

Re-enter Knight

KNIGHT. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

LEAR. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

KNIGHT. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

LEAR. He would not!

KNIGHT. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your Highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there 's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

LEAR. Ha! sayest thou so?

KNIGHT. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your Highness wronged.

LEAR. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into 't. But where 's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

KNIGHT. Since my young lady 's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined him away.

LEAR. No more of that; I have noted it well. Go you and tell my daughter I would speak with her.

Exit an Attendant

Go you, call hither my fool. *Exit an Attendant*

Re-enter Oswald

O! you sir, you, come you hither, sir. Who am I, sir?

OSWALD. My lady's father.

LEAR. 'My lady's father!' my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

OSWALD. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

LEAR. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

Striking him

OSWALD. I 'll not be struck, my lord.

KENT. Nor tripped neither, you base football player.

Tripping up his heels

LEAR. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I 'll love thee.

KENT. Come, sir, arise, away! I 'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away! Go to; have you wisdom? so.

Pushes Oswald out

LEAR. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there 's earnest of thy service. *Gives Kent money*

Enter Fool

FOOL. Let me hire him too: here 's my coxcomb.

Offers Kent his cap

LEAR. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

FOOL. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

KENT. Why, fool?

FOOL. Why? for taking one's part that 's out of favour. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou 'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on 's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will: if thou follow him thou must needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

LEAR. Why, my boy?

FOOL. If I gave them all my living, I 'd keep my coxcombs myself. There 's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

LEAR. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

FOOL. Truth 's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out when Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stink.

LEAR. A pestilent gall to me!

FOOL. (*To Kent*) Sirrah, I 'll teach thee a speech.

LEAR. Do.

FOOL. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

KENT. This is nothing, fool.

FOOL. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer, you gave me nothing for 't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

LEAR. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

FOOL. (*To Kent*) Prithee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

LEAR. A bitter fool!

FOOL. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

LEAR. No, lad; teach me.

FOOL. That lord that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,
Do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

LEAR. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

FOOL. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

KENT. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

FOOL. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't, and ladies too: they will not let me have all fool to myself; they 'll be snatching. Nuncle, give me an egg, and I 'll give thee two crowns.

LEAR. What two crowns shall they be?

FOOL. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both

parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

(*Sings*) Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;
For wise men are grown foppish,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

LEAR. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

FOOL. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gavest them the rod and puttest down thine own breeches.

(*Sings*) Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

LEAR. An you lie, sirrah, we 'll have you whipped.

FOOL. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they 'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou 'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle: here comes one o' the parings.

Enter Goneril

LEAR. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

FOOL. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. (*To Goneril*) Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum;
He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,
Weary of all, shall want some.

That 's a shealed peascod. *Pointing to Lear*

GONERIL. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,

I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

FOOL. For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had it head bit off by it young.
So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

LEAR. Are you our daughter?

GONERIL. I would you would make use of your good wisdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away
These dispositions which of late transform you
From what you rightly are.

FOOL. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?
Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

LEAR. Does any here know me? This is not Lear:
Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied. Ha! waking? 'tis not so.
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

FOOL. Lear's shadow.

LEAR. I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

FOOL. Which they will make an obedient father.

LEAR. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

GONERIL. This admiration, sir, is much o' the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel

Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy; be then desir'd
By her that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.

LEAR. Darkness and devils!
Saddle my horses; call my train together.
Degenerate bastard! I 'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.

GONERIL. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter Albany

LEAR. Woe, that too late repents;
(*To Albany*) O! sir, are you come?
Is it your will? Speak, sir. Prepare my horses.
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.

ALBANY. Pray, sir, be patient.

LEAR. (*To Goneril*) Detested kite! thou liest:
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name. O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, *Striking his head*
And thy dear judgment out! Go, go, my people.

ALBANY. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

LEAR. It may be so, my lord.
Hear, Nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase,
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,

Create her child of spleen, that it may live
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt, that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! Away, away! *Exit*

ALBANY. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

GONERIL. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter Lear

LEAR. What! fifty of my followers at a clap,
Within a fortnight?

ALBANY. What 's the matter, sir?

LEAR. I 'll tell thee. (*To Goneril*) Life and death! I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee!
Th' untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay. Yea, is it come to this?
Let it be so: I have another daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolvish visage. Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants

GONERIL. Do you mark that?

ALBANY. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you.—

GONERIL. Pray you, content. What, Oswald, ho!
(*To the Fool*) You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

FOOL. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear! tarry, and take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after. *Exit*

GONERIL. This man hath had good counsel. A hundred knights!
'Tis politic and safe to let him keep
At point a hundred knights; yes, that on every dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy. Oswald, I say!

ALBANY. Well, you may fear too far.

GONERIL. Safer than trust too far.
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness,—

Re-enter Oswald

How now, Oswald!
What! have you writ that letter to my sister?

OSWALD. Ay, madam.

GONERIL. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more. Get you gone,
And hasten your return. (*Exit Oswald*) No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness and course of yours
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

ALBANY. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell:
Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well.

GONERIL. Nay, then—

ALBANY. Well, well; the event. *Exeunt*

SCENE FIVE

Court before the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool

LEAR. Go you before to Gloucester with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy I shall be there before you.

KENT. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. *Exit*

FOOL. If a man's brains were in 's heels, were 't not in danger of kibes?

LEAR. Ay, boy.

FOOL. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

LEAR. Ha, ha, ha!

FOOL. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she 's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

LEAR. What canst tell, boy?

FOOL. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on 's face?

LEAR. No.

FOOL. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side 's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

LEAR. I did her wrong,—

FOOL. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

LEAR. No.

FOOL. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

LEAR. Why?

FOOL. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

LEAR. I will forget my nature. So kind a father! Be my horses ready?

FOOL. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

LEAR. Because they are not eight?

FOOL. Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good fool.

LEAR. To take it again perforce! Monster ingratitude!

FOOL. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

LEAR. How 's that?

FOOL. Thou shouldst not have been old before thou hadst been wise.

LEAR. O! let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven;
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman

How now! Are the horses ready?

GENTLEMAN. Ready, my lord.

LEAR. Come, boy.

FOOL. She that 's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

Exeunt

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloucester.

Enter Edmund and Curan, meeting

EDMUND. Save thee, Curan.

CURAN. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him to-night.

EDMUND. How comes that?

CURAN. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad? I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

EDMUND. Not I: pray you, what are they?

CURAN. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

EDMUND. Not a word.

CURAN. You may do then, in time. Fare you well, sir. *Exit*

EDMUND. The duke be here to-night! The better! best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business.
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queasy question,
Which I must act. Briefness and fortune, work!
Brother, a word; descend: brother, I say!

Enter Edgar

My father watches: O sir! fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night.
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
He 's coming hither, now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him; have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

EDGAR. I am sure on 't, not a word.



LEAR. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,
And thy dear judgment out!

EDMUND. I hear my father coming; pardon me;
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you;
Draw; seem to defend yourself; now 'quit you well.
Yield;—come before my father. Light, ho! here!
Fly, brother. Torches! torches! So, farewell. *Exit Edgar*
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
Wounds his arm
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport. Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help?
Enter Gloucester, and Servants with torches
GLOUCESTER. Now, Edmund, where 's the villain?
EDMUND. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand auspicious mistress.
GLOUCESTER. But where is he?
EDMUND. Look, sir, I bleed.
GLOUCESTER. Where is the villain, Edmund?
EDMUND. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—
GLOUCESTER. Pursue him, ho! Go after. (*Exeunt some Servants*) 'By no means' what?
EDMUND. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father; sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.
GLOUCESTER. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—dispatch. The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.

EDMUND. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,
'Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,—
As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character,—I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.'

GLOUCESTER. Strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter? I never got him.
Tucket within
Hark! the duke's trumpets. I know not why he comes.
All ports I 'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants

CORNWALL. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither,—
Which I can call but now,—I have heard strange news.

REGAN. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

GLOUCESTER. O! madam, my old heart is crack'd, it 's crack'd.

REGAN. What! did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

GLOUCESTER. O! lady, lady, shame would have it hid.

REGAN. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

GLOUCESTER. I know not, madam; 'tis too bad, too bad.

EDMUND. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

REGAN. No marvel then though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expense and waste of his revenues.

I have this present evening from my sister
Been well-inform'd of them, and with such cautions
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I 'll not be there.

CORNWALL. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

EDMUND. 'Twas my duty, sir.

GLOUCESTER. He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

CORNWALL. Is he pursu'd?

GLOUCESTER. Ay, my good lord.

CORNWALL. If he be taken he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm; make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please. For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

EDMUND. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

GLOUCESTER. For him I thank your Grace.

CORNWALL. You know not why we came to visit you,—

REGAN. Thus out of season, threading dark-ey'd night:
Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some prize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which craves the instant use.

GLOUCESTER. I serve you, madam.
Your Graces are right welcome. *Exeunt*

SCENE TWO

Before Gloucester's Castle.

Enter Kent and Oswald, severally

OSWALD. Good dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?

KENT. Ay.

OSWALD. Where may we set our horses?

KENT. I' the mire.

OSWALD. Prithee, if thou lovest me, tell me.

KENT. I love thee not.

OSWALD. Why, then I care not for thee.

KENT. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

OSWALD. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

KENT. Fellow, I know thee.

OSWALD. What dost thou know me for?

KENT. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

OSWALD. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee!

KENT. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels and beat thee before the king? Draw, you rogue; for, though it be night, yet the moon shines: I 'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you. (*Drawing his sword*) Draw, you whoreson, cullionly, barber-monger, draw.

OSWALD. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

KENT. Draw, you rascal; you come with letters against the king, and take vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I 'll so carbonado your shanks: draw, you rascal; come your ways.

OSWALD. Help, ho! murder! help!

KENT. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. *Beating him*

OSWALD. Help, oh! murder! murder!

Enter Edmund, with his rapier drawn

EDMUND. How now! What 's the matter? *Parting them*

KENT. With you, goodman boy, if you please: come, I 'll flesh ye; come on, young master.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, and Servants

GLOUCESTER. Weapons! arms! What 's the matter here?

CORNWALL. Keep peace, upon your lives:
He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

REGAN. The messengers from our sister and the king.

CORNWALL. What is your difference? speak.

OSWALD. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

KENT. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.

CORNWALL. Thou art a strange fellow; a tailor make a man?

KENT. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours o' the trade.

CORNWALL. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

OSWALD. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd at suit of his grey beard,—

KENT. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter! My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

CORNWALL. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

KENT. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

CORNWALL. Why art thou angry?

KENT. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain
Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebel;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods,
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
A plague upon your epileptic visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I 'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

CORNWALL. What! art thou mad, old fellow?

GLOUCESTER. How fell you out? say that.

KENT. No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.

CORNWALL. Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?

KENT. His countenance likes me not.

CORNWALL. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

KENT. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

CORNWALL. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he,
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he 's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly-ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

KENT. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

CORNWALL. What mean'st by this?

KENT. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave; which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to 't.

CORNWALL. What was the offence you gave him?

OSWALD. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the king his master very late
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,

And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

KENT. None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.

CORNWALL. Fetch forth the stocks!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you.

KENT. Sir, I am too old to learn,
Call not your stocks for me; I serve the king,
On whose employment I was sent to you;
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

CORNWALL. Fetch forth the stocks! As I have life and honour,
There shall he sit till noon.

REGAN. Till noon! Till night, my lord; and all night too.

KENT. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

REGAN. Sir, being his knave, I will.

CORNWALL. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the stocks.

Stocks brought out

GLOUCESTER. Let me beseech your Grace not to do so.
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for 't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

CORNWALL. I 'll answer that.

REGAN. My sister may receive it much worse
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs.

Kent is put in the stocks

Come, my good lord, away

Exeunt all but Gloucester and Kent

GLOUCESTER. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd: I 'll entreat for thee.

KENT. Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I 'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good-morrow!

GLOUCESTER. The duke 's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken. *Exit*

KENT. Good king, that must approve the common saw,
Thou out of heaven's benediction comest
To the warm sun.
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery: I know 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state, seeking to give
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night, smile once more; turn thy wheel!
He sleeps

SCENE THREE

A Part of the Heath.

Enter Edgar

EDGAR. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape
I will preserve myself; and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast; my face I 'll grime with filth,
Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots,

And with presented nakedness outface
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygood! poor Tom!
That 's something yet: Edgar I nothing am. *Exit*

SCENE FOUR

Before Gloucester's Castle. Kent in the Stocks.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman

LEAR. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.
GENTLEMAN. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.
KENT. Hail to thee, noble master!
LEAR. Ha!
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?
KENT. No, my lord.
FOOL. Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied by the head, dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.
LEAR. What 's he that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?
KENT. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.
LEAR. No.
KENT. Yes.
LEAR. No, I say.
KENT. I say, yea.
LEAR. No, no; they would not.
KENT. Yes, they have.
LEAR. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

KENT. By Juno, I swear, ay.

LEAR. They durst not do' t;
They could not, would not do 't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage.
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

KENT. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, there came a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,—
Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so saucily against your Highness,—
Having more man than wit about me, drew:
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

FOOL. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.
Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind,
But fathers that bear bags
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.
But for all this thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

LEAR. O! how this mother swells up toward my heart;
Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow!
Thy element 's below. Where is this daughter?

KENT. With the earl, sir: here within.

LEAR. Follow me not; stay here. *Exit*

GENTLEMAN. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

KENT. None.
How chance the king comes with so small a number?

FOOL. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

KENT. Why, fool?

FOOL. We 'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there 's no labouring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there 's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that 's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

KENT. Where learn'd you this, fool?

FOOL. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter Lear, with Gloucester

LEAR. Deny to speak with me! They are sick! they are weary!
They have travell'd hard to-night! Mere fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

GLOUCESTER. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

LEAR. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!
Fiery! what quality? Why, Gloucester, Gloucester,
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

GLOUCESTER. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

LEAR. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

GLOUCESTER. Ay, my good lord.

LEAR. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!
Fiery! the fiery duke! Tell the hot duke that—
No, but not yet; may be he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body. I 'll forbear;
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man. Death on my state! (*Looking on Kent*)
Wherefore
Should he sit here? This act persuades me
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go, tell the duke and 's wife I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I 'll beat the drum
Till it cry sleep to death.

GLOUCESTER. I would have all well betwixt you. *Exit*

LEAR. O, me! my heart, my rising heart! but, down!

FOOL. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive; she knapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, 'Down, wantons, down!' 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, and Servants

LEAR. Good-morrow to you both.

CORNWALL. Hail to your Grace.
Kent is set at liberty

REGAN. I am glad to see your Highness.

LEAR. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adultress.—(*To Kent*) O! are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,
Thy sister 's naught: O Regan! she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here:
Points to his heart
I can scarce speak to thee; thou 'lt not believe
With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

REGAN. I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope
You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.
LEAR. Say, how is that?
REGAN. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.
LEAR. My curses on her.
REGAN. O, sir! you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd and led
By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore I pray you
That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.
LEAR. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg *Kneeling*
That you 'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.'
REGAN. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.
LEAR. (*Rising*) Never, Regan.
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!
CORNWALL. Fie, sir, fie!
LEAR. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!
REGAN. O the blest gods! So will you wish on me,
When the rash mood is on.
LEAR. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee

To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

REGAN. Good sir, to the purpose.

LEAR. Who put my man i' the stocks? *Tucket within*

CORNWALL. What trumpet 's that?

REGAN. I know 't, my sister's; this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here. Is your lady come?

Enter Oswald

LEAR. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my sight!

CORNWALL. What means your Grace?

LEAR. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on 't. Who comes here? O heavens,

Enter Goneril

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down and take my part!
(*To Goneril*) Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?
O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

GONERIL. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All 's not offence that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.

LEAR. O sides! you are too tough;
Will you yet hold? How came my man i' the stocks?

CORNWALL. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

LEAR. You! did you?

REGAN. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

LEAR. Return to her? and fifty men dismiss'd!
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose

To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
Necessity's sharp pinch! Return with her!
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot. Return with her!
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. *Pointing at Oswald*

GONERIL. At your choice, sir.

LEAR. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.
We 'll no more meet, no more see one another;
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that 's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I 'll not chide thee
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

REGAN. Not altogether so:
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

LEAR. Is this well spoken?

REGAN. I dare avouch it, sir: what! fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

GONERIL. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

REGAN. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you
We could control them. If you will come to me,
For now I spy a danger,—I entreat you

To bring but five-and-twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.
LEAR. I gave you all—
REGAN. And in good time you gave it.
LEAR. Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What! must I come to you
With five-and-twenty? Regan, said you so?
REGAN. And speak 't again, my lord; no more with me.
LEAR. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise. (*To Goneril*) I 'll go with thee:
Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.
GONERIL. Hear me, my lord.
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?
REGAN. What need one?
LEAR. O! reason not the need; our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are yet I know not,—but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I 'll weep;
No, I 'll not weep:
I have full cause of weeping, but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws

Or ere I 'll weep. O fool! I shall go mad.

Exeunt Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and Fool

CORNWALL. Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.

Storm heard at a distance

REGAN. This house is little; the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

GONERIL. 'Tis his own blame; hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

REGAN. For his particular, I 'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

GONERIL. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my Lord of Gloucester?

CORNWALL. Follow'd the old man forth. He is return'd.

Re-enter Gloucester

GLOUCESTER. The king is in high rage.

CORNWALL. Whither is he going?

GLOUCESTER. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

CORNWALL. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

GONERIL. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

GLOUCESTER. Alack! the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There 's scarce a bush.

REGAN. O! sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train,
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

CORNWALL. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night:
My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm. *Exeunt*

ACT THREE

SCENE ONE

A Heath.

A storm, with thunder and lightning. Enter Kent and a Gentleman, meeting

KENT. Who 's here, beside foul weather?
GENTLEMAN. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.
KENT. I know you. Where 's the king?
GENTLEMAN. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease; tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.
KENT. But who is with him?
GENTLEMAN. None but the fool, who labours to outjest
His heart-struck injuries.
KENT. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have—as who have not, that their great stars
Thron'd and set high?—servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,

Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings;
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner. Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from some knowledge and assurance offer
This office to you.

GENTLEMAN. I will talk further with you.

KENT. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,—
As doubt not but you shall,—show her this ring,
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

GENTLEMAN. Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?

KENT. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king,—in which your pain
That way, I 'll this,—he that first lights on him
Holla the other. *Exeunt severally*

SCENE TWO

Another Part of the Heath. Storm still.

Enter Lear and Fool

LEAR. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,

Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once
That make ingrateful man!

FOOL. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing; here 's a night pities neither wise man nor fool.

LEAR. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription: then, let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul.

FOOL. He that has a house to put his head in has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter Kent

LEAR. No, I will be the pattern of all patience;
I will say nothing.

KENT. Who 's there?

FOOL. Marry, here 's grace and a cod-piece; that 's a wise man and a fool.

KENT. Alas! sir, are you here? things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,

And make them keep their caves. Since I was man
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard; man's nature cannot carry
The affliction nor the fear.

LEAR. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice; hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue
That art incestuous; caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life; close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

KENT. Alack! bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
Repose you there while I to this hard house,—
More harder than the stone whereof 'tis rais'd,—
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in, return and force
Their scanted courtesy.

LEAR. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That 's sorry yet for thee.

FOOL. (*Sings*)
He that has a little tiny wit,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

LEAR. True, my good boy. Come, bring us to this hovel.
Exeunt Lear and Kent

FOOL. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.
I 'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than matter,
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. *Exit*

SCENE THREE

A Room in Gloucester's Castle.

Enter Gloucester and Edmund

GLOUCESTER. Alack, alack! Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

EDMUND. Most savage, and unnatural!

GLOUCESTER. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes, and a worse matter than that. I have received a letter this night; 'tis dangerous to be spoken; I have locked the letter in my closet. These injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there 's part of a power already footed; we must incline to the king. I will seek him and privily relieve him; go you and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king, my old master, must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. *Exit*

EDMUND. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke

Instantly know; and of that letter too:
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises when the old doth fall. *Exit*

SCENE FOUR

The Heath. Before a Hovel.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool

KENT. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night 's too rough
For nature to endure. *Storm still*

LEAR. Let me alone.

KENT. Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR. Wilt break my heart?

KENT. I'd rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

LEAR. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou 'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind 's free
The body 's delicate; the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to 't? But I will punish home:
No, I will weep no more. In such a night
To shut me out! Pour on; I will endure.
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O! that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

KENT. Good, my lord, enter here.

LEAR. Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.
(*To the Fool*) In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I 'll pray, and then I 'll sleep.
Fool goes in

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O! I have ta'en
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

EDGAR. (*Within*) Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom! *The Fool runs out from the hovel*

FOOL. Come not in here, nuncle; here 's a spirit. Help me! help me!

KENT. Give me thy hand. Who 's there?

FOOL. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name 's poor Tom.

KENT. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw? Come forth.

Enter Edgar disguised as a madman

EDGAR. Away! the foul fiend follows me!
Through the sharp hawthorn blow the winds.
Hum! go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

LEAR. Didst thou give all to thy two daughters? And art thou come to this?

EDGAR. Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits! Tom 's a-cold. O! do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and there again, and there.

Storm still

LEAR. What! have his daughters brought him to this pass? Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

FOOL. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

LEAR. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

KENT. He hath no daughters, sir.

LEAR. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

EDGAR. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

FOOL. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

EDGAR. Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom 's a-cold.

LEAR. What hast thou been?

EDGAR. A servingman, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven; one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply, dice dearly, and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind; says suum, mun ha no nonny. Dolphin my boy, my boy; sessa! let him trot by.

Storm still

LEAR. Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here 's three on 's are sophisticated; thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! Come; unbutton here.

Tearing off his clothes

FOOL. Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wide field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on 's body cold.

Look! here comes a walking fire.

Enter Gloucester, with a torch

EDGAR. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the harelip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the old;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

KENT. How fares your Grace?

LEAR. What 's he?

KENT. Who 's there? What is 't you seek?

GLOUCESTER. What are you there? Your names?

EDGAR. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog; the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stock-punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear;

But mice and rats and such small deer
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin! peace, thou fiend.

GLOUCESTER. What! hath your Grace no better company?

EDGAR. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Modo he 's call'd, and Mahu.

GLOUCESTER. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

EDGAR. Poor Tom 's a-cold.

GLOUCESTER. Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

LEAR. First let me talk with this philosopher.
What is the cause of thunder?

KENT. Good my lord, take his offer; go into the house.
LEAR. I 'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.
What is your study?
EDGAR. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.
LEAR. Let me ask you one word in private.
KENT. Importune him once more to go, my lord;
His wits begin to unsettle.
GLOUCESTER. Canst thou blame him?
Storm still
His daughters seek his death. Ah! that good Kent;
He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!
Thou sayst the king grows mad. I 'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself. I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,
No father his son dearer; true to tell thee,
Storm continues
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night 's this!
I do beseech your Grace,—
LEAR. O! cry you mercy, sir.
Noble philosopher, your company.
EDGAR. Tom 's a-cold.
GLOUCESTER. In, fellow, there into the hovel: keep thee warm.
LEAR. Come, let 's in all.
KENT. This way, my lord.
LEAR. With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.
KENT. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.
GLOUCESTER. Take him you on.
KENT. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.
LEAR. Come, good Athenian.
GLOUCESTER. No words, no words: hush.
EDGAR. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still, Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man. *Exeunt*

SCENE FIVE

A Room in Gloucester's Castle.

Enter Cornwall and Edmund

CORNWALL. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

EDMUND. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

CORNWALL. I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

EDMUND. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

CORNWALL. Go with me to the duchess.

EDMUND. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

CORNWALL. True, or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

EDMUND. (*Aside*) If I find him comforting the king it will stuff his suspicion more fully. I will persever in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

CORNWALL. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. *Exeunt*

SCENE SIX

A Chamber in a Farmhouse adjoining the Castle.

Enter Gloucester, Lear, Kent, Fool, and Edgar

GLOUCESTER. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

KENT. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience. The gods reward your kindness!

Exit Gloucester

EDGAR. Frateretto calls me, and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

FOOL. Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman!

LEAR. A king, a king!

FOOL. No; he 's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he 's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

LEAR. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hizzing in upon 'em,—

EDGAR. The foul fiend bites my back.

FOOL. He 's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

LEAR. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.
(*To Edgar*) Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;
(*To the Fool*) Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now, you she foxes!

EDGAR. Look, where he stands and glares! wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?
Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me,—

FOOL. Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.

EDGAR. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

KENT. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

LEAR. I'll see their trial first. Bring in their evidence.
(*To Edgar*) Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;
(*To the Fool*) And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side. (*To Kent*) You are o' the commission,
Sit you too.

EDGAR. Let us deal justly.
Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.
Purr! the cat is grey.

LEAR. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath

before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

FOOL. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

LEAR. She cannot deny it.

FOOL. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

LEAR. And here 's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on. Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

EDGAR. Bless thy five wits!

KENT. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

EDGAR. (*Aside*) My tears begin to take his part so much,
They 'll mar my counterfeiting.

LEAR. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

EDGAR. Tom will throw his head at them. Avaunt, you curs!
Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym;
Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail;
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.
Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

LEAR. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts? (*To Edgar*) You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Persian attire; but let them be changed.

KENT. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

LEAR. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: so, so, so. We 'll go to supper i' the morning: so, so, so.

FOOL. And I 'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter Gloucester

GLOUCESTER. Come hither, friend: where is the king my master?

KENT. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

GLOUCESTER. Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms;

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.
There is a litter ready; lay him in 't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

KENT. Oppress'd nature sleeps:
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken sinews,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—(*To the Fool*) Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind.

GLOUCESTER. Come, come, away.

Exeunt Kent, Gloucester, and the Fool, bearing away Lear

EDGAR. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind;
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend makes the king bow;
He childed as I father'd! Tom, away!
Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!
Lurk, lurk. *Exit*

SCENE SEVEN

A Room in Gloucester's Castle.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, and Servants

CORNWALL. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter: the army of France is landed. Seek out the traitor Gloucester. *Exeunt some of the Servants*

REGAN. Hang him instantly.

GONERIL. Pluck out his eyes.

CORNWALL. Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister: farewell, my Lord of Gloucester.

Enter Oswald

How now? Where 's the king?

OSWALD. My Lord of Gloucester hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him toward Dover, where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

CORNWALL. Get horses for your mistress.

GONERIL. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

CORNWALL. Edmund, farewell.

Exeunt Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald

Go seek the traitor Gloucester,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

Exeunt other Servants

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame but not control. Who 's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with Gloucester

REGAN. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

CORNWALL. Bind fast his corky arms.

GLOUCESTER. What mean your Graces? Good my friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

CORNWALL. Bind him, I say. *Servants bind him*

REGAN. Hard, hard. O filthy traitor!

GLOUCESTER. Unmerciful lady as you are, I 'm none.

CORNWALL. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find—

Regan plucks his beard

GLOUCESTER. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

REGAN. So white, and such a traitor!



LEAR. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

GLOUCESTER. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host:
With robbers' hands my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

CORNWALL. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

REGAN. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

CORNWALL. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

REGAN. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king? Speak.

GLOUCESTER. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that 's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

CORNWALL. Cunning.

REGAN. And false

CORNWALL. Where hast thou sent the king?

GLOUCESTER. To Dover.

REGAN. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—

CORNWALL. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

GLOUCESTER. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

REGAN. Wherefore to Dover?

GLOUCESTER. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires;
Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that dern time,
Thou shouldst have said, 'Good porter, turn the key,'
All cruels else subscrib'd: but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

CORNWALL. See 't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.
Upon these eyes of thine I 'll set my foot.

GLOUCESTER. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help! O cruel! O ye gods!

Gloucester's eye put out

REGAN. One side will mock another; the other too.
CORNWALL. If you see vengeance.—
FIRST SERVANT. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child,
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.
REGAN. How now, you dog!
FIRST SERVANT. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I 'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?
CORNWALL. My villain! *Draws*
FIRST SERVANT. Nay then, come on, and take the chance of anger. *Draws. They fight. Cornwall is wounded*
REGAN. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus!
Takes a sword, and runs at him behind
FIRST SERVANT. O! I am slain. My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him. O! *Dies*
CORNWALL. Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?
GLOUCESTER. All dark and comfortless. Where 's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature
To quit this horrid act.
REGAN. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee; it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us,
Who is too good to pity thee.
GLOUCESTER. O my follies! Then Edgar was abus'd.
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!
REGAN. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover. (*Exit one with Gloucester*) How is 't, my lord? How look you?
CORNWALL. I have receiv'd a hurt. Follow me, lady.
Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave
Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.
Exit Cornwall, led by Regan
SECOND SERVANT. I 'll never care what wickedness I do
If this man come to good.
THIRD SERVANT. If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

SECOND SERVANT. Let 's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would: his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

THIRD SERVANT. Go thou; I 'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!

Exeunt severally

ACT FOUR

SCENE ONE

The Heath.

Enter Edgar

EDGAR. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace:
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts. But who comes here?

Enter Gloucester, led by an Old Man

My father, poorly led? World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

OLD MAN. O my good lord!
I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant,
These fourscore years.

GLOUCESTER. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone;
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.

OLD MAN. You cannot see your way.

GLOUCESTER. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities. Ah! dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath;
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I 'd say I had eyes again.

OLD MAN. How now! Who 's there?

EDGAR. (*Aside*) O gods! Who is 't can say, 'I am at the worst'?
I am worse than e'er I was.

OLD MAN. 'Tis poor mad Tom.
EDGAR. (*Aside*) And worse I may be yet; the worst is not,
So long as we can say, 'This is the worst.'
OLD MAN. Fellow, where goest?
GLOUCESTER. Is it a beggar-man?
OLD MAN. Madman and beggar too.
GLOUCESTER. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.
EDGAR. (*Aside*) How should this be?
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others.—(*To Gloucester*) Bless thee, master!
GLOUCESTER. Is that the naked fellow?
OLD MAN. Ay, my lord.
GLOUCESTER. Then, prithee, get thee gone. If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul
Who I 'll entreat to lead me.
OLD MAN. Alack, sir! he is mad.
GLOUCESTER. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.
OLD MAN. I 'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on 't what will. *Exit*
GLOUCESTER. Sirrah, naked fellow,—
EDGAR. Poor Tom 's a-cold. (*Aside*) I cannot daub it further.
GLOUCESTER. Come hither, fellow.
EDGAR. (*Aside*) And yet I must. Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.
GLOUCESTER. Know'st thou the way to Dover?
EDGAR. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbidi-

dance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

GLOUCESTER. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier: heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?

EDGAR. Ay, master.

GLOUCESTER. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep;
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I 'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me; from that place
I shall no leading need.

EDGAR. Give me thy arm:
Poor Tom shall lead thee. *Exeunt*

SCENE TWO

Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Goneril and Edmund

GONERIL. Welcome, my lord; I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way. (*Enter Oswald*) Now, where 's your master?

OSWALD. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him you were coming;
His answer was, 'The worse': of Gloucester's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

GONERIL. (*To Edmund*) Then, shall you go no further.

It is the cowish terror of his spirit
That dares not undertake; he 'll not feel wrongs
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us; ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
Giving a favour
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.
Conceive, and fare thee well.

EDMUND. Yours in the ranks of death.

GONERIL. My most dear Gloucester!
Exit Edmund
O! the difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's services are due:
My fool usurps my bed.

OSWALD. Madam, here comes my lord. *Exit*
Enter Albany

GONERIL. I have been worth the whistle.

ALBANY. O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. I fear your disposition
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither
And come to deadly use.

GONERIL. No more; the text is foolish.

ALBANY. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited!
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,

It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

GONERIL. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st
Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where 's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats,
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest
'Alack! why does he so?'

ALBANY. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

GONERIL. O vain fool!

ALBANY. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were 't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones; howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

GONERIL. Marry, your manhood.—Mew!

Enter a Messenger

ALBANY. What news?

MESSENGER. O! my, good lord, the Duke of Cornwall 's dead;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloucester.

ALBANY. Gloucester's eyes!

MESSENGER. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

ALBANY. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge! But, O poor Gloucester!
Lost he his other eye?

MESSENGER. Both, both, my lord.

This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

GONERIL. (*Aside*) One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life; another way,
This news is not so tart. (*To Messenger*) I 'll read and answer. *Exit*

ALBANY. Where was his son when they did take his eyes?

MESSENGER. Come with my lady hither.

ALBANY. He is not here.

MESSENGER. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

ALBANY. Knows he the wickedness?

MESSENGER. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him,
And quit the house on purpose that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

ALBANY. Gloucester, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend:
Tell me what more thou knowest. *Exeunt*

SCENE THREE

The French Camp, near Dover.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman

KENT. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?

GENTLEMAN. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his coming forth is thought of; which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger, that his personal return was most required and necessary.

KENT. Who hath he left behind him general?

GENTLEMAN. The Marshal of France, Monsieur la Far.

KENT. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

GENTLEMAN. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek; it seem'd she was a queen

Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

KENT. O! then it mov'd her.

GENTLEMAN. Not to a rage; patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like a better way; those happy smilets
That play'd on her ripe lip seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd,
If all could so become it.

KENT. Made she no verbal question?

GENTLEMAN. Faith, once or twice she heav'd the name of 'father'
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried, 'Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What, i' the storm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believed!' There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour-moisten'd, then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

KENT. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and make could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

GENTLEMAN. No.

KENT. Was this before the king return'd?

GENTLEMAN. No, since.

KENT. Well, sir, the poor distress'd Lear 's i' the town,
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

GENTLEMAN. Why, good sir?

KENT. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

GENTLEMAN. Alack! poor gentleman.

KENT. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?
GENTLEMAN. 'Tis so, they are afoot.
KENT. Well, sir, I 'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. *Exeunt*

SCENE FOUR

The French Camp. A Tent.

Enter with drum and colours, Cordelia, Doctor, and Soldiers

CORDELIA. Alack! 'tis he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow weeds,
With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. *Exit an Officer*
What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth.
PHYSICIAN. There is means, madam;
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.
CORDELIA. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress! Seek, seek for him,
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.
Enter a Messenger
MESSENGER. News, madam;
The British powers are marching hitherward.
CORDELIA. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O dear father!

It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right,
Soon may I hear and see him! *Exeunt*

SCENE FIVE

A Room in Gloucester's Castle.

Enter Regan and Oswald

REGAN. But are my brother's powers set forth?
OSWALD. Ay, madam.
REGAN. Himself in person there?
OSWALD. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.
REGAN. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?
OSWALD. No, madam.
REGAN. What might import my sister's letter to him?
OSWALD. I know not, lady.
REGAN. Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.
OSWALD. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.
REGAN. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us,
The ways are dangerous.
OSWALD. I may not, madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.
REGAN. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what. I 'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.
OSWALD. Madam, I had rather—
REGAN. I know your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and at her late being here
She gave strange œilliades and most speaking looks

To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.

OSWALD. I, madam!

REGAN. I speak in understanding; you are, I know 't:
Therefore I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's. You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this,
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray desire her call her wisdom to her:
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

OSWALD. Would I could meet him, madam: I would show
What party I do follow.

REGAN. Fare thee well. *Exeunt*

SCENE SIX

The Country near Dover.

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar dressed like a peasant

GLOUCESTER. When shall I come to the top of that same hill?

EDGAR. You do climb up it now; look how we labour.

GLOUCESTER. Methinks the ground is even.

EDGAR. Horrible steep:
Hark! do you hear the sea?

GLOUCESTER. No, truly.

EDGAR. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

GLOUCESTER. So may it be, indeed.
Methinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

EDGAR. Y' are much deceived; in nothing am I chang'd
But in my garments.

GLOUCESTER. Methinks you 're better spoken.

EDGAR. Come on, sir; here 's the place: stand still.
How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air

Show scarce so gross as beetles; half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice, and yond tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock, her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I 'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

GLOUCESTER. Set me where you stand.

EDGAR. Give me your hand; you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

GLOUCESTER. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking; fairies and gods
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

EDGAR. Now fare you well, good sir.

GLOUCESTER. With all my heart.

EDGAR. (*Aside*) Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.

GLOUCESTER. O you mighty gods! *He kneels*
This world I do renounce, and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off;
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!
Now, fellow, fare thee well. *He falls forward*

EDGAR. Gone, sir: farewell.
(*Aside*) And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life when life itself
Yields to the theft; had he been where he thought
By this had thought been past. Alive or dead?
(*To Gloucester*) Ho, you sir! friend! Hear you, sir? speak!
Thus might he pass indeed; yet he revives.
What are you, sir?

GLOUCESTER. Away and let me die.

EDGAR. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou 'dst shiver'd like an egg; but thou dost breathe,
Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
Thy life 's a miracle. Speak yet again.

GLOUCESTER. But have I fallen or no?

EDGAR. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.
Look up a-height; the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

GLOUCESTER. Alack! I have no eyes.
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

EDGAR. Give me your arm:
Up: so. How is 't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

GLOUCESTER. Too well, too well.

EDGAR. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

GLOUCESTER. A poor unfortunate beggar.

EDGAR. As I stood here below methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridged sea:
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

GLOUCESTER. I do remember now; henceforth I 'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself
'Enough, enough,' and die. That thing you speak of
I took it for a man; often 'twould say
'The fiend, the fiend': he led me to that place.

EDGAR. Bear free and patient thoughts. But who comes here?

Enter Lear, fantastically dressed with flowers

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

LEAR. No, they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the king himself.

EDGAR. O thou side-piercing sight!

LEAR. Nature 's above art in that respect. There 's your

press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look! a mouse. Peace, peace! this piece of toasted cheese will do 't. There 's my gauntlet; I 'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O! well flown, bird; i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh! Give the word.

EDGAR. Sweet marjoram.

LEAR. Pass.

GLOUCESTER. I know that voice.

LEAR. Ha! Goneril, with a white beard! They flatter'd me like a dog, and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say 'ay' and 'no' to every thing I said! 'Ay' and 'no' too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once and the wind to make me chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

GLOUCESTER. The trick of that voice I do well remember: Is 't not the king?

LEAR. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?
Adultery?
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive; for Gloucester's bastard son
Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To 't luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.
Behold yond simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to 't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends':

There 's hell, there 's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit,
Burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie, fie, fie! pah,
pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to
sweeten my imagination: there 's money for thee.

GLOUCESTER. O! let me kiss that hand!

LEAR. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

GLOUCESTER. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know me?

LEAR. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I 'll not love. Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

GLOUCESTER. Were all the letters suns I could not see.

EDGAR. (*Aside*) I would not take this from report; it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

LEAR. Read.

GLOUCESTER. What! with the case of eyes?

LEAR. O, ho! are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.

GLOUCESTER. I see it feelingly.

LEAR. What! art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yon simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

GLOUCESTER. Ay, sir.

LEAR. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority; a dog 's obey'd in office.
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say none; I 'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now;
Pull off my boots; harder, harder; so.

EDGAR. (*Aside*) O! matter and impertinency mix'd;
Reason in madness!

LEAR. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes;
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st the first time that we smell the air
We waul and cry. I will preach to thee: mark.

GLOUCESTER. Alack! alack the day!

LEAR. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools. This' a good block!
It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with felt; I 'll put it in proof,
And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter Gentleman, with Attendants

GENTLEMAN. O! here he is; lay hand upon him. Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

LEAR. No rescue? What! a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;
I am cut to the brains.

GENTLEMAN. You shall have any thing.

LEAR. No seconds? All myself?
Why this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

GENTLEMAN. Good sir,—

LEAR. I will die bravely as a bridegroom. What!
I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that?

GENTLEMAN. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

LEAR. Then there 's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa. *Exit. Attendants follow*

GENTLEMAN. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse

Which twain have brought her to.

EDGAR. Hail, gentle sir!

GENTLEMAN. Sir, speed you: what 's your will?

EDGAR. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

GENTLEMAN. Most sure and vulgar; every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

EDGAR. But, by your favour,
How near 's the other army?

GENTLEMAN. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

EDGAR. I thank you, sir: that 's all.

GENTLEMAN. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.

EDGAR. I thank you, sir.

Exit Gentleman

GLOUCESTER. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me:
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

EDGAR. Well pray you, father.

GLOUCESTER. Now, good sir, what are you?

EDGAR. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I 'll lead you to some biding.

GLOUCESTER. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Oswald

OSWALD. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out
That must destroy thee.

GLOUCESTER. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to 't. *Edgar interposes*

OSWALD. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

EDGAR. Chill not let go, zur, without vurther 'casion.

OSWALD. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

EDGAR. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. An chud ha' bin zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man; keep out, che vor ye, or ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder. Chill be plain with you.

OSWALD. Out, dunghill!

EDGAR. Chill pick your teeth, zur. Come; no matter vor your foins. *They fight, and Edgar knocks him down*

OSWALD. Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain, take my purse.
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters which thou find'st about me
To Edmund Earl of Gloucester; seek him out
Upon the English party: O! untimely death. *Dies*

EDGAR. I know thee well: a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.

GLOUCESTER. What! is he dead?

EDGAR. Sit you down, father; rest you.
Let 's see his pockets: these letters that he speaks of
May be my friends. He 's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other deaths-man. Let us see:
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful. *Reads the letter*

'Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off; if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done if he return the conqueror; then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

'Your—wife, so I would say—

'Affectionate servant,

'Goneril.'

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life,
And the exchange my brother! Here, in the sands,
Thee I 'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers; and in the mature time
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke. For him 'tis well

That of thy death and business I can tell.

GLOUCESTER. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes by wrong imaginations lose
The knowledge of themselves. *Drums afar off*

EDGAR. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I 'll bestow you with a friend. *Exeunt*

SCENE SEVEN

A Tent in the French Camp.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, Doctor, and Gentleman

CORDELIA. O thou good Kent! how shall I live and work
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

KENT. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

CORDELIA. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours:
I prithee, put them off.

KENT. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.

CORDELIA. Then be 't so, my good lord.—(*To the Doctor*)
How does the king?

DOCTOR. Madam, sleeps still.

CORDELIA. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O! wind up
Of this child-changed father!

DOCTOR. So please your Majesty
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

CORDELIA. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Enter Lear in his chair, carried by Servants

GENTLEMAN. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.
DOCTOR. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.
CORDELIA. Very well. *Music*
DOCTOR. Please you, draw near. Louder the music there.
CORDELIA. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!
KENT. Kind and dear princess!
CORDELIA. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick cross lightning? to watch—poor perdu!—
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him.
DOCTOR. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.
CORDELIA. How does my royal lord? How fares your
Majesty?
LEAR. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave;
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.
CORDELIA. Sir, do you know me?
LEAR. You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?
CORDELIA. Still, still, far wide.
DOCTOR. He 's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.
LEAR. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?
I am mightily abus'd. I should even die with pity
To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands: let 's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!
CORDELIA. O! look upon me, sir,

And hold your hands in benediction o'er me,
No, sir, you must not kneel.

LEAR. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man.
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more or less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

CORDELIA. And so I am, I am.

LEAR. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

CORDELIA. No cause, no cause.

LEAR. Am I in France?

KENT. In your own kingdom, sir.

LEAR. Do not abuse me.

DOCTOR. Be comforted, good madam; the great rage,
You see, is kill'd in him; and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.

CORDELIA. Will 't please your Highness walk?

LEAR. You must bear with me.
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.

Exeunt Lear, Cordelia, Doctor, and Attendants

GENTLEMAN. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?

KENT. Most certain, sir.

GENTLEMEN. Who is conductor of his people?

KENT. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester.

GENTLEMAN. They say Edgar, his banished son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

KENT. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

GENTLEMAN. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir. *Exit*

KENT. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day's battle 's fought. *Exit*

ACT FIVE

SCENE ONE

The British Camp near Dover.

Enter, with drum and colours, Edmund, Regan, Officers, Soldiers, and others

EDMUND. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course; he 's full of alteration
And self-reproving; bring his constant pleasure.
To an Officer, who goes out

REGAN. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

EDMUND. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

REGAN. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me, but truly, but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

EDMUND. In honour'd love.

REGAN. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place?

EDMUND. That thought abuses you.

REGAN. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

EDMUND. No, by mine honour, madam.

REGAN. I never shall endure her: dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

EDMUND. Fear me not.
She and the duke her husband!

Enter with drums and colours, Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers

GONERIL. (*Aside*) I had rather lose the battle than that sister
Should loosen him and me.

ALBANY. Our very loving sister, well be-met.
Sir, this I heard, the king is come to his daughter,

With others; whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

EDMUND. Sir, you speak nobly.

REGAN. Why is this reason'd?

GONERIL. Combine together 'gainst the enemy
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.

ALBANY. Let 's then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceeding.

EDMUND. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

REGAN. Sister, you 'll go with us?

GONERIL. No.

REGAN. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

GONERIL. (*Aside*) O, ho! I know the riddle. (*Aloud*) I will go.

Enter Edgar, disguised

EDGAR. If e'er your Grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

ALBANY. I 'll overtake you. Speak.

Exeunt Edmund, Regan, Goneril, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants

EDGAR. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

ALBANY. Stay till I have read the letter.

EDGAR. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I 'll appear again.

ALBANY. Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy paper.

Exit Edgar

Re-enter Edmund

EDMUND. The enemy's in view; draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery; but your haste

Is now urg'd on you.

ALBANY. We will greet the time. *Exit*

EDMUND. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd
If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we 'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. *Exit*

SCENE TWO

A Field between the two Camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, and their Forces; and exeunt. Enter Edgar and Gloucester

EDGAR. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive.
If ever I return to you again,
I 'll bring you comfort.

GLOUCESTER. Grace go with you, sir!
Exit Edgar

Alarum; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter Edgar

EDGAR. Away, old man! give me thy hand: away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.
Give me thy hand; come on.

GLOUCESTER. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

EDGAR. What! in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all. Come on.

GLOUCESTER. And that 's true too. *Exeunt*

SCENE THREE

The British Camp, near Dover.

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, Edmund; Lear and Cordelia, prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

EDMUND. Some officers take them away: good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.
CORDELIA. We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false Fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?
LEAR. No, no, no, no! Come, let 's away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I 'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we 'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we 'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who 's in, who 's out;
And take upon 's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we 'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sets of great ones
That ebb and flow by the moon.
EDMUND. Take them away.
LEAR. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The goujeres shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep: we 'll see 'em starve first.
Come. *Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded*
EDMUND. Come hither, captain; hark,
Take thou this note; (*Giving a paper*) go follow them to prison:
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes; know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded

Does not become a sword; thy great employment
Will not bear question; either say thou 'lt do 't,
Or thrive by other means.

OFFICER. I 'll do 't, my lord.

EDMUND. About it; and write happy when thou hast done.
Mark,—I say, instantly, and carry it so
As I have set it down.

OFFICER. I cannot draw a cart nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work I will do it. *Exit*

Flourish. Enter Albany,
Goneril, Regan, Officers, and Attendants

ALBANY. Sir, you have show'd to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well; you have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife;
We do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

EDMUND. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed; the friend hath lost his friend,
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness;
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

ALBANY. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

REGAN. That 's as we list to grace him:
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

GONERIL. Not so hot;

In his own grace he doth exalt himself
More than in your addition.

REGAN. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

GONERIL. That were the most, if he should husband you.

REGAN. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

GONERIL. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

REGAN. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine;
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

GONERIL. Mean you to enjoy him?

ALBANY. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

EDMUND. Nor in thine, lord.

ALBANY. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

REGAN. (*To Edmund*) Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

ALBANY. Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent. (*Pointing to Goneril*) For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.

GONERIL. An interlude!

ALBANY. Thou art arm'd, Gloucester; let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; (*Throws down a glove*) I 'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

REGAN. Sick! O sick!

GONERIL. (*Aside*) If not, I 'll ne'er trust medicine.

EDMUND. There 's my exchange: (*Throws down a glove*) what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.

Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

ALBANY. A herald, ho!

EDMUND. A herald, ho! a herald!

ALBANY. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

REGAN. My sickness grows upon me.

ALBANY. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
Exit Regan, led
Come hither, herald,—
Enter a Herald
Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

OFFICER. Sound, trumpet! *A trumpet sounds*

HERALD. (*Reads*) 'If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence.'

EDMUND. Sound! *First Trumpet*

HERALD. Again! *Second Trumpet*

HERALD. Again! *Third Trumpet*
Trumpet answers within
Enter Edgar, armed, with a Trumpet before him

ALBANY. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

HERALD. What are you?
You name? your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

EDGAR. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.

ALBANY. Which is that adversary?

EDGAR. What 's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of Gloucester?

EDMUND. Himself: what sayst thou to him?

EDGAR. Draw thy sword,
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine:

Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart, thou art a traitor,
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince,
And, from the extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou 'No,'
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

EDMUND. In wisdom I should ask thy name;
But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn;
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head,
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart,
Which, for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets, speak!

Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls

ALBANY. Save him, save him!

GONERIL. This is practice, Gloucester:
By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

ALBANY. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it. Hold, sir;
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

Gives the letter to Edmund

GONERIL. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine:
Who can arraign me for 't? *Exit*

ALBANY. Most monstrous!
Know'st thou this paper?

EDMUND. Ask me not what I know.

ALBANY. Go after her: she 's desperate; govern her.

Exit an Officer

EDMUND. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done,

And more, much more; the time will bring it out:
'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou 'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

EDGAR. Let 's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

EDMUND. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

ALBANY. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father.

EDGAR. Worthy prince, I know 't.

ALBANY. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

EDGAR. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale;
And, when 'tis told, O! that my heart would burst,
The bloody proclamation to escape
That follow'd me so near,—O! our lives' sweetness,
That we the pain of death would hourly die
Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags, to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never,—O fault!—reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd;
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,—
Alack! too weak the conflict to support;
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

EDMUND. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall perchance do good; but speak you on;

You look as you had something more to say.

ALBANY. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

EDGAR. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour came there a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

ALBANY. But who was this?

EDGAR. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife

GENTLEMAN. Help, help! O help!

EDGAR. What kind of help?

ALBANY. Speak, man.

EDGAR. What means that bloody knife?

GENTLEMAN. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of—O! she 's dead.

ALBANY. Who dead? speak, man.

GENTLEMAN. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

EDMUND. I was contracted to them both: all three
Now marry in an instant.

EDGAR. Here comes Kent.

ALBANY. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead:
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. *Exit Gentleman*

Enter Kent

O! is this he?
The time will not allow the compliment

Which very manners urges.

KENT. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good-night;
Is he not here?

ALBANY. Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, Edmund, where 's the king? and where 's Cordelia?
Seest thou this object, Kent?

The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in

KENT. Alack! why thus?

EDMUND. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

ALBANY. Even so. Cover their faces.

EDMUND. I pant for life: some good I mean to do
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,
Be brief in it, to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia.
Nay, send in time.

ALBANY. Run, run! O run!

EDGAR. To whom, my lord? Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

EDMUND. Well thought on: take my sword,
Give it the captain.

ALBANY. Haste thee, for thy life. *Exit Edgar*

EDMUND. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

ALBANY. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.

Edmund is borne off

Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms; Edgar, Officer, and Others

LEAR. Howl, howl, howl, howl! O! you are men of stones:
Had I your tongues and eyes, I 'd use them so
That heaven's vaults should crack. She 's gone for ever.
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She 's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

KENT. Is this the promis'd end?

EDGAR. Or image of that horror?

ALBANY. Fall and cease?
LEAR. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.
KENT. (*Kneeling*) O, my good master!
LEAR. Prithee, away.
EDGAR. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
LEAR. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now, she 's gone for ever!
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is 't thou sayst? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.
OFFICER. 'Tis true, my lord, he did.
LEAR. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best: I 'll tell you straight.
KENT. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
LEAR. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?
KENT. The same,
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?
LEAR. He 's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He 'll strike, and quickly too. He 's dead and rotten.
KENT. No, my good lord; I am the very man—
LEAR. I 'll see that straight.
KENT. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.
LEAR. You are welcome hither.
KENT. Nor no man else; all 's cheerless, dark, and deadly:
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.
LEAR. Ay, so I think.
ALBANY. He knows not what he says, and vain it is
That we present us to him.
EDGAR. Very bootless.
Enter an Officer
OFFICER. Edmund is dead, my lord.
ALBANY. That 's but a trifle here.
You lords and noble friends, know our intent;



LEAR. Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little.

What comfort to this great decay may come
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old Majesty,
To him our absolute power:—(*To Edgar and Kent*) You,
to your rights;
With boot and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings. O! see, see!

LEAR. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou 'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!
Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.
Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,
Look there, look there! *Dies*

EDGAR. He faints!—my lord, my lord!

KENT. Break, heart; I prithee, break.

EDGAR. Look up, my lord.

KENT. Vex not his ghost: O! let him pass; he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

EDGAR. He is gone, indeed.

KENT. The wonder is he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.

ALBANY. Bear them from hence. Our present business
Is general woe. (*To Kent and Edgar*) Friends of my soul,
you twain
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

KENT. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls me, I must not say no.

ALBANY. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

Exeunt, with a dead march

OTHELLO
THE MOOR OF VENICE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

DUKE OF VENICE
BRABANTIO, *a Senator*
Senators
GRATIANO, *Brother to Brabantio*
LODOVICO, *Kinsman to Brabantio*
OTHELLO, *a noble Moor; in the service of the Venetian State*
CASSIO, *his Lieutenant*
IAGO, *his Ancient*
RODERIGO, *a Venetian Gentleman*
MONTANO, *Othello's predecessor in the Government of Cyprus*
Clown, Servant to Othello

DESDEMONA, *Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello*
EMILIA, *Wife to Iago*
BIANCA, *Mistress to Cassio*

Sailor, Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Heralds, Attendants

SCENE

For the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Sea-port in Cyprus

OTHELLO
THE MOOR OF VENICE

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

Venice. A Street.

Enter Roderigo and Iago

RODERIGO. Tush! Never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.
IAGO. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.
RODERIGO. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.
IAGO. Despise me if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place;
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators; for, 'Certes,' says he,
'I have already chose my officer.'
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election;

And I—of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christian and heathen—must be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debitor and creditor; this counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's ancient.

RODERIGO. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

IAGO. Why, there 's no remedy: 'tis the curse of the service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whe'r I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor.

RODERIGO. I would not follow him then.

'AGO. O! sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him;
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender, and when he 's old, cashier'd;
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and when they have lin'd their coats
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

RODERIGO. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,

If he can carry 't thus!

IAGO. Call up her father;
Rouse him, make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets, incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies; though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't
As it may lose some colour.

RODERIGO. Here is her father's house; I 'll call aloud.

IAGO. Do; with like timorous accent and dire yell
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

RODERIGO. What, ho! Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

IAGO. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

Enter Brabantio, above, at a window

BRABANTIO. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

RODERIGO. Signior, is all your family within?

IAGO. Are your doors lock'd?

BRABANTIO. Why? wherefore ask you this?

IAGO. 'Zounds! sir, you're robb'd; for shame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise!
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.
Arise, I say.

BRABANTIO. What! have you lost your wits?

RODERIGO. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

BRABANTIO. Not I, what are you?

RODERIGO. My name is Roderigo.

BRABANTIO. The worser welcome:
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious knavery dost thou come
To start my quiet.

RODERIGO. Sir, sir, sir!

BRABANTIO. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

RODERIGO. Patience, good sir.

BRABANTIO. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.

RODERIGO. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

IAGO. 'Zounds! sir, you are one of those that will not serve God if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service and you think we are ruffians, you 'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you 'll have your nephews neigh to you; you 'll have coursers for cousins and gennets for germans.

BRABANTIO. What profane wretch art thou?

IAGO. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

BRABANTIO. Thou art a villain.

IAGO. You are—a senator.

BRABANTIO. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

RODERIGO. Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech you,
If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent,—
As partly, I find, it is,—that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself:
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

BRABANTIO. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper! call up all my people!
This accident is not unlike my dream;
Belief of it oppresses me already.
Light, I say! light! *Exit, from above*

IAGO. Farewell, for I must leave you:
It seems not meet nor wholesome to my place
To be produc'd, as, if I stay, I shall,
Against the Moor; for I do know the state,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him; for he 's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,—
Which even now stand in act,—that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business; in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. *Exit*

Enter below, Brabantio, and Servants with torches

BRABANTIO. It is too true an evil: gone she is,
And what 's to come of my despised time
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her? O, unhappy girl!
With the Moor, sayst thou? Who would be a father!
How didst thou know 'twas she? O, she deceives me
Past thought. What said she to you? Get more tapers!
Raise all my kindred! Are they married, think you?

RODERIGO. Truly, I think they are.

BRABANTIO. O heaven! How got she out? O treason of the blood:
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act. Are there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

RODERIGO. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

BRABANTIO. Call up my brother. O! that you had had her
Some one way, some another! Do you know

Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?
RODERIGO. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard and go along with me.
BRABANTIO. Pray you, lead on. At every house I 'll call;
I may command at most. Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.
On, good Roderigo; I 'll deserve your pains. *Exeunt*

SCENE TWO

Another Street.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants, with torches

IAGO. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.
OTHELLO. 'Tis better as it is.
IAGO. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
That the magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the duke's; he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law—with all his might to enforce it on—
Will give him cable.
OTHELLO. Let him do his spite:
My services which I have done the signiory
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which when I know that boasting is an honour
I shall promulgate, I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege, and my demerits
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd; for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,

I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yond?
IAGO. Those are the raised father and his friends:
You were best go in.
OTHELLO. Not I; I must be found:
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?
IAGO. By Janus, I think no.
Enter Cassio and certain Officers, with torches
OTHELLO. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?
CASSIO. The duke does greet you, general,
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.
OTHELLO. What is the matter, think you?
CASSIO. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.
It is a business of some heat; the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels,
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out.
OTHELLO. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. *Exit*
CASSIO. Ancient, what makes he here?
IAGO. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carrack;
If it prove lawful prize, he 's made for ever.
CASSIO. I do not understand.
IAGO. He 's married.
CASSIO. To who?
Re-enter Othello
IAGO. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
OTHELLO. Have with you.
CASSIO. Here comes another troop to seek for you.
IAGO. It is Brabantio. General, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and Officers, with torches and weapons

OTHELLO. Holla! stand there!

RODERIGO. Signior, it is the Moor.

BRABANTIO. Down with him, thief!

They draw on both sides

IAGO. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

OTHELLO. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.
Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.

BRABANTIO. O thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I 'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That weaken motion: I 'll have 't disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.
Lay hold upon him: if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

OTHELLO. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

BRABANTIO. To prison; till fit time
Of law and course of direct session
Call thee to answer.

OTHELLO. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,

Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state
To bring me to him?
OFFICER. 'Tis true, most worthy signior;
The duke 's in council, and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.
BRABANTIO. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night! Bring him away.
Mine 's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. *Exeunt*

SCENE THREE

A Council Chamber. The Duke and Senators sitting at a table. Officers attending

DUKE. There is no composition in these news
That gives them credit.
FIRST SENATOR. Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.
DUKE. And mine, a hundred and forty.
SECOND SENATOR. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,—
As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference,—yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
DUKE. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.
SAILOR. (*Within*) What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!
OFFICER. A messenger from the galleys.
Enter a Sailor
DUKE. Now, what 's the business?
SAILOR. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Angelo.
DUKE. How say you by this change?

FIRST SENATOR. This cannot be
By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,
And let ourselves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

DUKE. Nay, in all confidence, he 's not for Rhodes.

OFFICER. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

FIRST SENATOR. Ay, so I thought. How many, as you guess?

MESSENGER. Of thirty sail; and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

DUKE. 'Tis certain then, for Cyprus.
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

FIRST SENATOR. He 's now in Florence.

DUKE. Write from us to him; post-post-haste dispatch.

FIRST SENATOR. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and Officers

DUKE. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.
(*To Brabantio*) I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

BRABANTIO. So did I yours. Good your Grace, pardon me;
Neither my place nor aught I heard of business
Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the general care



OTHELLO. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.

Take hold of me, for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows
And it is still itself.

DUKE. Why, what 's the matter?

BRABANTIO. My daughter! O! my daughter.

DUKE. } Dead?
SENATORS. }

BRABANTIO. Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.

DUKE. Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

BRABANTIO. Humbly I thank your Grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate for the state affairs
Hath hither brought.

DUKE. } We are very sorry for it.
SENATORS. }

DUKE. (*To Othello*) What, in your own part, can you say to this?

BRABANTIO. Nothing, but this is so.

OTHELLO. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause

In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,
I won his daughter.

BRABANTIO. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

DUKE. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more certain and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

FIRST SENATOR. But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections;
Or came it by request and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

OTHELLO. I do beseech you;
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

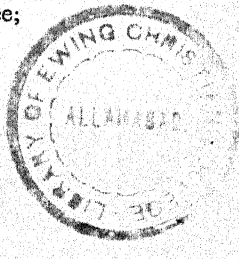
DUKE. Fetch Desdemona hither.

OTHELLO. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.
Exeunt Iago and Attendants
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I 'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,

And she in mine.

DUKE. Say it, Othello.

OTHELLO. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And portance in my travel's history;
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man; she thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake.



She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd:
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants

DUKE. I think this tale would win my daughter too.
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best;
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.

BRABANTIO. I pray you, hear her speak:
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mistress:
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?

DESDEMONA. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter: but here 's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.

BRABANTIO. God be with you! I have done.
Please it your Grace, on to the state affairs:
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

DUKE. Let me speak like yourself and lay a sentence,
Which as a grize or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone

Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when Fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

BRABANTIO. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

DUKE. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

OTHELLO. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness, and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

DUKE. If you please,
Be 't at her father's.

BRABANTIO. I 'll not have it so.

OTHELLO. Nor I.

DESDEMONA. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,

To my unfolding lend your gracious ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice
To assist my simpleness.

DUKE. What would you, Desdemona?

DESDEMONA. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world; my heart 's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord;
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

OTHELLO. Let her have your voices.
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat,—the young affects
In me defunct,—and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind;
And heaven defend your good souls that you think
I will your serious and great business scant
For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

DUKE. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going. The affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it.

FIRST SENATOR. You must away to-night.

OTHELLO. With all my heart.

DUKE. At nine i' the morning here we 'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

OTHELLO. So please your Grace, my ancient;

A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

DUKE. Let it be so.
Good-night to every one. (*To Brabantio*) And, noble signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

FIRST SENATOR. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

BRABANTIO. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.

OTHELLO. My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

Exeunt Othello and Desdemona

RODERIGO. Iago!

IAGO. What sayst thou, noble heart?

RODERIGO. What will I do, think'st thou?

IAGO. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

RODERIGO. I will incontinently drown myself.

IAGO. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

RODERIGO. It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.

IAGO. O! villanous; I have looked upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

RODERIGO. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

IAGO. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles or sow let-

tuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions; but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.

RODERIGO. It cannot be.

IAGO. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with a usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration; put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money:—the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice. She must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

RODERIGO. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

IAGO. Thou art sure of me: go, make money. I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason.

Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him; if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse; go: provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

RODERIGO. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

IAGO. At my lodging.

RODERIGO. I 'll be with thee betimes.

IAGO. Go to: farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

RODERIGO. What say you?

IAGO. No more of drowning, do you hear?

RODERIGO. I am changed. I 'll sell all my land.

IAGO. Go to; farewell! put money enough in your purse.

Exit Roderigo

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if 't be true,
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man; let me see now:
To get his place; and to plume up my will
In double knavery; how, how? Let 's see:
After some time to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person and a smooth dispose
To be suspected; framed to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.
I have 't; it is engender'd: hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

Exit

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

A Sea-port Town in Cyprus. An open place near the Quay.

Enter Montano and two Gentlemen

MONTANO. What from the cape can you discern at sea?
FIRST GENTLEMAN. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought
flood;
I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
Descry a sail.
MONTANO. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?
SECOND GENTLEMAN. A segregation of the Turkish fleet;
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.
MONTANO. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman

THIRD GENTLEMAN. News, lad! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks
That their designment halts; a noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wrack and suffrance
On most part of their fleet.
MONTANO. How! is this true?
THIRD GENTLEMAN. The ship is here put in,

A Veronesa; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself 's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

MONTANO. I am glad on 't; 'tis a worthy governor.

THIRD GENTLEMAN. But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

MONTANO. Pray heaven he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let 's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that 's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

THIRD GENTLEMAN. Come, let 's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio

CASSIO. Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor. O! let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

MONTANO. Is he well shipp'd?

CASSIO. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Within, 'A saill—a saill—a saill'

Enter a Messenger

CASSIO. What noise?

MESSENGER. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry 'A saill'

CASSIO. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

Guns heard

SECOND GENTLEMAN. They do discharge their shot of courtesy;
Our friends at least.

CASSIO. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. I shall. *Exit*

MONTANO. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

CASSIO. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.

Re-enter Second Gentleman

How now! who has put in?

SECOND GENTLEMAN. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

CASSIO. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

MONTANO. What is she?

CASSIO. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, Iago, Roderigo, and Attendants

O! behold,
The riches of the ship is come on shore.
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

DESDEMONA. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

CASSIO. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he 's well, and will be shortly here.

DESDEMONA. O! but I fear—How lost you company?

CASSIO. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship. But hark! a sail.

Cry within, 'A sail!—a sail!' *Guns heard*

SECOND GENTLEMAN. They give their greeting to the citadel:
This likewise is a friend.
CASSIO. See for the news!
Exit Gentleman
Good ancient, you are welcome:—(*To Emilia*) welcome, mistress.
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. *Kissing her*
IAGO. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You 'd have enough.
DESDEMONA. Alas! she has no speech.
IAGO. In faith, too much;
I find it still when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
EMILIA. You have little cause to say so.
IAGO. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.
DESDEMONA. O! fie upon thee, slanderer.
IAGO. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play and go to bed to work.
EMILIA. You shall not write my praise.
IAGO. No, let me not.
DESDEMONA. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?
IAGO. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't,
For I am nothing if not critical.
DESDEMONA. Come on; assay. There 's one gone to the harbour?
IAGO. Ay, madam.
DESDEMONA. I am not merry, but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise.
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?
IAGO. I am about it; but indeed my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize;

It plucks out brains and all: but my muse labours
And thus she is deliver'd.
If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one 's for use, the other useth it.

DESDEMONA. Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?

IAGO. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She 'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

DESDEMONA. Worse and worse.

EMILIA. How if fair and foolish?

IAGO. She never yet was foolish that was fair,
For even her folly help'd to an heir.

DESDEMONA. These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that 's foul and foolish?

IAGO. There 's none so foul and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

DESDEMONA. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed, one that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

IAGO. She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,
Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish and yet said 'Now I may,'
She that being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly,
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail,
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following and not look behind,
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—

DESDEMONA. To do what?

IAGO. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

DESDEMONA. O most lame and impotent conclusion! Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband. How say you, Cassio? Is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

CASSIO. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

IAGO. (*Aside*) He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper; with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve

thee in thine own courtship. You say true, 'tis so, indeed. If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake! (*A trumpet heard*) The Moor! I know his trumpet.

CASSIO. 'Tis truly so.

DESDEMONA. Let 's meet him and receive him.

CASSIO. Lo! where he comes.

Enter Othello and Attendants

OTHELLO. O my fair warrior!

DESDEMONA. My dear Othello!

OTHELLO. It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell 's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy, for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

DESDEMONA. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase
Even as our days do grow!

OTHELLO. Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be *Kissing her*
That e'er our hearts shall make!

IAGO. (*Aside*) O! you are well tun'd now,
But I 'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

OTHELLO. Come, let us to the castle.
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus;
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote

In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers.
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exeunt all except Iago and Roderigo

IAGO. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant, as they say base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them, list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard: first, I must tell thee this, Desdemona is directly in love with him.

RODERIGO. With him! Why, 'tis not possible.

IAGO. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies; and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, as it is a most pregnant and unforced position, who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble, no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave, a finder-out of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself; a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after; a pestilent complete knave! and the woman hath found him already.

RODERIGO. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition.

IAGO. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes; if she had been blessed she would never have loved the Moor; blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

RODERIGO. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

IAGO. Lechery, by this hand! an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion. Pish! But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I 'll lay 't upon you: Cassio knows you not. I 'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

RODERIGO. Well.

IAGO. Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

RODERIGO. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

IAGO. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

RODERIGO. Adieu. *Exit*

IAGO. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And I dare think he 'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust,—though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin,—
But partly led to diet my revenge,

For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
For his quick hunting, stand the putting-on,
I 'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too,
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me
For making him egregiously an ass
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd:
Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd. *Exit*

SCENE TWO

A Street.

Enter a Herald with a proclamation; People following

HERALD. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides, these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello! *Exeunt*

SCENE THREE

A Hall in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants

OTHELLO. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let 's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.

CASSIO. Iago hath direction what to do:
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.

OTHELLO. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good-night; to-morrow with your earliest
Let me have speech with you. (*To Desdemona*) Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit 's yet to come 'twixt me and you.
Good-night.

Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants
Enter Iago

CASSIO. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

IAGO. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' the clock. Our general casts us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, who let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Jove.

CASSIO. She 's a most exquisite lady.

IAGO. And, I 'll warrant her, full of game.

CASSIO. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

IAGO. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

CASSIO. An inviting eye: and yet methinks right modest.

IAGO. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

CASSIO. She is indeed perfection.

IAGO. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine, and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

CASSIO. Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

IAGO. O! they are our friends; but one cup: I 'll drink for you.

CASSIO. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

IAGO. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

CASSIO. Where are they?

IAGO. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

CASSIO. I 'll do 't; but it dislikes me. *Exit*

IAGO. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He 'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,
Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he 's to watch.
Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle. But here they come.
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter Cassio, with him Montano, and Gentlemen. Servant following with wine

CASSIO. 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse already.

MONTANO. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

IAGO. Some wine, ho!

(*Sings*) And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier 's a man;
A life 's but a span;
Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

CASSIO. 'Fore God, an excellent song.

IAGO. I learned it in England, where indeed they are most

potent in potting; your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

CASSIO. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

IAGO. Why, he drinks you with facility your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit ere the next pottle can be filled.

CASSIO. To the health of our general!

MONTANO. I am for it, lieutenant; and I 'll do you justice.

IAGO. O sweet England!

(*Sings*) King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

CASSIO. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

IAGO. Will you hear 't again?

CASSIO. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well, God 's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

IAGO. It 's true, good lieutenant.

CASSIO. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

IAGO. And so do I too, lieutenant.

CASSIO. Ay; but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let 's have no more of this; let 's to our affairs. God forgive us our sins! Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left hand. I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

ALL. Excellent well.

CASSIO. Why, very well, then; you must not think then that I am drunk. *Exit*

MONTANO. To the platform, masters; come, let 's set the watch.

IAGO. You see this fellow that is gone before;

He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction; and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other; 'tis pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

MONTANO. But is he often thus?

IAGO. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep;
He 'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

MONTANO. It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter Roderigo

IAGO. (*Aside to him*) How now, Roderigo!
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. *Exit Roderigo*

MONTANO. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft infirmity;
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.

IAGO. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise?

Cry within, 'Help! Help!'

Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo

CASSIO. You rogue! you rascal!

MONTANO. What 's the matter, lieutenant?

CASSIO. A knave teach me my duty!
I 'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

RODERIGO. Beat me!

CASSIO. Dost thou prate, rogue?

Striking Roderigo

MONTANO. (*Staying him*) Nay, good lieutenant;
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

CASSIO. Let me go, sir,
Or I 'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

MONTANO. Come, come; you're drunk.

CASSIO. Drunk! *They fight*

IAGO. (*Aside to Roderigo*) Away, I say! go out, and cry a mutiny. *Exit Roderigo*

Nay, good lieutenant! God's will, gentlemen!
Help, ho! Lieutenant! sir! Montano! sir!
Help, masters! Here 's a goodly watch indeed!
Bell rings
Who 's that that rings the bell? Diablo, ho!
The town will rise: God's will! lieutenant, hold!
You will be sham'd for ever.

Re-enter Othello and Attendants

OTHELLO. What is the matter here?

MONTANO. 'Zounds! I bleed still; I am hurt to the death. *He faints*

OTHELLO. Hold, for your lives!

IAGO. Hold, ho, lieutenant! Sir! Montano! gentlemen!
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold! the general speaks to you; hold for shame!

OTHELLO. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame put by this barbarous brawl;
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle
From her propriety. What is the matter, masters?
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

IAGO. I do not know; friends all but now, even now,
In quarter and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed; and then, but now,—
As if some planet had unwitted men,—
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds,
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

OTHELLO. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

CASSIO. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

OTHELLO. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: what 's the matter,

That you unlace your reputation thus
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

MONTANO. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you,
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
Of all that I do know; nor know I aught
By me that 's said or done amiss this night,
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.

OTHELLO. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me—both at a birth—
Shall lose me. What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began 't?

MONTANO. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

IAGO. Touch me not so near;
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And Cassio following with determin'd sword
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour, as it so fell out,
The town might fall in fright; he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose, and I return'd the rather

For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath, which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,—
For this was brief,—I found them close together,
At blow and thrust, even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report:
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet, surely Cassio, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

OTHELLO. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona, attended

Look! if my gentle love be not rais'd up;
(*To Cassio*) I 'll make thee an example.

DESDEMONA. What 's the matter?

OTHELLO. All 's well now, sweeting; come away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.
Lead him off. *Montano is led off*
Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldier's life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio

IAGO. What! are you hurt, lieutenant?

CASSIO. Ay; past all surgery.

IAGO. Marry, heaven forbid!

CASSIO. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O! I have lost my reputation. I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

IAGO. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What! man; there are ways to recover

the general again; you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he is yours.

CASSIO. I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk! and speak parrot! and squabble, swagger, swear, and discourse fustian with one's own shadow! O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

IAGO. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

CASSIO. I know not.

IAGO. Is 't possible?

CASSIO. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains; that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts.

IAGO. Why, but you are now well enough; how came you thus recovered?

CASSIO. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath; one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

IAGO. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen, but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

CASSIO. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed and the ingredient is a devil.

IAGO. Come, come; good wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

CASSIO. I have well approved it, sir. I drunk!

IAGO. You or any man living may be drunk at some time, man. I 'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general: I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contempla-

tion, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces: confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she 'll help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

CASSIO. You advise me well.

IAGO. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

CASSIO. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

IAGO. You are in the right. Good-night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

CASSIO. Good-night, honest Iago! *Exit*

IAGO. And what 's he then that says I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal to thinking and indeed the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit; she 's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, were 't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now; for while this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I 'll pour this pestilence into his ear
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,

And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

Re-enter Roderigo

How now, Roderigo!

RODERIGO. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

IAGO. How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hast cashiered Cassio.
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 'tis morning;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. (*Exit Roderigo*) Two things are to be done,
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I 'll set her on;
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife: ay, that 's the way:
Dull not device by coldness and delay. *Exit*

ACT THREE

SCENE ONE

Cyprus. Before the Castle.

Enter Cassio, and some Musicians

CASSIO. Masters, play here, I will content your pains;
Something that 's brief; and bid 'Good-morrow, general.'
Music

Enter Clown

CLOWN. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

FIRST MUSICIAN. How, sir, how?

CLOWN. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

FIRST MUSICIAN. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

CLOWN. O! thereby hangs a tail.

FIRST MUSICIAN. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

CLOWN. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here 's money for you; and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

FIRST MUSICIAN. Well, sir, we will not.

CLOWN. If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again; but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

FIRST MUSICIAN. We have none such, sir.

CLOWN. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I 'll away. Go; vanish into air; away! *Exeunt Musicians*

CASSIO. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

CLOWN. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

CASSIO. Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There 's a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there 's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

CLOWN. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

CASSIO. Do, good my friend. *Exit Clown*

Enter Iago

In happy time, Iago.

IAGO. You have not been a-bed, then?

CASSIO. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife; my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

IAGO. I 'll send her to you presently;
And I 'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free.

CASSIO. I humbly thank you for 't. *Exit Iago*
I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia

EMILIA. Good-morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will soon be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse you; but he protests he loves you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the safest occasion by the front
To bring you in again.

CASSIO. Yet, I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

EMILIA. Pray you, come in:
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

CASSIO. I am much bound to you.
Exeunt

SCENE TWO

A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen

OTHELLO. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the senate;
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me.
IAGO. Well, my good lord, I 'll do 't.
OTHELLO. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see 't?
GENTLEMEN. We 'll wait upon your lordship. *Exeunt*

SCENE THREE

Before the Castle.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia

DESDEMONA. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
EMILIA. Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.
DESDEMONA. O! that 's an honest fellow. Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
CASSIO. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He 's never any thing but your true servant.
DESDEMONA. I know 't; I thank you. You do love my lord;
You have known him long; and be you well assur'd
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.
CASSIO. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

DESDEMONA. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I 'll perform it
To the last article; my lord shall never rest;
I 'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I 'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Enter Othello, and Iago at a distance

EMILIA. Madam, here comes my lord.
CASSIO. Madam, I 'll take my leave.
DESDEMONA. Why, stay, and hear me speak.
CASSIO. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.
DESDEMONA. Well, do your discretion. *Exit Cassio*
IAGO. Ha! I like not that.
OTHELLO. What dost thou say?
IAGO. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.
OTHELLO. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?
IAGO. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
OTHELLO. I do believe 'twas he.
DESDEMONA. How now, my lord!
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
OTHELLO. Who is 't you mean?
DESDEMONA. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I prithee call him back.
OTHELLO. Went he hence now?
DESDEMONA. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
OTHELLO. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.
DESDEMONA. But shall 't be shortly?

OTHELLO. The sooner, sweet, for you.
DESDEMONA. Shall 't be to-night at supper?
OTHELLO. No, not to-night.
DESDEMONA. To-morrow dinner, then?
OTHELLO. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.
DESDEMONA. Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn:
I prithee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he 's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,—
Save that they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best,—is not almost a fault
To incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you, and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—
OTHELLO. Prithee, no more; let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.
DESDEMONA. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.
OTHELLO. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.
DESDEMONA. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.
OTHELLO. Farewell, my Desdemona: I 'll come to thee straight.
DESDEMONA. Emilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. *Exit, with Emilia*
OTHELLO. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,

Chaos is come again.

IAGO. My noble lord,—

OTHELLO. What dost thou say, Iago?

IAGO. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

OTHELLO. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

IAGO. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

OTHELLO. Why of thy thought, Iago?

IAGO. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

OTHELLO. O! yes; and went between us very oft.

IAGO. Indeed!

OTHELLO. Indeed! ay, indeed; discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

IAGO. Honest, my lord?

OTHELLO. Honest! ay, honest.

IAGO. My lord, for aught I know.

OTHELLO. What dost thou think?

IAGO. Think, my lord!

OTHELLO. Think, my lord!
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now, thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife; what didst not like?
And when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, 'Indeed!'
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

IAGO. My lord, you know I love you.

OTHELLO. I think thou dost;
And, for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more;
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom, but in a man that 's just
They are close delations, working from the heart
That passion cannot rule.

IAGO. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

OTHELLO. I think so too.
IAGO. Men should be what they seem;
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!
OTHELLO. Certain, men should be what they seem.
IAGO. Why then, I think Cassio 's an honest man.
OTHELLO. Nay, yet there 's more in this.
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.
IAGO. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false;
As where 's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?
OTHELLO. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
IAGO. I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,—
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,—that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
OTHELLO. What dost thou mean?
IAGO. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
OTHELLO. By heaven, I 'll know thy thoughts.
IAGO. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;

Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

OTHELLO. Ha!

IAGO. O! beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on; that cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O! what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet soundly loves!

OTHELLO. O misery!

IAGO. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough,
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

OTHELLO. Why, why is this?
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;
I 'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love or jealousy!

IAGO. I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit; therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me; I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self-bounty be abus'd; look to 't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks

They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

OTHELLO. Dost thou say so?

IAGO. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

OTHELLO. And so she did.

IAGO. Why, go to, then;
She that so young could give out such a seeming,
To seel her father's eyes up close as oak,
He thought 'twas witchcraft; but I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

OTHELLO. I am bound to thee for ever.

IAGO. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

OTHELLO. Not a jot, not a jot.

IAGO. I' faith, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see you're mov'd;
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.

OTHELLO. I will not.

IAGO. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio 's my worthy friend—
My lord, I see you're mov'd.

OTHELLO. No, not much mov'd:
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

IAGO. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

OTHELLO. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

IAGO. Ay, there 's the point: as, to be bold with you,
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends;
Foh! one may smell in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fail to match you with her country forms
And happily repent.

OTHELLO. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.
IAGO. My lord, I take my leave. *Going*
OTHELLO. Why did I marry? This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
IAGO. (*Returning*) My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time.
Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,
For, sure he fills it up with great ability,
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
As worthy cause I have to fear I am,
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.
OTHELLO. Fear not my government.
IAGO. I once more take my leave. *Exit*
OTHELLO. This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings; if I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I 'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years—yet that 's not much—
She 's gone, I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites. I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague is fated to us



IAGO. O! beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on

When we do quicken.
Look! where she comes.
If she be false, O! then heaven mocks itself.
I 'll not believe it.

Re-enter Desdemona and Emilia

DESDEMONA. How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.
OTHELLO. I am to blame.
DESDEMONA. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?
OTHELLO. I have a pain upon my forehead here.
DESDEMONA. Faith, that 's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
OTHELLO. Your napkin is too little:

She drops her handkerchief

Let it alone. Come, I 'll go in with you.
DESDEMONA. I am very sorry that you are not well.

Exeunt Othello and Desdemona

EMILIA. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it, but she so loves the token,
For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I 'll have the work ta'en out,
And give 't Iago:
What he will do with it heaven knows, not I;
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Enter Iago

IAGO. How now! what do you here alone?
EMILIA. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.
IAGO. A thing for me? It is a common thing—
EMILIA. Ha!
IAGO. To have a foolish wife.
EMILIA. O! is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?
IAGO. What handkerchief?
EMILIA. What handkerchief!
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona:

That which so often you did bid me steal.

IAGO. Hast stol'n it from her?

EMILIA. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence,
And, to the advantage, I, being there, took 't up.
Look, here it is.

IAGO. A good wench; give it me.

EMILIA. What will you do with 't, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?

IAGO. Why, what 's that to you? *Snatches it*

EMILIA. If it be not for some purpose of import
Give 't me again; poor lady! she 'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

IAGO. Be not acknown on 't; I have use for it.
Go, leave me. *Exit Emilia*
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it; trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ; this may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so:
Look! where he comes!

Enter Othello

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday.

OTHELLO. Ha! ha! false to me?

IAGO. Why, how now, general! no more of that.

OTHELLO. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack;
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd
Than but to know 't a little.

IAGO. How now, my lord!

OTHELLO. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips;
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know 't, and he 's not robb'd at all.

IAGO. I am sorry to hear this.
OTHELLO. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O! now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone!
IAGO. Is it possible, my lord?
OTHELLO. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my wak'd wrath.
IAGO. Is 't come to this?
OTHELLO. Make me to see 't; or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!
IAGO. My noble lord,—
OTHELLO. If thou dost slander her and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.
IAGO. O grace! O heaven forgive me!
Are you a man! have you a soul or sense?
God be wi' you; take mine office. O wretched fool!
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice.
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world!
To be direct and honest is not safe.
I thank you for this profit, and, from hence
I 'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.
OTHELLO. Nay, stay; thou shouldst be honest.
IAGO. I should be wise; for honesty 's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

OTHELLO. By the world,
I think my wife be honest and think she is not;
I think that thou art just and think thou art not.
I 'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords or knives,
Poison or fire or suffocating streams,
I 'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!
IAGO. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion.
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?
OTHELLO. Would! nay, I will.
IAGO. And may; but how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on;
Behold her tupp'd?
OTHELLO. Death and damnation! O!
IAGO. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect; damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where 's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk; but yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.
OTHELLO. Give me a living reason she 's disloyal.
IAGO. I do not like the office;
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,
Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio.
In sleep I heard him say, 'Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!'
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry, 'O, sweet creature!' and then kiss me hard,

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips; then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then
Cried, 'Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor!'

OTHELLO. O monstrous! monstrous!

IAGO. Nay, this was but his dream.

OTHELLO. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

IAGO. And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

OTHELLO. I 'll tear her all to pieces.

IAGO. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this:
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

OTHELLO. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

IAGO. I know not that; but such a handkerchief—
I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

OTHELLO. If it be that,—

IAGO. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

OTHELLO. O! that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.
Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, O love! thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate. Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

IAGO. Yet be content.

OTHELLO. O! blood, blood, blood!

IAGO. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

OTHELLO. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. *Kneels*

OTHELLO. By the world,
I think my wife be honest and think she is not;
I think that thou art just and think thou art not.
I 'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords or knives,
Poison or fire or suffocating streams,
I 'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!
IAGO. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion.
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?
OTHELLO. Would! nay, I will.
IAGO. And may; but how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on;
Behold her tupp'd?
OTHELLO. Death and damnation! O!
IAGO. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect; damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where 's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk; but yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.
OTHELLO. Give me a living reason she 's disloyal.
IAGO. I do not like the office;
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,
Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio.
In sleep I heard him say, 'Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!'
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry, 'O, sweet creature!' and then kiss me hard,

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips; then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then
Cried, 'Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor!'

OTHELLO. O monstrous! monstrous!

IAGO. Nay, this was but his dream.

OTHELLO. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

IAGO. And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

OTHELLO. I 'll tear her all to pieces.

IAGO. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this:
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

OTHELLO. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

IAGO. I know not that; but such a handkerchief—
I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

OTHELLO. If it be that,—

IAGO. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

OTHELLO. O! that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.
Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, O love! thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate. Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

IAGO. Yet be content.

OTHELLO. O! blood, blood, blood!

IAGO. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

OTHELLO. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. *Kneels*

Now, by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

IAGO. Do not rise yet. *Kneels*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever. *They rise*

OTHELLO. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to 't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio 's not alive.

IAGO. My friend is dead; 'tis done at your request:
But let her live.

OTHELLO. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw.
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

IAGO. I am your own for ever. *Exeunt*

SCENE FOUR

Before the Castle.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown

DESDEMONA. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?

CLOWN. I dare not say he lies any where.

DESDEMONA. Why, man?

CLOWN. He is a soldier; and for one to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

DESDEMONA. Go to; where lodges he?

CLOWN. To tell you where he lodges is to tell you where I lie.

DESDEMONA. Can anything be made of this?

CLOWN. I know not where he lodges, and for me to devise a

lodging, and say he lies here or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

DESDEMONA. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

CLOWN. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

DESDEMONA. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope all will be well.

CLOWN. To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. *Exit*

DESDEMONA. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

EMILIA. I know not, madam.

DESDEMONA. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes; and, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

EMILIA. Is he not jealous?

DESDEMONA. Who! he? I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humours from him.

EMILIA. Look! where he comes.

DESDEMONA. I will not leave him now till Cassio
Be call'd to him.

Enter Othello

How is 't with you, my lord?

OTHELLO. Well, my good lady. (*Aside*) O! hardness to dissemble.
How do you, Desdemona?

DESDEMONA. Well, my good lord.

OTHELLO. Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.

DESDEMONA. It yet has felt no age nor known no sorrow.

OTHELLO. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart;
Hot, hot, and moist; this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here 's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

DESDEMONA. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

OTHELLO. A liberal hand; the hearts of old gave hands,
But our new heraldry is hands not hearts.
DESDEMONA. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.
OTHELLO. What promise, chuck?
DESDEMONA. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.
OTHELLO. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me.
Lend me thy handkerchief.
DESDEMONA. Here, my lord.
OTHELLO. That which I gave you.
DESDEMONA. I have it not about me.
OTHELLO. Not?
DESDEMONA. No, indeed, my lord.
OTHELLO. That is a fault.
That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people; she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable and subdue my father
Entirely to her love, but if she lost it
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She dying gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on 't;
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose 't or give 't away, were such perdition
As nothing else could match.
DESDEMONA. Is 't possible?
OTHELLO. 'Tis true; there 's magic in the web of it;
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk,
And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.
DESDEMONA. Indeed! is 't true?
OTHELLO. Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.
DESDEMONA. Then would to heaven that I had never seen it!
OTHELLO. Ha! wherefore?

DESDEMONA. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?
OTHELLO. Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is it out o' the way?
DESDEMONA. Heaven bless us!
OTHELLO. Say you?
DESDEMONA. It is not lost: but what an if it were?
OTHELLO. How!
DESDEMONA. I say, it is not lost.
OTHELLO. Fetch 't, let me see 't!
DESDEMONA. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my suit:
Pray you let Cassio be receiv'd again.
OTHELLO. Fetch me the handkerchief; my mind misgives.
DESDEMONA. Come, come;
You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.
OTHELLO. The handkerchief!
DESDEMONA. I pray, talk me of Cassio.
OTHELLO. The handkerchief!
DESDEMONA. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shar'd dangers with you,—
OTHELLO. The handkerchief!
DESDEMONA. In sooth, you are to blame.
OTHELLO. Away! *Exit*
EMILIA. Is not this man jealous?
DESDEMONA. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there 's some wonder in this handkerchief;
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.
EMILIA. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man;
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full
They belch us. Look you! Cassio and my husband.
Enter Iago and Cassio
IAGO. There is no other way; 'tis she must do 't:
And, lo! the happiness: go and importune her.
DESDEMONA. How now, good Cassio! what 's the news with you?
CASSIO. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I with all the office of my heart
Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind

That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course
To fortune's alms.

DESDEMONA. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio!
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech. You must awhile be patient;
What I can do I will, and more I will
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

IAGO. Is my lord angry?

EMILIA. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.

IAGO. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment then; I will go meet him;
There 's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

DESDEMONA. I prithee, do so. (*Exit Iago*) Something, sure, of state,
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members even to that sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was—unhandsome warrior as I am—
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he 's indicted falsely.

EMILIA. Pray heaven it be state matters, as you think,
And no conception, nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.
DESDEMONA. Alas the day! I never gave him cause.
EMILIA. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous; 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.
DESDEMONA. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!
EMILIA. Lady, amen.
DESDEMONA. I will go seek him. Cassio, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I 'll move your suit
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.
CASSIO. I humbly thank your ladyship.
Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia
Enter Bianca
BIANCA. Save you, friend Cassio!
CASSIO. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.
BIANCA. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours.
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!
CASSIO. Pardon me, Bianca,
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall, in a more continuate time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief
Take me this work out.
BIANCA. O Cassio! whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend;
To the felt absence now I feel a cause;
Is 't come to this? Well, well.
CASSIO. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.
BIANCA. Why, whose is it?

CASSIO. I know not, sweet; I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,—
As like enough it will,—I 'd have it copied;
Take it and do 't; and leave me for this time.
BIANCA. Leave you! wherefore?
CASSIO. I do attend here on the general,
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.
BIANCA. Why, I pray you?
CASSIO. Not that I love you not.
BIANCA. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little
And say if I shall see you soon at night.
CASSIO. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here; but I 'll see you soon.
BIANCA. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd. *Exeunt*

ACT FOUR

SCENE ONE

Cyprus. Before the Castle.

Enter Othello and Iago

IAGO. Will you think so?
OTHELLO. Think so, Iago!
IAGO. What!
To kiss in private?
OTHELLO. An unauthoriz'd kiss.
IAGO. Or to be naked with her friend a-bed
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?
OTHELLO. Naked a-bed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.
IAGO. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip;
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,–
OTHELLO. What then?
IAGO. Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.
OTHELLO. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?
IAGO. Her honour is an essence that 's not seen;
They have it very oft that have it not:
But for the handkerchief,–
OTHELLO. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:–
Thou said'st,–O! it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all,–he had my handkerchief.
IAGO. Ay, what of that?
OTHELLO. That 's not so good now.
IAGO. What,
If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?

Or heard him say, as knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab.

OTHELLO. Hath he said any thing?

IAGO. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he 'll unswear.

OTHELLO. What hath he said?

IAGO. Faith, that he did—I know not what he did.

OTHELLO. What? what?

IAGO. Lie—

OTHELLO. With her?

IAGO. With her, on her; what you will.

OTHELLO. Lie with her! lie on her! We say, lie on her, when they belie her. Lie with her! that's fulsome. Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief! To confess, and be hanged for his labour. First, to be hanged, and then to confess: I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus. Pish! Noses, ears, and lips. Is it possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief!—O devil!

Falls in a trance

IAGO. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach. What, ho! my lord!
My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter Cassio

How now, Cassio!

CASSIO. What 's the matter?

IAGO. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

CASSIO. Rub him about the temples.

IAGO. No, forbear;
The lethargy must have his quiet course,
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness. Look! he stirs;
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you. *Exit Cassio*
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

OTHELLO. Dost thou mock me?
IAGO. I mock you! no, by heaven.
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!
OTHELLO. A horned man 's a monster and a beast.
IAGO. There 's many a beast then, in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.
OTHELLO. Did he confess it?
IAGO. Good sir, be a man;
Think every bearded fellow that 's but yok'd
May draw with you; there 's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.
O! 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know;
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
OTHELLO. O! thou art wise; 'tis certain.
IAGO. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief,—
A passion most unsuiting such a man,—
Cassio came hither; I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife:
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.
OTHELLO. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.
IAGO. That 's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
Othello goes apart
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife that by selling her desires
Buys herself bread and clothes; it is a creature

That dotes on Cassio; as 'tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many and be beguil'd by one.
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter. Here he comes:

Re-enter Cassio

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour
Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant?

CASSIO. The worser that you give me the addition
Whose want even kills me.

IAGO. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on 't.
(*Speaking lower*) Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
How quickly should you speed!

CASSIO. Alas! poor caitiff!

OTHELLO. Look! how he laughs already!

IAGO. I never knew woman love man so.

CASSIO. Alas! poor rogue, I think, i' faith, she loves me.

OTHELLO. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

IAGO. Do you hear, Cassio?

OTHELLO. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: go to; well said, well said.

IAGO. She gives it out that you shall marry her;
Do you intend it?

CASSIO. Ha, ha, ha!

OTHELLO. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

CASSIO. I marry her! what? a customer? I prithee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

OTHELLO. So, so, so, so. They laugh that win.

IAGO. Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

CASSIO. Prithee, say true.

IAGO. I am a very villain else.

OTHELLO. Have you scored me? Well.

CASSIO. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

OTHELLO. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

CASSIO. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes this bauble, and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck;—

OTHELLO. Crying, 'O dear Cassio!' as it were; his gesture imports it.

CASSIO. So hangs and lolls and weeps upon me; so hales and pulls me; ha, ha, ha!

OTHELLO. Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber. O! I see that nose of yours, but not the dog I shall throw it to.

CASSIO. Well, I must leave her company.

IAGO. Before me! look, where she comes.

CASSIO. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.

Enter Bianca

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

BIANCA. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work! A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work! There, give it your hobby-horse; wheresoever you had it I'll take out no work on 't.

CASSIO. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now, how now!

OTHELLO. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

BIANCA. An you 'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for.

Exit

IAGO. After her, after her.

CASSIO. Faith, I must; she 'll rail in the street else.

IAGO. Will you sup there?

CASSIO. Faith, I intend so.

IAGO. Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you.

CASSIO. Prithee come; will you?

IAGO. Go to; say no more. *Exit Cassio*

OTHELLO. (*Advancing*) How shall I murder him, Iago?

IAGO. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

OTHELLO. O! Iago!

IAGO. And did you see the handkerchief?

OTHELLO. Was that mine?

IAGO. Yours, by this hand; and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

OTHELLO. I would have him nine years a-killing. A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

IAGO. Nay, you must forget that.

OTHELLO. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned tonight; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O! the world hath not a sweeter creature; she might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks.

IAGO. Nay, that 's not your way.

OTHELLO. Hang her! I do but say what she is. So delicate with her needle! An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear. Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

IAGO. She 's the worse for all this.

OTHELLO. O! a thousand, a thousand times. And then, of so gentle a condition!

IAGO. Ay, too gentle.

OTHELLO. Nay, that 's certain;—but yet the pity of it, Iago! O! Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

IAGO. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

OTHELLO. I will chop her into messes. Cuckold me!

IAGO. O! 'tis foul in her.

OTHELLO. With mine officer!

IAGO. That 's fouler.

OTHELLO. Get me some poison, Iago; this night: I 'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again. This night, Iago.

IAGO. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

OTHELLO. Good, good; the justice of it pleases; very good.

IAGO. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker; you shall hear more by midnight.

OTHELLO. Excellent good. (*A trumpet within*) What trumpet is that same?

IAGO. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,
Come from the duke; and see, your wife is with him.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants

LODOVICO. God save you, worthy general!

OTHELLO. With all my heart, sir.

LODOVICO. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

Gives him a packet

OTHELLO. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.
Opens the packet, and reads
DESDEMONA. And what 's the news, good cousin Lodovico?
IAGO. I am very glad to see you, signior;
Welcome to Cyprus.
LODOVICO. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?
IAGO. Lives, sir.
DESDEMONA. Cousin, there 's fall'n between him and my lord
An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.
OTHELLO. Are you sure of that?
DESDEMONA. My lord?
OTHELLO. (*Reads*) 'This fail you not to do, as you will'—
LODOVICO. He did not call; he 's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?
DESDEMONA. A most unhappy one; I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
OTHELLO. Fire and brimstone!
DESDEMONA. My lord?
OTHELLO. Are you wise?
DESDEMONA. What! is he angry?
LODOVICO. May be the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.
DESDEMONA. Trust me, I am glad on 't.
OTHELLO. Indeed!
DESDEMONA. My lord?
OTHELLO. I am glad to see you mad.
DESDEMONA. Why, sweet Othello?
OTHELLO. Devil! *Strikes her*
DESDEMONA. I have not deserved this.
LODOVICO. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw 't: 'tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.
OTHELLO. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.
Out of my sight!
DESDEMONA. I will not stay to offend you. *Going*
LODOVICO. Truly, an obedient lady;
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.
OTHELLO. Mistress!

DESDEMONA. My lord?
OTHELLO. What would you with her, sir?
LODOVICO. Who, I, my lord?
OTHELLO. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she 's obedient, as you say, obedient,
Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears.
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—
I am commanded home. Get you away;
I 'll send for you anon. Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice. Hence! avaunt!
Exit Desdemona
Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together;
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. Goats and monkeys!
Exit
LODOVICO. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient? is this the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?
IAGO. He is much chang'd.
LODOVICO. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?
IAGO. He 's that he is; I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be, if, what he might, he is not,
I would to heaven he were!
LODOVICO. What! strike his wife!
IAGO. Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst!
LODOVICO. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?
IAGO. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
And his own courses will denote him so
That I may save my speech. Do but go after
And mark how he continues.
LODOVICO. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. *Exeunt*

SCENE TWO

A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello and Emilia

OTHELLO. You have seen nothing, then?
EMILIA. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.
OTHELLO. Yes, you have seen Cassio and her together.
EMILIA. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.
OTHELLO. What! did they never whisper?
EMILIA. Never, my lord.
OTHELLO. Nor send you out o' the way?
EMILIA. Never.
OTHELLO. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
EMILIA. Never, my lord.
OTHELLO. That 's strange.
EMILIA. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There 's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.
OTHELLO. Bid her come hither; go. *Exit Emilia*
She says enough; yet she 's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet lock and key of villanous secrets;
And yet she 'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do 't.

Re-enter Emilia with Desdemona

DESDEMONA. My lord, what is your will?
OTHELLO. Pray, chuck, come hither.
DESDEMONA. What is your pleasure?
OTHELLO. Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.
DESDEMONA. What horrible fancy 's this?
OTHELLO. (*To Emilia*) Some of your function, mistress;
Leave procreants alone and shut the door;
Cough or cry 'hem' if any body come;

Your mystery, your mystery; nay, dispatch. *Exit Emilia*

DESDEMONA. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

OTHELLO. Why, what art thou?

DESDEMONA. Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.

OTHELLO. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee; therefore be double-damn'd;
Swear thou art honest.

DESDEMONA. Heaven doth truly know it.

OTHELLO. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

DESDEMONA. To whom, my lord? with whom? how am I false?

OTHELLO. Ah! Desdemona; away, away, away!

DESDEMONA. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

OTHELLO. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience; but, alas! to make me
The fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at;
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rosé-lipp'd cherubin;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

DESDEMONA. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

OTHELLO. O! ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed!
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born.

DESDEMONA. Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?

OTHELLO. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write 'whore' upon? What committed!
Committed! O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon winks,
The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed!
Impudent strumpet!

DESDEMONA. By heaven, you do me wrong.

OTHELLO. Are not you a strumpet?

DESDEMONA. No, as I am a Christian.
If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

OTHELLO. What! not a whore?

DESDEMONA. No, as I shall be sav'd.

OTHELLO. Is it possible?

DESDEMONA. O! heaven forgive us.

OTHELLO. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello. You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter Emilia

You, you, ay, you!
We have done our course; there 's money for your pains.
I pray you, turn the key and keep our counsel. *Exit*

EMILIA. Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

DESDEMONA. Faith, half asleep.

EMILIA. Good madam, what 's the matter with my lord?

DESDEMONA. With who?

EMILIA. Why, with my lord, madam.

DESDEMONA. Who is thy lord?
EMILIA. He that is yours, sweet lady.
DESDEMONA. I have none; do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep, nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remember:
And call thy husband hither.
EMILIA. Here is a change indeed!
Exit
DESDEMONA. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?
Re-enter Emilia, with Iago
IAGO. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?
DESDEMONA. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks;
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.
IAGO. What 's the matter, lady?
EMILIA. Alas; Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.
DESDEMONA. Am I that name, Iago?
IAGO. What name, fair lady?
DESDEMONA. Such as she says my lord did say I was.
EMILIA. He call'd her whore; a beggar in his drink
Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.
IAGO. Why did he so?
DESDEMONA. I do not know; I am sure I am none such.
IAGO. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!
EMILIA. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father and her country and her friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?
DESDEMONA. It is my wretched fortune.
IAGO. Beshrew him for it!
How comes this trick upon him?
DESDEMONA. Nay, heaven doth know.
EMILIA. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander; I 'll be hang'd else.
IAGO. Fie! there is no such man; it is impossible.

DESDEMONA. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!
EMILIA. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor 's abus'd by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
O heaven! that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!
IAGO. Speak within door.
EMILIA. O! fie upon them. Some such squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.
IAGO. You are a fool; go to.
DESDEMONA. O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say 'whore':
It does abhor me now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.
IAGO. I pray you be content, 'tis but his humour;
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.
DESDEMONA. If 'twere no other,—
IAGO. 'Tis but so, I warrant. *Trumpets*
Hark! how these instruments summon to supper;
The messengers of Venice stay the meat:
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.
Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia
Enter Roderigo

How now, Roderigo!

RODERIGO. I do not find that thou dealest justly with me.

IAGO. What in the contrary?

RODERIGO. Every day thou daffest me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it, nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

IAGO. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

RODERIGO. Faith, I have heard too much, for your words and performances are no kin together.

IAGO. You charge me most unjustly.

RODERIGO. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist; you have told me she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none.

IAGO. Well; go to; very well.

RODERIGO. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: by this hand, I say, it is very scurvy, and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

IAGO. Very well.

RODERIGO. I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona; if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

IAGO. You have said now.

RODERIGO. Ay, and said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

IAGO. Why, now I see there 's mettle in thee, and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo; thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

RODERIGO. It hath not appeared.

IAGO. I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage, and valour, this night show it: if thou the next night

following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life.

RODERIGO. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

IAGO. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

RODERIGO. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

IAGO. O, no! he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

RODERIGO. How do you mean, removing of him?

IAGO. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

RODERIGO. And that you would have me do?

IAGO. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him; he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence,—which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,—you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste; about it.

RODERIGO. I will hear further reason for this.

IAGO. And you shall be satisfied. *Exeunt*

SCENE THREE

Another Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants

LODOVICO. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

OTHELLO. O! pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

LODOVICO. Madam, good-night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

DESDEMONA. Your honour is most welcome.
OTHELLO. Will you walk, sir?
O! Desdemona,—
DESDEMONA. My lord?
OTHELLO. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith; dismiss your attendant there; look it be done.
DESDEMONA. I will, my lord.
Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants
EMILIA. How goes it now? He looks gentler than he did.
DESDEMONA. He says he will return incontinent;
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.
EMILIA. Dismiss me!
DESDEMONA. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.
EMILIA. I would you had never seen him.
DESDEMONA. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks and frowns,—
Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.
EMILIA. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.
DESDEMONA. All 's one. Good faith! how foolish are our minds!
If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.
EMILIA. Come, come, you talk.
DESDEMONA. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara;
She was in love, and he she lov'd prov'd mad
And did forsake her; she had a song of 'willow';
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it; that song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dispatch.
EMILIA. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?
DESDEMONA. No, unpin me here.
This Lodovico is a proper man.
EMILIA. A very handsome man.
DESDEMONA. He speaks well.
EMILIA. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.
DESDEMONA. (*Sings*)

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow:
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;—

Lay by these:—
Sing willow, willow, willow:

Prithee, hie thee; he 'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that 's not next. Hark! who is it that knocks?

EMILIA. It is the wind.

DESDEMONA.

I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court moe women, you 'll couch with moe men.

So, get thee gone; good-night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

EMILIA. 'Tis neither here nor there.

DESDEMONA. I have heard it said so. O! these men, these men!
Dost thou in conscience think, tell me, Emilia,
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

EMILIA. There be some such, no question.

DESDEMONA. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMILIA. Why, would not you?

DESDEMONA. No, by this heavenly light!

EMILIA. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;
I might do 't as well i' the dark.

DESDEMONA. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMILIA. The world is a huge thing; 'tis a great price
For a small vice.

DESDEMONA. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

EMILIA. In troth, I think I should, and undo 't when I had

done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but for the whole world, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.

DESDEMONA. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

EMILIA. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

DESDEMONA. I do not think there is any such woman.

EMILIA. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they played for.
But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall. Say that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps,
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite;
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them; they see and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is; and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth; is 't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too; and have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well; else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

DESDEMONA. Good-night, good-night; heaven me such usage send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend! *Exeunt*

ACT FIVE

SCENE ONE

Cyprus. A Street.

Enter Iago and Roderigo

IAGO. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I 'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

RODERIGO. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in 't.

IAGO. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand.
Retires

RODERIGO. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:
'Tis but a man gone: forth, my sword; he dies.

IAGO. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly: and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril.
No, he must die. But so; I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio

RODERIGO. I know his gait; 'tis he. Villain, thou diest!
Makes a pass at Cassio

CASSIO. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed
But that my coat is better than thou know'st;
I will make proof of thine. *Draws, and wounds Roderigo*

RODERIGO. O! I am slain.

Iago from behind wounds Cassio in the leg, and exit

CASSIO. I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Falls

Enter Othello, at a distance

OTHELLO. The voice of Cassio: Iago keeps his word.

RODERIGO. O! villain that I am!

OTHELLO. It is e'en so.

CASSIO. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!

OTHELLO. 'Tis he: O brave Iago, honest and just!
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teachest me. Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies; strumpet, I come!
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed lust-stain'd shall with lust's blood be spotted.

Exit

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano, at a distance

CASSIO. What ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!

GRATIANO. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

CASSIO. O, help!

LODOVICO. Hark!

RODERIGO. O wretched villain!

LODOVICO. Two or three groans: it is a heavy night;
These may be counterfeits; let 's think 't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.

RODERIGO. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

LODOVICO. Hark!

Re-enter Iago, with a light

GRATIANO. Here 's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

IAGO. Who 's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?

LODOVICO. We do not know.

IAGO. Did not you hear a cry?

CASSIO. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me.

IAGO. What 's the matter?

GRATIANO. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

LODOVICO. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

IAGO. What are you here that cry so grievously?

CASSIO. Iago? O! I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.

IAGO. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

CASSIO. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.
IAGO. O treacherous villains!
(*To Lodovico and Gratiano*) What are you there? come in, and give some help.
RODERIGO. O! help me here.
CASSIO. That 's one of them.
IAGO. O murderous slave! O villain!
Stabs Roderigo
RODERIGO. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!
IAGO. Kill men i' the dark! Where be these bloody thieves?
How silent is this town! Ho! murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good or evil?
LODOVICO. As you shall prove us, praise us.
IAGO. Signior Lodovico?
LODOVICO. He, sir.
IAGO. I cry you mercy. Here 's Cassio hurt by villains.
GRATIANO. Cassio!
IAGO. How is it, brother?
CASSIO. My leg is cut in two.
IAGO. Marry, heaven forbid,
Light, gentlemen; I 'll bind it with my shirt.
Enter Bianca
BIANCA. What is the matter, ho? who is 't that cried?
IAGO. Who is 't that cried!
BIANCA. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
IAGO. O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be that have thus mangled you?
CASSIO. No.
GRATIANO. I am sorry to find you thus; I have been to seek you.
IAGO. Lend me a garter. So. O! for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!
BIANCA. Alas! he faints! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
IAGO. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.
Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come.
Lend me a light. Know we this face, or no?
Alas! my friend and my dear countryman,
Roderigo? no: yes, sure, O heaven! Roderigo.
GRATIANO. What! of Venice?

IAGO. Even he, sir: did you know him?
GRATIANO. Know him! ay.
IAGO. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
GRATIANO. I am glad to see you.
IAGO. How do you, Cassio? O! a chair, a chair!
GRATIANO. Roderigo! *A chair brought in*
IAGO. He, he, 'tis he,—O! that 's well said; the chair:
Some good men bear him carefully from hence;
I 'll fetch the general's surgeon. (*To Bianca*) For you, mistress,
Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?
CASSIO. None in the world; nor do I know that man.
IAGO. (*To Bianca*) What! look you pale? O! bear him out o' the air—
Cassio and Roderigo are borne off
Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress?—
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her.
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak
Though tongues were out of use.
Enter Emilia
EMILIA. 'Las! what 's the matter? what 's the matter, husband?
IAGO. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo and fellows that are 'scaped:
He 's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.
EMILIA. Alas! good gentleman; alas! good Cassio!
IAGO. This is the fruit of whoring. Prithee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.
(*To Bianca*) What! do you shake at that?
BIANCA. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.
IAGO. O! did he so? I charge you, go with me.
EMILIA. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!
BIANCA. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.
EMILIA. As I! foh! fie upon thee!
IAGO. Kind gentlemen, let 's go see poor Cassio dress'd.

Come, mistress, you must tell 's another tale.
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.
Will you go on afore? (*Aside*) This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite. *Exeunt*

SCENE TWO

A Bedchamber in the Castle. Desdemona in bed asleep. A light burning.

Enter Othello

OTHELLO. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul;
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
It is the cause. Yet I 'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she 'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither: I 'll smell it on the tree. *Kisses her*
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! One more, one more.
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. One more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears; this sorrow 's heavenly,
It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

DESDEMONA. Who 's there? Othello?

OTHELLO. Ay, Desdemona.

DESDEMONA. Will you come to bed, my lord?

OTHELLO. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

DESDEMONA. Ay, my lord.

OTHELLO. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,

Solicit for it straight.
DESDEMONA. Alas! my lord, what may you mean by that?
OTHELLO. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No; heaven forfend! I would not kill thy soul.
DESDEMONA. Talk you of killing?
OTHELLO. Ay, I do.
DESDEMONA. Then heaven
Have mercy on me!
OTHELLO. Amen! with all my heart.
DESDEMONA. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
OTHELLO. Hum!
DESDEMONA. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.
OTHELLO. Think on thy sins.
DESDEMONA. They are loves I bear to you.
OTHELLO. Ay, and for that thou diest.
DESDEMONA. That death 's unnatural that kills for loving.
Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame;
These are portents, but yet, I hope, I hope
They do not point on me.
OTHELLO. Peace, and be still!
DESDEMONA. I will so. What 's the matter?
OTHELLO. That handkerchief which I so lov'd and gave thee
Thou gav'st to Cassio.
DESDEMONA. No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man and ask him.
OTHELLO. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou 'rt on thy death-bed.
DESDEMONA. Ay, but not yet to die.
OTHELLO. Yes, presently;
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
DESDEMONA. Then Lord have mercy on me!
OTHELLO. I say, amen.
DESDEMONA. And have you mercy too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven



DESDEMONA. That death's unnatural that kills for loving

As I might love; I never gave him token.
OTHELLO. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.
DESDEMONA. He found it then;
I never gave it him. Send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.
OTHELLO. He hath confessed.
DESDEMONA. What, my lord?
OTHELLO. That he hath us'd thee.
DESDEMONA. How? unlawfully?
OTHELLO. Ay.
DESDEMONA. He will not say so.
OTHELLO. No; his mouth is stopp'd:
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.
DESDEMONA. O! my fear interprets. What! is he dead?
OTHELLO. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
DESDEMONA. Alas! he is betray'd and I undone.
OTHELLO. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?
DESDEMONA. O! banish me, my lord, but kill me not!
OTHELLO. Down, strumpet!
DESDEMONA. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night!
OTHELLO. Nay, if you strive,—
DESDEMONA. But half an hour!
OTHELLO. Being done, there is no pause.
DESDEMONA. But while I say one prayer!
OTHELLO. It is too late. *He smothers her*
EMILIA. (*Within*) My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord!
OTHELLO. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, so.
EMILIA. (*Within*) What, ho! my lord, my lord!
OTHELLO. Who 's there?
EMILIA. (*Within*) O! good my lord, I would speak a word with you!
OTHELLO. Yes; 'tis Emilia: by and by. She 's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;

The noise was high. Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were 't good?
I think she stirs again: no. What 's best to do?
If she come in she 'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife:
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

EMILIA. (*Within*) I do beseech you
That I may speak with you, O! good my lord.

OTHELLO. I had forgot thee: O! come in, Emilia:
Soft, by and by: let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou? *Unlocks the door*

Enter Emilia

What 's the matter with thee now?

EMILIA. O! my good lord, yonder 's foul murder done.

OTHELLO. What! now?

EMILIA. But now, my lord.

OTHELLO. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

EMILIA. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian
Call'd Roderigo.

OTHELLO. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd?

EMILIA. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

OTHELLO. Not Cassio kill'd! then murder 's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

DESDEMONA. O! falsely, falsely murder'd.

EMILIA. Alas! what cry is that?

OTHELLO. That! what?

EMILIA. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:
Help! Help, ho! help! O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O! sweet mistress, speak.

DESDEMONA. A guiltless death I die.

EMILIA. O! who hath done this deed?

DESDEMONA. Nobody; I myself; farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord. O! farewell! *Dies*

OTHELLO. Why, how should she be murder'd?

EMILIA. Alas! who knows?

OTHELLO. You heard her say herself it was not I.

EMILIA. She said so; I must needs report the truth.
OTHELLO. She 's like a liar gone to burning hell;
'Twas I that kill'd her.
EMILIA. O! the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil.
OTHELLO. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
EMILIA. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.
OTHELLO. She was false as water.
EMILIA. Thou art rash as fire to say
That she was false: O! she was heavenly true.
OTHELLO. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.
O! I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.
EMILIA. My husband!
OTHELLO. Thy husband.
EMILIA. That she was false to wedlock?
OTHELLO. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I 'd not have sold her for it.
EMILIA. My husband!
OTHELLO. Ay, 'twas he that told me first:
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
EMILIA. My husband!
OTHELLO. What needs this iterance, woman? I say thy husband.
EMILIA. O mistress! villany hath made mocks with love.
My husband say that she was false!
OTHELLO. He, woman;
I say, thy husband: dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.
EMILIA. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
OTHELLO. Ha!
EMILIA. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.
OTHELLO. Peace! you were best.
EMILIA. Thou hast not half the power to do me harm

As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I 'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives. Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor has kill'd my mistress! murder! murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and Others

MONTANO. What is the matter? How now, general!
EMILIA. O! are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
GRATIANO. What is the matter?
EMILIA. Disprove this villain if thou be'st a man:
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false.
I know thou didst not, thou 'rt not such a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.
IAGO. I told him what I thought, and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.
EMILIA. But did you ever tell him she was false?
IAGO. I did.
EMILIA. You told a lie, an odious damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie;
She false with Cassio! Did you say with Cassio?
IAGO. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.
EMILIA. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak.
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.
ALL. O heavens forfend!
EMILIA. And your reports have set the murder on.
OTHELLO. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.
GRATIANO. 'Tis a strange truth.
MONTANO. O monstrous act!
EMILIA. Villany! villany! villany!
I think upon 't, I think, I smell 't; O villany!
I thought so then; I 'll kill myself for grief.
O! villany, villany!
IAGO. What! are you mad? I charge you, get you home.
EMILIA. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.
OTHELLO. O! O! O! *Falls on the bed*
EMILIA. Nay, lay thee down and roar,
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.
OTHELLO. O! she was foul. *Rises*

I scarce did know you, uncle. There lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know this act shows terrible and grim.

GRATIANO. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father 's dead.
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

OTHELLO. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand:
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

EMILIA. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

IAGO. Come, hold your peace.

EMILIA. 'Twill out, 'twill out; I hold my peace, sir? no;
No, I will speak as liberal as the north;
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I 'll speak.

IAGO. Be wise, and get you home.

EMILIA. I will not.

Iago threatens to stab Emilia

GRATIANO. Fie!
Your sword upon a woman!

EMILIA. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by fortune and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,
He begg'd of me to steal it.

IAGO. Villanous whore!

EMILIA. She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,
And I did give 't my husband.

IAGO. Filth, thou liest!

EMILIA. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

OTHELLO. Are there no stones in heaven

But what serve for the thunder? Precious villain!

He runs at Iago. Iago stabs Emilia

GRATIANO. The woman falls: sure, he has kill'd his wife.

Exit Iago

EMILIA. Ay, ay; O! lay me by my mistress' side.

GRATIANO. He 's gone; but his wife 's kill'd.

MONTANO. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor.
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I 'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave. *Exeunt Montano and Gratiano*

OTHELLO. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

EMILIA. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music:—(*Sings*)
Willow, willow, willow.
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die, I die. *Dies*

OTHELLO. I have another weapon in this chamber;
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.
O! here it is. Uncle, I must come forth.

GRATIANO. (*Within*) If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

OTHELLO. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano

GRATIANO. What is the matter?

OTHELLO. Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop: but, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires. Where should Othello go?
Now how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity.
O! cursed, cursed slave. Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!
Oh! Oh! Oh!

Enter Lodovico, Montano, Cassio carried in a chair, and Officers with Iago, prisoner

LODOVICO. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
OTHELLO. That 's he that was Othello; here I am.
LODOVICO. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
OTHELLO. I look down towards his feet; but that 's a fable.
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee. *Wounds Iago*
LODOVICO. Wrench his sword from him. *Othello is disarmed*
IAGO. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.
OTHELLO. I am not sorry neither; I 'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.
LODOVICO. O thou Othello! that wert once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,
What shall be said to thee?
OTHELLO. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.
LODOVICO. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?
OTHELLO. Ay.
CASSIO. Dear general, I never gave you cause.
OTHELLO. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?
IAGO. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.
LODOVICO. What! not to pray?
GRATIANO. Torments will ope your lips.
OTHELLO. Well, thou dost best.

LODOVICO. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo,
And here another; the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.
OTHELLO. O villain!
CASSIO. Most heathenish and most gross!
LODOVICO. Now here 's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain,
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.
OTHELLO. O the pernicious caitiff!
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?
CASSIO. I found it in my chamber;
And he himself confess'd but even now
That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose
Which wrought to his desire.
OTHELLO. O fool! fool! fool!
CASSIO. There is besides in Roderigo's letter
How he upbraids Iago that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.
LODOVICO. You must forsake this room and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state. Come, bring him away.
OTHELLO. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know 't;
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well;

Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdu'd eyes
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their med'cinable gum. Set you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him, thus. *Stabs himself*

LODOVICO. O bloody period!

GRATIANO. All that 's spoke is marr'd.

OTHELLO. I kiss'd thee ere I killed thee; no way but this,
Falling upon Desdemona
Killing myself to die upon a kiss. *Dies*

CASSIO. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

LODOVICO. (*To Iago*) O Spartan dog!
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea.
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work; the object poisons sight;
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you. To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain,
The time, the place, the torture; O! enforce it.
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. *Exeunt*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARK ANTONY, OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS — *Triumvirs*

SEXTUS POMPEIUS

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, VENTIDIUS, EROS, SCARUS, DERCETAS, DEMETRIUS, PHILO — *Friends to Antony*

MECÆNAS, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, PROCULEIUS, THYREUS, GALLUS — *Friends to Cæsar*

MENAS, MENECRATES, VARRIUS — *Friends to Pompey*

TAURUS, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar*
CANIDIUS, *Lieutenant-General to Antony*
SILIUS, *an Officer under Ventidius*
EUPHRONIUS, *Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar*

ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, DIOMEDES — *Attendants on Cleopatra*

A Soothsayer
A Clown

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt*
OCTAVIA, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony*

CHARMIAN, IRAS — *Attendants on Cleopatra*

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants

SCENE

In several parts of the Roman Empire



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

Alexandria. A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter Demetrius and Philo

PHILO. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure; those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front; his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look! where they come.
Flourish. Enter Antony
and Cleopatra, with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool; behold and see.

CLEOPATRA. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

ANTONY. There 's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

CLEOPATRA. I 'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

ANTONY. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth. *Enter an Attendant*

ATTENDANT. News, my good lord, from Rome.

ANTONY. Grates me; the sum.

CLEOPATRA. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform 't, or else we damn thee.'

ANTONY. How, my love!

CLEOPATRA. Perchance! nay, and most like;

You must not stay here longer; your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.
Where 's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say? both?
Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

ANTONY. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair *Embracing*
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.

CLEOPATRA. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia and not love her?
I 'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

ANTONY. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let 's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There 's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

CLEOPATRA. Hear the ambassadors.

ANTONY. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd.
No messenger, but thine; and all alone,
To-night we 'll wander through the streets and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it: speak not to us.
Exeunt Antony and Cleopatra, with their Train

DEMETRIUS. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

PHILO. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

DEMETRIUS. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! *Exeunt*

SCENE TWO

Alexandria. Another Room.

Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer

CHARMIAN. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where 's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O! that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands.

ALEXAS. Soothsayer!

SOOTHSAYER. Your will?

CHARMIAN. Is this the man? Is 't you, sir, that know things?

SOOTHSAYER. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

ALEXAS. Show him your hand.

Enter Enobarbus

ENOBARBUS. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough Cleopatra's health to drink.

CHARMIAN. Good sir, give me good fortune.

SOOTHSAYER. I make not, but foresee.

CHARMIAN. Pray then, forsee me one.

SOOTHSAYER. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

CHARMIAN. He means in flesh.

IRAS. No, you shall paint when you are old.

CHARMIAN. Wrinkles forbid!

ALEXAS. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

CHARMIAN. Hush!

SOOTHSAYER. You shall be more beloving than belov'd.

CHARMIAN. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

ALEXAS. Nay, hear him.

CHARMIAN. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage; find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

SOOTHSAYER. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

CHARMIAN. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

SOOTHSAYER. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

CHARMIAN. Then, belike, my children shall have no names; prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

SOOTHSAYER. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

CHARMIAN. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

ALEXAS. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

CHARMIAN. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

ALEXAS. We 'll know all our fortunes.

ENOBARBUS. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be,—drunk to bed.

IRAS. There 's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

CHARMIAN. E'en as the overflowing Nilus presageth famine.

IRAS. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

CHARMIAN. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

SOOTHSAYER. Your fortunes are alike.

IRAS. But how? but how? give me particulars.

SOOTHSAYER. I have said.

IRAS. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

CHARMIAN. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

IRAS. Not in my husband's nose.

CHARMIAN. Our worser thoughts heaven mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune. O! let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee; and let her die too, and give him a worse; and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

IRAS. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

CHARMIAN. Amen.

ALEXAS. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do 't!

ENOBARBUS. Hush! here comes Antony.

CHARMIAN. Not he; the queen.

Enter Cleopatra

CLEOPATRA. Saw you my lord?

ENOBARBUS. No, lady.

CLEOPATRA. Was he not here?

CHARMIAN. No, madam.

CLEOPATRA. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!

ENOBARBUS. Madam!

CLEOPATRA. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where 's Alexas?

ALEXAS. Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

Enter Antony, with a Messenger and Attendants

CLEOPATRA. We will not look upon him; go with us.

Exeunt Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Alexas, Iras, Charmian, Soothsayer, and Attendants

MESSENGER. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

ANTONY. Against my brother Lucius?

MESSENGER. Ay:
But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar,
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy
Upon the first encounter drave them.

ANTONY. Well, what worst?

MESSENGER. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

ANTONY. When it concerns the fool, or coward. On;
Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus:
Who tells me true, though in his tale lay death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

MESSENGER. Labienus—
This is stiff news—hath, with his Parthian force
Extended Asia; from Euphrates
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia: whilst—

ANTONY. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

MESSENGER. O! my lord.

ANTONY. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full licence as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O! then we bring forth weeds
When our quick winds lie still; and our ills told us

Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.

MESSENGER. At your noble pleasure. *Exit*

ANTONY. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

FIRST ATTENDANT. The man from Sicyon, is there such an one?

SECOND ATTENDANT. He stays upon your will.

ANTONY. Let him appear.
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger

What are you?

SECOND MESSENGER. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

ANTONY. Where died she?

SECOND MESSENGER. In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. *Giving a letter*

ANTONY. Forbear me.

Exit Second Messenger

There 's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she 's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

Re-enter Enobarbus

ENOBARBUS. What 's your pleasure, sir?

ANTONY. I must with haste from hence.

ENOBARBUS. Why, then, we kill all our women. We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death 's the word.

ANTONY. I must be gone.

ENOBARBUS. Under a compelling occasion let women die; it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though between them and a great cause they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment. I do think there is mettle in death which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

ANTONY. She is cunning past man's thought.

ENOBARBUS. Alack! sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

ANTONY. Would I had never seen her!

ENOBARBUS. O, sir! you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work which not to have been blessed withal would have discredited your travel.

ANTONY. Fulvia is dead.

ENOBARBUS. Sir?

ANTONY. Fulvia is dead.

ENOBARBUS. Fulvia!

ANTONY. Dead.

ENOBARBUS. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat; and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

ANTONY. The business she hath broached in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

ENOBARBUS. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

ANTONY. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea; our slippery people—
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past—begin to throw

Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier, whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

ENOBARBUS. I shall do it. *Exeunt*

SCENE THREE

Alexandria. Another Room.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas

CLEOPATRA. Where is he?

CHARMIAN. I did not see him since.

CLEOPATRA. See where he is, who 's with him, what he does;
I did not send you: if you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return. *Exit Alexas*

CHARMIAN. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

CLEOPATRA. What should I do, I do not?

CHARMIAN. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

CLEOPATRA. Thou teachest like a fool; the way to lose him.

CHARMIAN. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:
In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.

Enter Antony

CLEOPATRA. I am sick and sullen.

ANTONY. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

CLEOPATRA. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

ANTONY. Now, my dearest queen,—

CLEOPATRA. Pray you, stand further from me.

ANTONY. What 's the matter?
CLEOPATRA. I know, by that same eye, there 's some good news.
What says the married woman? You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here;
I have no power upon you; hers you are.
ANTONY. The gods best know,—
CLEOPATRA. O! never was there queen
So mightily betray'd; yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.
ANTONY. Cleopatra,—
CLEOPATRA. Why should I think you can be mine and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!
ANTONY. Most sweet queen,—
CLEOPATRA. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you su'd staying
Then was the time for words; no going then:
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows bent; none our parts so poor
But was a race of heaven; they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.
ANTONY. How now, lady!
CLEOPATRA. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.
ANTONY. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile, but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords; Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome;
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction. The hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love; the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge

By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

CLEOPATRA. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?

ANTONY. She 's dead, my queen:
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best,
See when and where she died.

CLEOPATRA. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

ANTONY. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear, which are or cease
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war
As thou affect'st.

CLEOPATRA. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;
But let it be: I am quickly ill, and well;
So Antony loves.

ANTONY. My precious queen, forbear,
And give true evidence to his love which stands
An honourable trial.

CLEOPATRA. So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

ANTONY. You 'll heat my blood; no more.

CLEOPATRA. You can do better yet, but this is meetly.

ANTONY. Now, by my sword,—

CLEOPATRA. And target. Still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

ANTONY. I 'll leave you, lady.

CLEOPATRA. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, but that 's not it:

Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there 's not it;
That you know well: something it is I would,–
O! my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

ANTONY. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

CLEOPATRA. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me when they do not
Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

ANTONY. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away! *Exeunt*

SCENE FOUR

Rome. A Room in Cæsar's House.

Enter Octavius Cæsar, Lepidus, and Attendants

CÆSAR. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: you shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

LEPIDUS. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness;
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary

Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change
Than what he chooses.

CÆSAR. You are too indulgent. Let us grant it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit,
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat; say this becomes him,—
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for 't; but to confound such time
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours, 'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger

LEPIDUS. Here 's more news.

MESSENGER. Thy biddings have been done, and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea,
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar; to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

CÆSAR. I should have known no less.
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

MESSENGER. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime



CLEOPATRA. Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows bent; none our parts so poor
But was a race of heaven

Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt;
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

CÆSAR. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer; thou didst drink
The stale of horses and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at; thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on; and all this—
It wounds thy honour that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

LEPIDUS. 'Tis pity of him.

CÆSAR. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
Assemble me immediate council; Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

LEPIDUS. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.

CÆSAR. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

LEPIDUS. Farewell, my lord. What you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

CÆSAR. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. *Exeunt*

SCENE FIVE

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian

CLEOPATRA. Charmian!
CHARMIAN. Madam!
CLEOPATRA. Ha, ha!
Give me to drink mandragora.
CHARMIAN. Why, madam?
CLEOPATRA. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.
CHARMIAN. You think of him too much.
CLEOPATRA. O! 'tis treason.
CHARMIAN. Madam, I trust, not so.
CLEOPATRA. Thou, eunuch Mardian!
MARDIAN. What 's your Highness' pleasure?
CLEOPATRA. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught a eunuch has. 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
MARDIAN. Yes, gracious madam.
CLEOPATRA. Indeed!
MARDIAN. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done;
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.
CLEOPATRA. O Charmian
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse, for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men. He 's speaking now,
Or murmuring 'Where 's my serpent of old Nile?'
For so he calls me. Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground I was
A morsel for a monarch, and great Pompey

Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas

ALEXAS. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

CLEOPATRA. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

ALEXAS. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd, the last of many doubled kisses,
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

CLEOPATRA. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

ALEXAS. 'Good friend,' quoth he,
'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

CLEOPATRA. What! was he sad or merry?

ALEXAS. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor sad nor merry.

CLEOPATRA. O well-divided disposition! Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

ALEXAS. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.
Why do you send so thick?

CLEOPATRA. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

CHARMIAN. O! that brave Cæsar!

CLEOPATRA. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say the brave Antony.
CHARMIAN. The valiant Cæsar!
CLEOPATRA. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.
CHARMIAN. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
CLEOPATRA. My salad days,
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood,
To say as I said then! But come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I 'll unpeople Egypt. *Exeunt*

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

Messina. A Room in Pompey's House.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas

POMPEY. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
MENECRATES. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
POMPEY. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.
MENECRATES. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.
POMPEY. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors; Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts; Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
MENAS. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.
POMPEY. Where have you this? 'tis false.
MENAS. From Silvius, sir.
POMPEY. He dreams; I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,

That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

Enter Varrius

How now, Varrius!

VARRIUS. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt 'tis
A space for further travel.

POMPEY. I could have given less matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war; his soldiership
Is twice the other twain. But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

MENAS. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together;
His wife that 's dead did trespasses to Cæsar,
His brother warr'd upon him, although I think
Not mov'd by Antony.

POMPEY. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves,
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords; but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have 't! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. *Exeunt*

SCENE TWO

Rome. A Room in Lepidus' House.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus

LEPIDUS. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

ENOBARBUS. I shall entreat him

To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day.

LEPIDUS. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

ENOBARBUS. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.

LEPIDUS. But small to greater matters must give way.

ENOBARBUS. Not if the small come first.

LEPIDUS. Your speech is passion;
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ventidius

ENOBARBUS. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, and Agrippa

ANTONY. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark ye, Ventidius.

CÆSAR. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

LEPIDUS. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,
May it be gently heard; when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds; then, noble partners,—
The rather for I earnestly beseech,—
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

ANTONY. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

CÆSAR. Welcome to Rome.

ANTONY. Thank you.

CÆSAR. Sit.

ANTONY. Sit, sir.

CÆSAR. Nay, then.

ANTONY. I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.

CÆSAR. I must be laugh'd at
If, or for nothing or a little, I

Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

ANTONY. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?

CÆSAR. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt; yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

ANTONY. How intend you, practis'd?

CÆSAR. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

ANTONY. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you 'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you n' have to make it with,
It must not be with this.

CÆSAR. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me, but
You patch'd up your excuses.

ANTONY. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

ENOBARBUS. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

ANTONY. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience,—which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,—I grieving grant

Did you too much disquiet; for that you must
But say, I could not help it.

CÆSAR. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

ANTONY. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning; but next day
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

CÆSAR. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

LEPIDUS. Soft, Cæsar!

ANTONY. No,
Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour 's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath.

CÆSAR. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them,
The which you both denied.

ANTONY. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I 'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

LEPIDUS. 'Tis noble spoken.

MECÆNAS. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

LEPIDUS. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

ENOBARBUS. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the in-

stant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.

ANTONY. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

ENOBARBUS. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

ANTONY. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

ENOBARBUS. Go to, then; your considerate stone.

CÆSAR. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for it cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

AGRIPPA. Give me leave, Cæsar.

CÆSAR. Speak, Agrippa.

AGRIPPA. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia; great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

CÆSAR. Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

ANTONY. I am not married, Cæsar; let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

AGRIPPA. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men,
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies which now seem great,
And all great fears which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing; truths would be but tales
Where now half tales be truths; her love to both
Would each to other and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

ANTONY. Will Cæsar speak?

CÆSAR. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd

With what is spoke already.

ANTONY. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'
To make this good?

CÆSAR. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

ANTONY. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand;
Further this act of grace, and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs!

CÆSAR. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly; let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts, and never
Fly off our loves again!

LEPIDUS. Happily, amen!

ANTONY. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey,
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me; I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

LEPIDUS. Time calls upon 's
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

ANTONY. Where lies he?

CÆSAR. About the Mount Misenum.

ANTONY. What' s his strength
By land?

CÆSAR. Great and increasing; but by sea
He is an absolute master.

ANTONY. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it;
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

CÆSAR. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I 'll lead you.

ANTONY. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

LEPIDUS. Noble Antony,

Not sickness should detain me.

Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus

MECÆNAS. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

ENOBARBUS. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas! My honourable friend, Agrippa!

AGRIPPA. Good Enobarbus!

MECÆNAS. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stayed well by 't in Egypt.

ENOBARBUS. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

MECÆNAS. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

ENOBARBUS. This was but as a fly by an eagle; we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

MECÆNAS. She 's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

ENOBARBUS. When she first met Mark Antony she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

AGRIPPA. There she appeared indeed, or my reporter devised well for her.

ENOBARBUS. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description; she did lie
In her pavilion,—cloth-of-gold of tissue,—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature; on each side her
Stood pretty-dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

AGRIPPA. O! rare for Antony.

ENOBARBUS. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings; at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle

Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her, and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
And made a gap in nature.

AGRIPPA. Rare Egyptian!

ENOBARBUS. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper; she replied
It should be better he became her guest,
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And, for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

AGRIPPA. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

ENOBARBUS. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

MECÆNAS. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

ENOBARBUS. Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety; other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies; for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

MECÆNAS. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

AGRIPPA. Let us go.
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.

ENOBARBUS. Humbly, sir, I thank you. *Exeunt*

SCENE THREE

Rome. A Room in Cæsar's House.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Octavia between them; Attendants

ANTONY. The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
OCTAVIA. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.
ANTONY. Good-night, sir. My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report;
I have not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good-night, dear lady.
OCTAVIA. Good-night, sir.
CÆSAR. Good-night. *Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia*

Enter Soothsayer

ANTONY. Now, sirrah; you do wish yourself in Egypt?
SOOTHSAYER. Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither!
ANTONY. If you can, your reason?
SOOTHSAYER. I see it in
My motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet
Hie you to Egypt again.
ANTONY. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?
SOOTHSAYER. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony! stay not by his side;
Thy demon—that 's thy spirit which keeps thee,—is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpowered; therefore
Make space enough between you.
ANTONY. Speak this no more.
SOOTHSAYER. To none but thee; no more but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game
Thou art sure to lose, and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens

When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,
But he away, 'tis noble.

ANTONY. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him.

Exit Soothsayer

He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap
He hath spoken true; the very dice obey him.
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance; if we draw lots he speeds,
His cocks do win the battle still of mine
When it is all to nought, and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt;
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the east my pleasure lies.

Enter Ventidius

O! come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia; your commission 's ready;
Follow me, and receive 't. *Exeunt*

SCENE FOUR

Rome. A Street.

Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, and Agrippa

LEPIDUS. Trouble yourselves no further; pray you hasten
Your generals after.

AGRIPPA. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we 'll follow.

LEPIDUS. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

MECÆNAS. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.

LEPIDUS. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You 'll win two days upon me.

MECÆNAS. } Sir, good success!
AGRIPPA. }

LEPIDUS. Farewell. *Exeunt*

SCENE FIVE

Alexandria. A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and Attendant

CLEOPATRA. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
ATTENDANT. The music, ho!
Enter Mardian the Eunuch
CLEOPATRA. Let it alone; let 's to billiards: come, Charmian.
CHARMIAN. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.
CLEOPATRA. As well a woman with a eunuch play'd
As with a woman. Come, you 'll play with me, sir?
MARDIAN. As well as I can, madam.
CLEOPATRA. And when good will is show'd, though 't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I 'll none now.
Give me mine angle; we 'll to the river: there—
My music playing far off—I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I 'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, 'Ah, ha! you're caught.'
CHARMIAN. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
CLEOPATRA. That time—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.
Enter a Messenger
O! from Italy;
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
MESSENGER. Madam, madam,—
CLEOPATRA. Antony 's dead! if thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress; but well and free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.
MESSENGER. First, madam, he is well.
CLEOPATRA. Why, there 's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
MESSENGER. Good madam, hear me.
CLEOPATRA. Well, go to, I will;
But there 's no goodness in thy face; if Antony
Be free and healthful, so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! if not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.
MESSENGER. Will 't please you hear me?
CLEOPATRA. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I 'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
MESSENGER. Madam, he 's well.
CLEOPATRA. Well said.
MESSENGER. And friends with Cæsar.
CLEOPATRA. Thou 'rt an honest man.
MESSENGER. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.
CLEOPATRA. Make thee a fortune from me.
MESSENGER. But yet, madam,—
CLEOPATRA. I do not like 'but yet,' it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon 'but yet'!
'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together. He 's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and thou say'st, free.
MESSENGER. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He 's bound unto Octavia.
CLEOPATRA. For what good turn?
MESSENGER. For the best turn i' the bed.
CLEOPATRA. I am pale, Charmian!
MESSENGER. Madam, he 's married to Octavia.

CLEOPATRA. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
Strikes him down

MESSENGER. Good madam, patience.

CLEOPATRA. What say you? Hence,
Strikes him again
Horrible villain! or I 'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I 'll unhair thy head:
She hales him up and down
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

MESSENGER. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news made not the match.

CLEOPATRA. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud; the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

MESSENGER. He 's married, madam.

CLEOPATRA. Rogue! thou hast liv'd too long. *Draws a knife*

MESSENGER. Nay, then I 'll run.
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. *Exit*

CHARMIAN. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent.

CLEOPATRA. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again:
Though I am mad, I will not bite him. Call.

CHARMIAN. He is afeard to come.

CLEOPATRA. I will not hurt him.
Exit Charmian
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.
Re-enter Charmian, and Messenger
Come hither, sir.
Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news; give to a gracious message
A host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

MESSENGER. I have done my duty.

CLEOPATRA. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do

If thou again say 'Yes.'

MESSENGER. He 's married, madam.

CLEOPATRA. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

MESSENGER. Should I lie, madam?

CLEOPATRA. O! I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerg'd and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes. Go, get thee hence;
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

MESSENGER. I crave your Highness' pardon.

CLEOPATRA. He is married?

MESSENGER. Take no offence that I would not offend you;
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal; he 's married to Octavia.

CLEOPATRA. O! that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou 'rt sure of. Get thee hence;
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me; lie they upon thy hand
And be undone by 'em! *Exit Messenger*

CHARMIAN. Good your Highness, patience.

CLEOPATRA. In praising Antony I have disprais'd Cæsar.

CHARMIAN. Many times, madam.

CLEOPATRA. I am paid for 't now.
Lead me from hence;
I faint. O Iras! Charmian! 'Tis no matter.
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.
Exit Alexas
Let him for ever go:—let him not—Charmian!—
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way 's a Mars. (*To Mardian*) Bid you Alexas
Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.
Exeunt

SCENE SIX

Near Misenum.

Flourish. Enter Pompey and Menas, at one side, with drum and trumpet; at the other, Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, Enobarbus, Mecænas, with Soldiers marching

POMPEY. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
CÆSAR. Most meet
That first we come to words, and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.
POMPEY. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods, I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends, since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was 't
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? and what
Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams, with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.
CÆSAR. Take your time.
ANTONY. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;
We 'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.
POMPEY. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house;
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou mayst.
LEPIDUS. Be pleas'd to tell us—

For this is from the present—how you take
The offers we have sent you.

CÆSAR. There 's the point.

ANTONY. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

CÆSAR. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

POMPEY. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targets undinted.

CÆSAR.
ANTONY.
LEPIDUS. That 's our offer.

POMPEY. Know, then,
I came before you here a man prepar'd
To take this offer; but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience. Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.

ANTONY. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.

POMPEY. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

ANTONY. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither,
For I have gain'd by 't.

CÆSAR. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

POMPEY. Well, I know not
What counts harsh Fortune casts upon my face,
But in my bosom shall she never come
To make my heart her vassal.

LEPIDUS. Well met here.

POMPEY. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed.
I crave our composition may be written
And seal'd between us.

CÆSAR. That 's the next to do.
POMPEY. We 'll feast each other ere we part; and let 's
Draw lots who shall begin.
ANTONY. That will I, Pompey.
POMPEY. No, Antony, take the lot:
But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.
ANTONY. You have heard much.
POMPEY. I have fair meanings, sir.
ANTONY. And fair words to them.
POMPEY. Then, so much have I heard;
And I have heard Apollodorus carried—
ENOBARBUS. No more of that: he did so.
POMPEY. What, I pray you?
ENOBARBUS. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.
POMPEY. I know thee now; how far'st thou, soldier?
ENOBARBUS. Wel';
And well am like to do; for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.
POMPEY. Let me shake thy hand.
I never hated thee. I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.
ENOBARBUS. Sir,
I never lov'd you much, but I ha' praised ye
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.
POMPEY. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?
CÆSAR. }
ANTONY. } Show us the way, sir.
LEPIDUS. }
POMPEY. Come.
Exeunt all except Menas and Enobarbus
MENAS. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this
treaty. You and I have known, sir.
ENOBARBUS. At sea, I think.
MENAS. We have, sir.
ENOBARBUS. You have done well by water.
MENAS. And you by land.

ENOBARBUS. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

MENAS. Nor what I have done by water.

ENOBARBUS. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety; you have been a great thief by sea.

MENAS. And you by land.

ENOBARBUS. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas; if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

MENAS. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

ENOBARBUS. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

MENAS. No slander; they steal hearts.

ENOBARBUS. We came hither to fight with you.

MENAS. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

ENOBARBUS. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

MENAS. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

ENOBARBUS. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

MENAS. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

ENOBARBUS. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

MENAS. Pray ye, sir?

ENOBARBUS. 'Tis true.

MENAS. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

ENOBARBUS. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

MENAS. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

ENOBARBUS. I think so too; but you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

MENAS. Who would not have his wife so?

ENOBARBUS. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again; then, shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar, and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

MENAS. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

ENOBARBUS. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

MENAS. Come; let 's away. *Exeunt*

SCENE SEVEN

On board Pompey's Galley off Misenum.

Music. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet

FIRST SERVANT. Here they 'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

SECOND SERVANT. Lepidus is high-coloured.

FIRST SERVANT. They have made him drink almsdrink.

SECOND SERVANT. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, 'No more'; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

FIRST SERVANT. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

SECOND SERVANT. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship; I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

FIRST SERVANT. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, Pompey, Agrippa, Mecænas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains

ANTONY. (*To Cæsar*) Thus do they, sir. They take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow. The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises; as it ebbs, the seeds man
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

LEPIDUS. You 've strange serpents there.

ANTONY. Ay, Lepidus.

LEPIDUS. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun; so is your crocodile.

ANTONY. They are so.

POMPEY. Sit,—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

LEPIDUS. I am not so well as I should be, but I 'll ne'er out.

ENOBARBUS. Not till you have slept; I fear me you 'll be in till then.

LEPIDUS. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

MENAS. (*Aside to Pompey*) Pompey, a word.

POMPEY. (*Aside to Menas*) Say in mine ear; what is 't?

MENAS. (*Aside to Pompey*) Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.

POMPEY. (*Aside to Menas*) Forbear me till anon.
This wine for Lepidus!

LEPIDUS. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

ANTONY. It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

LEPIDUS. What colour is it of?

ANTONY. Of it own colour too.

LEPIDUS. 'Tis a strange serpent.

ANTONY. 'Tis so; and the tears of it are wet.

CÆSAR. Will this description satisfy him?

ANTONY. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

POMPEY. (*Aside to Menas*) Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? Away!
Do as I bid you. Where 's this cup I call'd for?

MENAS. (*Aside to Pompey*) If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

POMPEY. (*Aside to Menas*) I think thou 'rt mad. The matter? *Walks aside*

MENAS. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

POMPEY. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What 's else to say?
Be jolly, lords.

ANTONY. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

MENAS. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

POMPEY. What sayst thou?

MENAS. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That 's twice.

POMPEY. How should that be?

MENAS. But entertain it,
And though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

POMPEY. Hast thou drunk well?

MENAS. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha 't.

POMPEY. Show me which way.

MENAS. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

POMPEY. Ah! this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on 't. In me 'tis villany;
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act; being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

MENAS. (*Aside*) For this,
I 'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

POMPEY. This health to Lepidus!

ANTONY. Bear him ashore. I 'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

ENOBARBUS. Here 's to thee, Menas!

MENAS. Enobarbus, welcome!

POMPEY. Fill till the cup be hid.

ENOBARBUS. There 's a strong fellow, Menas.

Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus

MENAS. Why?

ENOBARBUS. A' bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

MENAS. The third part then is drunk; would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

ENOBARBUS. Drink thou; increase the reels.

MENAS. Come.

POMPEY. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

ANTONY. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho!
Here is to Cæsar!

CÆSAR. I could well forbear 't.
It 's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

ANTONY. Be a child o' the time.

CÆSAR. Possess it, I 'll make answer;
But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.

ENOBARBUS. (*To Antony*) Ha! my brave emperor,
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

POMPEY. Let 's ha 't, good soldier.

ANTONY. Come, let 's all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

ENOBARBUS. All take hands.
Make battery to our ears with the loud music;
The while I 'll place you; then the boy shall sing,
The holding every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand

SONG

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

CÆSAR. What would you more? Pompey, good night. Good brother,
Let me request you off; our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let 's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks; strong Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine, and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good-night.
Good Antony, your hand.

POMPEY. I 'll try you on the shore.

ANTONY. And shall, sir. Give 's your hand.

POMPEY. O, Antony!
You have my father's house,—but, what? we are friends.
Come down into the boat.

ENOBARBUS. Take heed you fall not.

Exeunt Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, and Attendants

Menas, I 'll not on shore.

MENAS. No, to my cabin.
These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd! sound out!

A flourish of trumpets with drums

ENOBARBUS. Hoo! says a'. There 's my cap.

MENAS. Hoo! noble captain! come. *Exeunt*

ACT THREE

SCENE ONE

A Plain in Syria.

Enter Ventidius, in triumph, with Silius and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him

VENTIDIUS. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body
Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

SILIUS. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly; so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and
Put garlands on thy head.

VENTIDIUS. O Silius, Silius!
I have done enough; a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve 's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person; Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,

But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

SILIUS. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

VENTIDIUS. I 'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

SILIUS. Where is he now?

VENTIDIUS. He purposeth to Athens; whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with 's will permit,
We shall appear before him. On, there; pass along.

Exeunt

SCENE TWO

Rome. A Room in Cæsar's House.

Enter Agrippa and Enobarbus, meeting

AGRIPPA. What! are the brothers parted?

ENOBARBUS. They have dispatch'd with Pompey; he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

AGRIPPA. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

ENOBARBUS. A very fine one. O! how he loves Cæsar.

AGRIPPA. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

ENOBARBUS. Cæsar? Why, he 's the Jupiter of men.

AGRIPPA. What 's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

ENOBARBUS. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

AGRIPPA. O, Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

ENOBARBUS. Would you praise Cæsar, say, 'Cæsar,' go no further.

AGRIPPA. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

ENOBARBUS. But he loves Cæsar best; yet he loves Antony.

Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number; hoo!
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

AGRIPPA. Both he loves.

ENOBARBUS. They are his shards, and he their beetle. (*Trumpets within*) So;
This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

AGRIPPA. Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia

ANTONY. No further, sir.

CÆSAR. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in 't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band
Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

ANTONY. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

CÆSAR. I have said.

ANTONY. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear. So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

CÆSAR. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

OCTAVIA. My noble brother!

ANTONY. The April 's in her eyes; it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.

OCTAVIA. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

CÆSAR. What,
Octavia?

OCTAVIA. I 'll tell you in your ear.

ANTONY. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart obey her tongue; the swan's down-feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

ENOBARBUS. (*Aside to Agrippa*) Will Cæsar weep?

AGRIPPA. (*Aside to Enobarbus*) He has a cloud in 's face.

ENOBARBUS. (*Aside to Agrippa*) He were the worse for that were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.

AGRIPPA. (*Aside to Enobarbus*) Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

ENOBARBUS. (*Aside to Agrippa*) That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
Believe 't, till I wept too.

CÆSAR. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

ANTONY. Come, sir, come;
I 'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

CÆSAR. Adieu; be happy!

LEPIDUS. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

CÆSAR. Farewell, farewell! *Kisses Octavia*

ANTONY. Farewell!

Trumpets sound. Exeunt

SCENE THREE

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas

CLEOPATRA. Where is the fellow?

ALEXAS. Half afeard to come.

CLEOPATRA. Go to, go to.

Enter a Messenger

Come hither, sir.

ALEXAS. Good Majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you

But when you are well pleas'd.
CLEOPATRA. That Herod's head
I 'll have; but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it? Come thou near.
MESSENGER. Most gracious Majesty!
CLEOPATRA. Didst thou behold
Octavia?
MESSENGER. Ay, dread queen.
CLEOPATRA. Where?
MESSENGER. Madam, in Rome;
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
CLEOPATRA. Is she as tall as me?
MESSENGER. She is not, madam.
CLEOPATRA. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongu'd, or low?
MESSENGER. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.
CLEOPATRA. That 's not so good. He cannot like her long.
CHARMIAN. Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.
CLEOPATRA. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and dwarfish!
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
MESSENGER. She creeps;
Her motion and her station are as one;
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.
CLEOPATRA. Is this certain?
MESSENGER. Or I have no observance.
CHARMIAN. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
CLEOPATRA. He 's very knowing,
I do perceive 't. There 's nothing in her yet.
The fellow has good judgment.
CHARMIAN. Excellent.
CLEOPATRA. Guess at her years, I prithee.
MESSENGER. Madam,
She was a widow,—
CLEOPATRA. Widow! Charmian, hark.
MESSENGER. And I do think she 's thirty.
CLEOPATRA. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't long or round?

MESSENGER. Round even to faultiness.
CLEOPATRA. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.
Her hair, what colour?
MESSENGER. Brown, madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
CLEOPATRA. There 's gold for thee:
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. *Exit Messenger*
CHARMIAN. A proper man.
CLEOPATRA. Indeed, he is so; I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature 's no such thing.
CHARMIAN. Nothing, madam.
CLEOPATRA. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.
CHARMIAN. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!
CLEOPATRA. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.
CHARMIAN. I warrant you, madam. *Exeunt*

SCENE FOUR

Athens. A Room in Antony's House.

Enter Antony and Octavia

ANTONY. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantly of me; when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,
Or did it from his teeth.

OCTAVIA. O my good lord!
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, 'O! bless my lord and husband';
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
'O! bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

ANTONY. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honour
I lose myself; better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between 's; the mean time, lady,
I 'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother; make your soonest haste,
So your desires are yours.

OCTAVIA. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

ANTONY. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. *Exeunt*

SCENE FIVE

Athens. Another Room.

Enter Enobarbus and Eros, meeting

ENOBARBUS. How now, friend Eros!

EROS. There 's strange news come, sir.

ENOBARBUS. What, man?

EROS. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

ENOBARBUS. This is old: what is the success?

EROS. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality, would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

ENOBARBUS. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They 'll grind the one the other. Where 's Antony?

EROS. He 's walking in the garden—thus: and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, 'Fool, Lepidus!'
And threats the throat of that his officer
That murder'd Pompey.

ENOBARBUS. Our great navy 's rigg'd.

EROS. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

ENOBARBUS. 'Twill be naught
But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

EROS. Come, sir. *Exeunt*

SCENE SIX

Rome. A Room in Cæsar's House.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecænas

CÆSAR. Contemning Rome, he has done all this and more
In Alexandria; here 's the manner of 't;
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd; at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

MECÆNAS. This in the public eye?

CÆSAR. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings;
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

MECÆNAS. Let Rome be thus
Informed.

AGRIPPA. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

CÆSAR. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

AGRIPPA. Whom does he accuse?

CÆSAR. Cæsar; and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle; then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd; lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

AGRIPPA. Sir, this should be answer'd.

CÆSAR. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

MECÆNAS. He 'll never yield to that.

CÆSAR. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia, with her Train

OCTAVIA. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

CÆSAR. That ever I should call thee castaway!

OCTAVIA. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

CÆSAR. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister; the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust

Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops. But you are come
A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

OCTAVIA. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

CÆSAR. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

OCTAVIA. Do not say so, my lord.

CÆSAR. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

OCTAVIA. My lord, in Athens.

CÆSAR. No, my most wrong'd sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus, the King of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, King
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, King
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The Kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

OCTAVIA. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

CÆSAR. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart;
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities,
But let determin'd things to destiny

Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought, and the high gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

AGRIPPA. Welcome, lady.

MECÆNAS. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you;
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

OCTAVIA. Is it so, sir?

CÆSAR. Most certain. Sister, welcome; pray you,
Be ever known to patience; my dearest sister! *Exeunt*

SCENE SEVEN

Antony's Camp, near to the Promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus

CLEOPATRA. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

ENOBARBUS. But why, why, why?

CLEOPATRA. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
And sayst it is not fit.

ENOBARBUS. Well, is it, is it?

CLEOPATRA. If not denounc'd against us, why should not we
Be there in person?

ENOBARBUS. (*Aside*) Well, I could reply:
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.

CLEOPATRA. What is 't you say?

ENOBARBUS. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis said in Rome
That Photinus a eunuch and your maids

Manage this war.

CLEOPATRA. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

ENOBARBUS. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony and Canidius

ANTONY. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne? You have heard on 't, sweet?

CLEOPATRA. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

ANTONY. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

CLEOPATRA. By sea! What else?

CANIDIUS. Why will my lord do so?

ANTONY. For that he dares us to 't.

ENOBARBUS. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

CANIDIUS. Ay, and to wage his battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey; but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

ENOBARBUS. Your ships are not well mann'd;
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

ANTONY. By sea, by sea.

ENOBARBUS. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard

From firm security.

ANTONY. I 'll fight at sea.

CLEOPATRA. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

ANTONY. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And with the rest, full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do 't at land.

Enter a Messenger

Thy business?

MESSENGER. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

ANTONY. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange that his power should be. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship:
Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier

How now, worthy soldier!

SOLDIER. O noble emperor! do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

ANTONY. Well, well: away!

Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus

SOLDIER. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

CANIDIUS. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on 't: so our leader 's led,
And we are women's men.

SOLDIER. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

CANIDIUS. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea;
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

SOLDIER. While he was yet in Rome
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguil'd all spies.

CANIDIUS. Who 's his lieutenant, hear you?

SOLDIER. They say, one Taurus.

CANIDIUS. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER. The emperor calls Canidius.

CANIDIUS. With news the time 's with labour, and throes forth
Each minute some. *Exeunt*

SCENE EIGHT

A Plain near Actium.

Enter Cæsar, Taurus, Officers, and Others

CÆSAR. Taurus!

TAURUS. My lord?

CÆSAR. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies
Upon this jump. *Exeunt*

SCENE NINE

Another Part of the Plain.

Enter Antony and Enobarbus

ANTONY. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *Exeunt*

SCENE TEN

Another Part of the Plain.

Enter Canidius, marching with his land army one way over the stage; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæsar, the other way. After their going in is heard the noise of a sea-fight

Alarum. Enter Enobarbus

ENOBARBUS. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer.
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see 't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus

SCARUS. Gods and goddesses,

All the whole synod of them!

ENOBARBUS. What 's thy passion?

SCARUS. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

ENOBARBUS. How appears the fight?

SCARUS. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The breese upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails and flies.

ENOBARBUS. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

SCARUS. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

ENOBARBUS. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius

CANIDIUS. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O! he has given example for our flight
Most grossly by his own.

ENOBARBUS. Ay, are you thereabouts?
Why, then, good-night, indeed.

CANIDIUS. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

SCARUS. 'Tis easy to 't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

CANIDIUS. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse; six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

ENOBARBUS. I 'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. *Exeunt*

SCENE ELEVEN

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony and Attendants

ANTONY. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon 't;
It is asham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither:
I am so lated in the world that I
Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.
ATTENDANTS. Fly! not we.
ANTONY. I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure 's in the harbour, take it. O!
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad
Nor make replies of loathness; take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself; to the sea-side straightway;
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now:
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you. I'll see you by and by. *Sits down*
Enter Eros following Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iras
EROS. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.
IRAS. Do, most dear queen.
CHARMIAN. Do! Why, what else?
CLEOPATRA. Let me sit down. O Juno!
ANTONY. No, no, no, no, no.
EROS. See you here, sir?
ANTONY. O fie, fie, fie!
CHARMIAN. Madam!
IRAS. Madam; O good empress!



ANTONY. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon 't;
It is asham'd to bear me.

EROS. Sir, sir!

ANTONY. Yes, my lord, yes. He, at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer, while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: yet now—No matter.

CLEOPATRA. Ah! stand by.

EROS. The queen, my lord, the queen.

IRAS. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualitied with very shame.

CLEOPATRA. Well then, sustain me: O!

EROS. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:
Her head 's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

ANTONY. I have offended reputation,
A most unnoble swerving.

EROS. Sir, the queen.

ANTONY. O! whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

CLEOPATRA. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails: I little thought
You would have follow'd.

ANTONY. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after; o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

CLEOPATRA. O! my pardon.

ANTONY. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness, who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror, and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

CLEOPATRA. Pardon, pardon!

ANTONY. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates

All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead.
Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows. *Exeunt*

SCENE TWELVE

Egypt. Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Dolabella, Thyreus, and Others

CÆSAR. Let him appear that 's come from Antony.
Know you him?

DOLABELLA. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Euphronius, Ambassador from Antony

CÆSAR. Approach, and speak.

EUPHRONIUS. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.

CÆSAR Be 't so. Declare thine office.

EUPHRONIUS. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens; this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

CÆSAR. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there; this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

EUPHRONIUS. Fortune pursue thee!
CÆSAR. Bring him through the bands.
Exit Euphronius
(*To Thyreus*) To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time; dispatch.
From Antony win Cleopatra; promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.
THYREUS. Cæsar, I go.
CÆSAR. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.
THYREUS. Cæsar, I shall. *Exeunt*

SCENE THIRTEEN

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras

CLEOPATRA. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
ENOBARBUS. Think, and die.
CLEOPATRA. Is Antony or we, in fault for this?
ENOBARBUS. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other, why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered question. 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.
CLEOPATRA. Prithee, peace.
Enter Antony, with Euphronius
ANTONY. Is that his answer?
EUPHRONIUS. Ay, my lord.

ANTONY. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up?
EUPHRONIUS. He says so.
ANTONY. Let her know 't.
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.
CLEOPATRA. That head, my lord?
ANTONY. To him again. Tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him, from which the world should note
Something particular; his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I 'll write it: follow me.

Exeunt Antony and Euphronius

ENOBARBUS. (*Aside*) Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show
Against a sworder! I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant

ATTENDANT. A messenger from Cæsar.
CLEOPATRA. What! no more ceremony? See! my women;
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir.

Exit Attendant

ENOBARBUS. (*Aside*) Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly; yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter Thyreus

CLEOPATRA. Cæsar's will?

THYREUS. Hear it apart.
CLEOPATRA. None but friends; say boldly.
THYREUS. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.
ENOBARBUS. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend; for us, you know
Whose he is we are, and that is Cæsar's.
THYREUS. So.
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.
CLEOPATRA. Go on; right royal.
THYREUS. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
CLEOPATRA. O!
THYREUS. The scars upon your honour therefore he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.
CLEOPATRA. He is a god, and knows
What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.
ENOBARBUS. (*Aside*) To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou 'rt so leaky
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. *Exit*
THYREUS. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon; but it would warm his spirits
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.
CLEOPATRA. What 's your name?
THYREUS. My name is Thyreus.
CLEOPATRA. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation
I kiss his conquering hand; tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel;
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.
THYREUS. 'Tis your noblest course.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

CLEOPATRA. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter Antony and Enobarbus

ANTONY. Favours, by Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?

THYREUS. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

ENOBARBUS. (*Aside*) You will be whipp'd.

ANTONY. Approach, there! Ah, you kite! Now, gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried 'Ho!'
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry, 'Your will?' Have you no ears? I am
Antony yet.

Enter Attendants

Take hence this Jack and whip him.

ENOBARBUS. (*Aside*) 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.

ANTONY. Moon and stars!
Whip him. Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of—she here, what 's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face
And whine aloud for mercy; take him hence.

THYREUS. Mark Antony,—

ANTONY. Tug him away; being whipp'd,
Bring him again; this Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.

Exeunt Attendants with Thyreus

You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?

CLEOPATRA. Good my lord,—
ANTONY. You have been a boggler ever:
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,—
O misery on 't!—the wise gods seel our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at 's while we strut
To our confusion.
CLEOPATRA. O! is 't come to this?
ANTONY. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out; for, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.
CLEOPATRA. Wherefore is this?
ANTONY. To let a fellow that will take rewards
And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts. O! that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd; for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.
Re-enter Attendants, with Thyreus
Is he whipp'd?
FIRST ATTENDANT. Soundly, my lord.
ANTONY. Cried he? and begg'd a' pardon?
FIRST ATTENDANT. He did ask favour.
ANTONY. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on 't. Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment; look, thou say
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't,
When my good stars, that were my former guides,

Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranched bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes; begone! *Exit Thyreus*

CLEOPATRA. Have you done yet?

ANTONY. Alack! our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.

CLEOPATRA. I must stay his time.

ANTONY. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

CLEOPATRA. Not know me yet?

ANTONY. Cold-hearted toward me?

CLEOPATRA. Ah! dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life. The next Cæsarion smite,
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

ANTONY. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There 's hope in 't yet.

CLEOPATRA. That 's my brave lord!

ANTONY. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously; for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I 'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,

Let 's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;
Let 's mock the midnight bell.

CLEOPATRA. It is my birth-day:
I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

ANTONY. We will yet do well.

CLEOPATRA. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

ANTONY. Do so, we 'll speak to them; and to-night I 'll force
The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my queen;
There 's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight
I 'll make death love me, for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

Exeunt all but Enobarbus

ENOBARBUS. Now he 'll outstare the lightning. To be furious
Is to be frighted out of fear, and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart. When valour preys on reason
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. *Exit*

ACT FOUR

SCENE ONE

Before Alexandria, Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, reading a letter; Agrippa, Mecænas, and Others

CÆSAR. He calls me boy, and chides as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die; meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

MECÆNAS. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he 's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction; never anger
Made good guard for itself.

CÆSAR. Let our best heads
Know that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
And feast the army; we have store to do 't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! *Exeunt*

SCENE TWO

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and Others

ANTONY. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

ENOBARBUS. No.

ANTONY. Why should he not?

ENOBARBUS. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
ANTONY. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I 'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo 't thou fight well?
ENOBARBUS. I 'll strike, and cry, 'Take all.'
ANTONY. Well said; come on.
Call forth my household servants; let 's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.
Enter three or four Servitors
Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest; so hast thou;
Thou; and thou, and thou: you have serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.
CLEOPATRA. (*Aside to Enobarbus*) What means this?
ENOBARBUS. (*Aside to Cleopatra*) 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.
ANTONY. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.
SERVANTS. The gods forbid!
ANTONY. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night,
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.
CLEOPATRA. (*Aside to Enobarbus*) What does he mean?
ENOBARBUS. (*Aside to Cleopatra*) To make his followers weep.
ANTONY. Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow
You 'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death.
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,

And the gods yield you for 't!

ENOBARBUS. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd: for shame,
Transform us not to women.

ANTONY. Ho, ho, ho!
Now, the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense,
For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you
Where rather I 'll expect victorious life
Than death and honour. Let 's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. *Exeunt*

SCENE THREE

Alexandria. Before the Palace

Enter two Soldiers to their guard

FIRST SOLDIER. Brother, good-night; to-morrow is the day.

SECOND SOLDIER. It will determine one way; fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

FIRST SOLDIER. Nothing. What news?

SECOND SOLDIER. Belike, 'tis but a rumour. Good-night to you.

FIRST SOLDIER. Well, sir, good-night.

Enter two other Soldiers

SECOND SOLDIER. Soldiers, have careful watch.

THIRD SOLDIER. And you. Good-night, good-night.

The first two place themselves at their posts

FOURTH SOLDIER. Here we: *They take their posts*
And if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

THIRD SOLDIER. 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose. *Music of hautboys under the stage*

FOURTH SOLDIER. Peace! what noise?

FIRST SOLDIER. List, list!

SECOND SOLDIER. Hark!

FIRST SOLDIER. Music i' the air.
THIRD SOLDIER. Under the earth.
FOURTH SOLDIER. It signs well, does it not?
THIRD SOLDIER. No.
FIRST SOLDIER. Peace, I say!
What should this mean?
SECOND SOLDIER. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.
FIRST SOLDIER. Walk; let 's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do. *They advance to another post*
SECOND SOLDIER. How now, masters!
SOLDIERS. How now!—
How now!—do you hear this?
FIRST SOLDIER. Ay; is 't not strange?
THIRD SOLDIER. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
FIRST SOLDIER. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let 's see how 't will give off.
SOLDIERS. (*Speaking together*) Content.—'Tis strange.
Exeunt

SCENE FOUR

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra; Charmian, and Others, attending

ANTONY. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
CLEOPATRA. Sleep a little.
ANTONY. No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!
Enter Eros, with armour
Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:
If Fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her. Come.
CLEOPATRA. Nay, I 'll help too.
What 's this for?
ANTONY. Ah! let be, let be; thou art
The armourer of my heart: false, false; this, this.
CLEOPATRA. Sooth, la! I 'll help: thus it must be.
ANTONY. Well, well;
We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow?

Go put on thy defences.

EROS. Briefly, sir.

CLEOPATRA. Is not this buckled well?

ANTONY. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen 's a squire
More tight at this than thou: dispatch. O love!
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in 't.

Enter an armed Soldier

Good-morrow to thee; welcome;
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight.

SOLDIER. A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you. *Shout. Trumpets flourish*

Enter Captains and Soldiers

CAPTAIN. The morn is fair. Good-morrow, general.

ALL. Good-morrow, general.

ANTONY. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me;
This is a soldier's kiss. (*Kisses her*) Rebukeable
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I 'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel. You that will fight,
Follow me close; I 'll bring you to 't. Adieu.

Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers

CHARMIAN. Please you, retire to your chamber.

CLEOPATRA. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—but now—Well, on. *Exeunt*

SCENE FIVE

Alexandria. Antony's Camp.

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros; a Soldier meeting them

SOLDIER. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
ANTONY. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!
SOLDIER. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.
ANTONY. Who 's gone this morning?
SOLDIER. Who!
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, 'I am none of thine.'
ANTONY. What sayst thou?
SOLDIER. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.
EROS. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.
ANTONY. Is he gone?
SOLDIER. Most certain.
ANTONY. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him—
I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings;
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. O! my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men. Dispatch. Enobarbus! *Exeunt*

SCENE SIX

Before Alexandria. Cæsar's Camp.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, with Agrippa, Enobarbus, and Others

CÆSAR. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

AGRIPPA. Cæsar, I shall. *Exit*

CÆSAR. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER. Antony
Is come into the field.

CÆSAR. Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. *Exeunt Cæsar and his Train*

ENOBARBUS. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's

SOLDIER. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

ENOBARBUS. I give it you.

SOLDIER. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: best you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. *Exit*

ENOBARBUS. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony!
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do 't, I feel.
I fight against thee! No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. *Exit*

SCENE SEVEN

Field of Battle between the Camps.

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa and Others

AGRIPPA. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far.
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. *Exeunt*

Alarum. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded

SCARUS. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.

ANTONY. Thou bleed'st apace.

SCARUS. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

ANTONY. They do retire.

SCARUS. We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros

EROS. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

SCARUS. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

ANTONY. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

SCARUS. I 'll halt after. *Exeunt*

SCENE EIGHT

Under the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter Antony, marching; Scarus, and Forces

ANTONY. We have beat him to his camp; run one before
And let the queen know of our gests. To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see 's, we 'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought

Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. (*To Scarus*) Give me thy hand:

Enter Cleopatra, attended

To this great fairy I 'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o' the world!
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

CLEOPATRA. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

ANTONY. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:
Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

CLEOPATRA. I 'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

ANTONY. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand:
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear,
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. *Exeunt*

SCENE NINE

Cæsar's Camp.

Sentinels on their post

FIRST SOLDIER. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard: the night
Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.
SECOND SOLDIER. This last day was
A shrewd one to 's.

Enter Enobarbus

ENOBARBUS. O! bear me witness, night,—
THIRD SOLDIER. What man is this?
SECOND SOLDIER. Stand close and list him.
ENOBARBUS. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!
FIRST SOLDIER. Enobarbus!
THIRD SOLDIER. Peace!
Hark further.
ENOBARBUS. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me; throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony!
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive.
O Antony! O Antony! *Dies*
SECOND SOLDIER. Let 's speak to him.
FIRST SOLDIER. Let 's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.
THIRD SOLDIER. Let 's do so. But he sleeps.
FIRST SOLDIER. Swounds rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.
SECOND SOLDIER. Go we to him.

THIRD SOLDIER. Awake, sir, awake! speak to us.
SECOND SOLDIER. Hear you, sir?
FIRST SOLDIER. The hand of death hath raught him.
Drums afar off
Hark! the drums
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.
THIRD SOLDIER. Come on, then;
He may recover yet. *Exeunt with the body*

SCENE TEN

Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony and Scarus, with Forces, marching

ANTONY. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.
SCARUS. For both, my lord.
ANTONY. I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' the air;
We 'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us; order for sea is given,
They have put forth the haven,
Where their appointment we may best discover
And look on their endeavour. *Exeunt*

SCENE ELEVEN

Between the two Camps.

Enter Cæsar, and his Forces, marching

CÆSAR. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage! *Exeunt*

SCENE TWELVE

Hill adjoining Alexandria.

Enter Antony and Scarus

ANTONY. Yet they are not join'd. Where yond pine does stand
I shall discover all; I 'll bring thee word
Straight how 'tis like to go. *Exit*

SCARUS. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests; the augurers
Say they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight

Re-enter Antony

ANTONY. All is lost!
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me;
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They cast their caps up and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly; be gone. *Exit Scarus*
O sun! thy uprise shall I see no more;
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,
Whose eyes beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home,
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss!
What, Eros! Eros!

Enter Cleopatra

Ah! thou spell. Avaunt!

CLEOPATRA. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

ANTONY. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians;
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. *Exit Cleopatra*
'Tis well thou 'rt gone,
If it be well to live; but better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me; teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage;
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot; she dies for 't. Eros, ho! *Exit*

SCENE THIRTEEN

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian

CLEOPATRA. Help me, my women! O! he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

CHARMIAN. To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.

CLEOPATRA. To the monument!
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'
And word it, prithee, piteously. Hence,
Mardian, and bring me how he takes my death.
To the monument! *Exeunt*

SCENE FOURTEEN

Alexandria. Another Room.

Enter Antony and Eros

ANTONY. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
EROS. Ay, noble lord.
ANTONY. Sometimes we see a cloud that 's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
EROS. Ay, my lord.
ANTONY. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.
EROS. It does, my lord.
ANTONY. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,
Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto 't
A million more, now lost; she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter Mardian

O! thy vile lady;
She has robb'd me of my sword.
MARDIAN. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.
ANTONY. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me and shall die the death.
MARDIAN. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake

Was, 'Antony! most noble Antony!'
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips. She render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

ANTONY. Dead, then?

MARDIAN. Dead.

ANTONY. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. (*To Mardian*) That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. *Exit Mardian*
Off, pluck off:
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O! cleave, my sides,
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.
No more a soldier; bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne. From me awhile. *Exit Eros*
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture; since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further. Now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength; seal then, and all is done.
Eros!—I come, my queen.—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we 'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze;
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros! Eros!

Re-enter Eros

EROS. What would my lord?

ANTONY. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she, which by her death our Cæsar tells
'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come,—which now
Is come indeed,—when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of

Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me: do 't; the time is come
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

EROS. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim and could not?

ANTONY. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensu'd?

EROS. I would not see 't.

ANTONY. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

EROS. O, sir! pardon me.

ANTONY. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

EROS. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

ANTONY. Lo thee! *Turning from him*

EROS. My sword is drawn.

ANTONY. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

EROS. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

ANTONY. 'Tis said, man; and farewell.

EROS. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

ANTONY. Now, Eros.

EROS. Why, there then; thus do I escape the sorrow
Kills himself
Of Antony's death.

ANTONY. Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me

A nobleness in record; but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus
Falls on his sword
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?
The guard, ho! O! dispatch me.
Enter Dercetas and Guard

FIRST GUARD. What 's the noise?

ANTONY. I have done my work ill, friends: O! make an end
Of what I have begun.

SECOND GUARD. The star is fallen.

FIRST GUARD. And time is at his period.

ALL. Alas, and woe!

ANTONY. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

FIRST GUARD. Not I.

SECOND GUARD. Nor I.

THIRD GUARD. Nor any one. *Exeunt Guard*

DERCETAS. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.
Enter Diomedes

DIOMEDES. Where 's Antony?

DERCETAS. There, Diomed, there.

DIOMEDES. Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? *Exit Dercetas*

ANTONY. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.

DIOMEDES. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

ANTONY. When did she send thee?

DIOMEDES. Now, my lord.

ANTONY. Where is she?

DIOMEDES. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw—
Which never shall be found—you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,

I dread, too late.

ANTONY. Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, I prithee.

DIOMEDES. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls!

Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony

ANTONY. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

FIRST GUARD. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

ALL. Most heavy day!

ANTONY. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows; bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up;
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. *Exeunt, bearing Antony*

SCENE FIFTEEN

Alexandria. A Monument.

Enter Cleopatra and her maids aloft, with Charmian and Iras

CLEOPATRA. O Charmian! I will never go from hence.

CHARMIAN. Be comforted, dear madam.

CLEOPATRA No, I will not.
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter, below, Diomedes

How now! is he dead?

DIOMEDES. His death 's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, Antony, borne by the Guard

CLEOPATRA. O sun!
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in; darkling stand
The varying star o' the world. O Antony,

Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help;
Help, friends below! let 's draw him hither.

ANTONY. Peace!
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

CLEOPATRA. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

ANTONY. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

CLEOPATRA. I dare not, dear,—
Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up.
Assist, good friends.

ANTONY. O! quick, or I am gone.

CLEOPATRA. Here 's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,
Wishers were ever fools. O! come, come, come;
They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast liv'd;
Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

ALL. A heavy sight!

ANTONY. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

CLEOPATRA. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

ANTONY. One word, sweet queen.
Of Cæsar seek your honour with your safety. O!



CLEOPATRA. And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast liv'd;
Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

CLEOPATRA. They do not go together.
ANTONY. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.
CLEOPATRA. My resolution and my hands I 'll trust;
None about Cæsar.
ANTONY. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman; a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.
CLEOPATRA. Noblest of men, woo 't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O! see, my women, *Antony dies*
The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!
O! wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n; young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. *Swoons*
CHARMIAN. O, quietness, lady!
IRAS. She is dead too, our sovereign.
CHARMIAN. Lady!
IRAS. Madam!
CHARMIAN. O madam, madam, madam!
IRAS. Royal Egypt!
Empress!
CHARMIAN. Peace, peace, Iras!
CLEOPATRA. No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All 's but naught;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that 's mad; then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?

What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look!
Our lamp is spent, it 's out. Good sirs, take heart;—
We 'll bury him; and then, what 's brave, what 's noble,
Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away;
This case of that huge spirit now is cold;
Ah! women, women. Come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's body

ACT FIVE

SCENE ONE

Alexandria. Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecænas, Gallus, Proculeius, and Others

CÆSAR. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
The pauses that he makes.

DOLABELLA. Cæsar, I shall. *Exit*

Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony

CÆSAR. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us?

DERCETAS. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd; whilst he stood up and spoke
He was my master, and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I 'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

CÆSAR. What is 't thou sayst?

DERCETAS. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

CÆSAR. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack; the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

DERCETAS. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,

Splitted the heart. This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

CÆSAR. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

AGRIPPA. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

MECÆNAS. His taints and honours
Wag'd equal with him.

AGRIPPA. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

MECÆNAS. When such a spacious mirror 's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

CÆSAR. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this; but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,—
Enter an Egyptian
But I will tell you at some meeter season:
The business of this man looks out of him;
We 'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

EGYPTIAN. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she 's forc'd to.

CÆSAR. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we

Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

EGYPTIAN. So the gods preserve thee! *Exit*

CÆSAR. Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,
We purpose her no shame; give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

PROCULEIUS. Cæsar, I shall. *Exit*

CÆSAR. Gallus, go you along. *Exit Gallus*
Where 's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius?

AGRIPPA. }
MECÆNAS. } Dolabella!

CÆSAR. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he 's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings. Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. *Exeunt*

SCENE TWO

Alexandria. The Monument.

Enter aloft, Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras

CLEOPATRA. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he 's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change,
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter, below, Proculeius, Gallus, and Soldiers

PROCULEIUS. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands

Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

CLEOPATRA. What 's thy name?

PROCULEIUS. My name is Proculeius.

CLEOPATRA. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

PROCULEIUS. Be of good cheer;
You 're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing.
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need; let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy, and you shall find
A conquerer that will pray in aid for kindness
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

CLEOPATRA. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

PROCULEIUS. This I 'll report, dear lady:
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

GALLUS. You see how easily she may be surpris'd.
Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder, and come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates, discovering the lower room of the monument
(*To Proculeius and the Guard*) Guard her till Cæsar come. *Exit*

IRAS. Royal queen!

CHARMIAN. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen.

CLEOPATRA. Quick, quick, good hands. *Drawing a dagger*

PROCULEIUS. Hold, worthy lady, hold!
Seizes and disarms her
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this

Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

CLEOPATRA. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

PROCULEIUS. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself; let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

CLEOPATRA. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

PROCULEIUS. O! temperance, lady.

CLEOPATRA. Sir, I will eat no meat, I 'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I 'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I 'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

PROCULEIUS. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter Dolabella

DOLABELLA. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee; as for the queen,
I 'll take her to my guard.

PROCULEIUS. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best; be gentle to her.
(*To Cleopatra*) To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
If you 'll employ me to him.

CLEOPATRA. Say, I would die.

Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers

DOLABELLA. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

CLEOPATRA. I cannot tell.
DOLABELLA. Assuredly you know me.
CLEOPATRA. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is 't not your trick?
DOLABELLA. I understand not, madam.
CLEOPATRA. I dream'd there was an Emperor Antony:
O! such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man.
DOLABELLA. If it might please ye,—
CLEOPATRA. His face was as the heavens, and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.
DOLABELLA. Most sovereign creature,—
CLEOPATRA. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't, an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping; his delights
Were dolphin-like, they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets, realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.
DOLABELLA. Cleopatra,—
CLEOPATRA. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?
DOLABELLA. Gentle madam, no.
CLEOPATRA. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It 's past the size of dreaming; nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet to imagine
An Antony were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.
DOLABELLA. Hear me, good madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.
CLEOPATRA. I thank you, sir.

Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

DOLABELLA. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

CLEOPATRA. Nay, pray you, sir,—

DOLABELLA. Though he be honourable,—

CLEOPATRA. He 'll lead me then in triumph?

DOLABELLA. Madam, he will; I know 't.

(*Within*) 'Make way there!—Cæsar!'

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mecænas, Seleucus, and Attendants

CÆSAR. Which is the Queen of Egypt?

DOLABELLA. It is the emperor, madam. *Cleopatra kneels*

CÆSAR. Arise, you shall not kneel.
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

CLEOPATRA. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

CÆSAR. Take to you no hard thoughts;
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

CLEOPATRA. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

CÆSAR. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,—
Which towards you are most gentle,—you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I 'll take my leave.

CLEOPATRA. And may through all the world: 'tis yours: and we,
Your scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

CÆSAR. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA. (*Giving a Scroll*) This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,

I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted. Where 's Seleucus?

SELEUCUS. Here, madam.

CLEOPATRA. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

SELEUCUS. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

CLEOPATRA. What have I kept back?

SELEUCUS. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

CÆSAR. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

CLEOPATRA. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd; mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild. O slave! of no more trust
Than love that 's hir'd. What! goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I 'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!

CÆSAR. Good queen, let us entreat you.

CLEOPATRA. O Cæsar! what a wounding shame is this,
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy. Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. (*To Seleucus*) Prithee, go hence;
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance. Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

CÆSAR. Forbear, Seleucus.

Exit Seleucus

CLEOPATRA. Be it known that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

CÆSAR. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be 't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar 's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

CLEOPATRA. My master, and my lord!

CÆSAR. Not so. Adieu.

Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his Train

CLEOPATRA. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.

Whispers Charmian

IRAS. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

CLEOPATRA. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

CHARMIAN. Madam, I will.

Re-enter Dolabella

DOLABELLA. Where is the queen?

CHARMIAN. Behold, sir. *Exit*

CLEOPATRA. Dolabella!

DOLABELLA. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and within three days
You with your children will he send before.
Make your best use of this; I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

CLEOPATRA. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.
DOLABELLA. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.
CLEOPATRA. Farewell, and thanks. *Exit Dolabella*
Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shall be shown
In Rome, as well as I; mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.
IRAS. The gods forbid!
CLEOPATRA. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras. Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets, and scald rimers
Ballad us out o' tune; the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels. Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.
IRAS. O, the good gods!
CLEOPATRA. Nay, that 's certain.
IRAS. I 'll never see it; for, I am sure my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.
CLEOPATRA. Why, that 's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.
Re-enter Charmian
Now, Charmian,
Show me, my women, like a queen; go fetch
My best attires; I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony. Sirrah Iras, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we 'll dispatch indeed;
And, when thou hast done this chare, I 'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.
Exit Iras. A noise heard
Wherefore 's this noise?
Enter one of the Guard
GUARD. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your Highness' presence:
He brings you figs.

CLEOPATRA. Let him come in. (*Exit Guard*) What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution 's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I am marble-constant, now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing in a basket

GUARD. This is the man.

CLEOPATRA. Avoid, and leave him. *Exit Guard*
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

CLOWN. Truly, I have him; but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

CLEOPATRA. Remember'st thou any that have died on 't?

CLOWN. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday; a very honest woman, but something given to lie, as a woman should not do but in the way of honesty, how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt. Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say shall never be saved by half that they do. But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

CLEOPATRA. Get thee hence; farewell.

CLOWN. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Sets down the basket

CLEOPATRA. Farewell.

CLOWN. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

CLEOPATRA. Ay, ay; farewell.

CLOWN. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for indeed there is no goodness in the worm.

CLEOPATRA. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

CLOWN. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

CLEOPATRA. Will it eat me?

CLOWN. You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman; I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm

in their women, for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

CLEOPATRA. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

CLOWN. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm. *Exit*

Re-enter Iras, with a robe, crown, &c.

CLEOPATRA. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me; now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So; have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.
Kisses them. Iras falls and dies
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

CHARMIAN. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep.

CLEOPATRA. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He 'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
To the asp, which she applies to her breast
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie; poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O! couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied.

CHARMIAN. O eastern star!

CLEOPATRA. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

CHARMIAN. O, break! O, break!

CLEOPATRA. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too.
Applying another asp to her arm
What should I stay— *Dies*

CHARMIAN. In this vile world? So, fare thee well.
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown 's awry;
I 'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in

FIRST GUARD. Where is the queen?

CHARMIAN. Speak softly, wake her not.

FIRST GUARD. Cæsar hath sent—

CHARMIAN. Too slow a messenger.
Applies an asp
O! come apace, dispatch; I partly feel thee.

FIRST GUARD. Approach, ho! All 's not well; Cæsar's beguil'd.

SECOND GUARD. There 's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call him.

FIRST GUARD. What work is here! Charmian, is this well done?

CHARMIAN. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah! soldier. *Dies*

Re-enter Dolabella

DOLABELLA. How goes it here?

SECOND GUARD. All dead.

DOLABELLA. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this; thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

(Within) 'A way there!—a way for Cæsar!'

Re-enter Cæsar and all his Train

DOLABELLA. O! sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.

CÆSAR. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

DOLABELLA. Who was last with them?

FIRST GUARD. A simple countryman that brought her figs:
This was his basket.
CÆSAR. Poison'd then.
FIRST GUARD. O Cæsar!
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.
CÆSAR. O noble weakness!
If they had swallow'd poison 'twould appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.
DOLABELLA. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown;
The like is on her arm.
FIRST GUARD. This is an aspic's trail; and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.
CÆSAR. Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument.
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral,
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. *Exeunt*

CYMBELINE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain*
CLOTEN, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband*
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, *a Gentleman, Husband to Imogen*
BELARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan*

GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS } *Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed Sons to Morgan*

PHILARIO, *Friend to Posthumus*
IACHIMO, *Friend to Philario* } *Italians*

A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario
CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the Roman Forces*
A Roman Captain
Two British Captains
PISANIO, *Servant to Posthumus*
CORNELIUS, *a Physician*
Two Lords of Cymbeline's Court
Two Gentlemen of the same
Two Gaolers

QUEEN, *Wife to Cymbeline*
IMOGEN, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen*
HELEN, *a Lady attending on Imogen*

Apparitions

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, a Soothsayer, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants

SCENE

Sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy



CYMBELINE

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

Britain. The Garden of Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter two Gentlemen

FIRST GENTLEMAN. You do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.
SECOND GENTLEMAN. But what 's the matter?
FIRST GENTLEMAN. His daughter, and the heir of 's kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son,—a widow
That late he married,—hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She 's wedded;
Her husband banish'd, she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow, though I think the king
Be touch'd at very heart.
SECOND GENTLEMAN. None but the king?
FIRST GENTLEMAN. He that hath lost her too; so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match; but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.
SECOND GENTLEMAN. And why so?
FIRST GENTLEMAN. He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her,—
I mean that married her, alack! good man!
And therefore banish'd—is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing

In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. You speak him far.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. I do extend him, sir, within himself,
Crush him together rather than unfold
His measure duly.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. What 's his name and birth?

FIRST GENTLEMAN. I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was called Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,
But had his titles by Tenantius whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success,
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus;
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father—
Then old and fond of issue—took such sorrow
That he quit being, and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus;
Breeds him and makes him of his bedchamber,
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd,
And in 's spring became a harvest; liv'd in court,—
Which rare it is to do—most prais'd, most lov'd;
A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
A glass that feated them, and to the graver
A child that guided dotards; to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. I honour him,
Even out of your report. But pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

FIRST GENTLEMAN. His only child.
He had two sons,—if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,—the eldest of them at three years old,

I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n; and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. How long is this ago?

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Some twenty years.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. That a king's children should be so convey'd,
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. I do well believe you.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. We must forbear. Here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. *Exeunt*

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, and Imogen

QUEEN. No, be assur'd you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you; you're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate; marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

POSTHUMUS. Please your Highness,
I will from hence to-day.

QUEEN. You know the peril:
I 'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. *Exit*

IMOGEN. O!
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing,—
Always reserv'd my holy duty,—what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world

That I may see again.

POSTHUMUS. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter; thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I 'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen

QUEEN. Be brief, I pray you;
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. (*Aside*) Yet I 'll move him
To walk this way. I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries to be friends,
Pays dear for my offences. *Exit*

POSTHUMUS. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

IMOGEN. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

POSTHUMUS. How! how! another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here
Putting on the ring
While sense can keep it on! And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles
I still win of you; for my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I 'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner. *Putting a bracelet on her arm*

IMOGEN. O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline and Lords

POSTHUMUS. Alack! the king!

CYMBELINE. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away!
Thou 'rt poison to my blood.

POSTHUMUS. The gods protect you
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. *Exit*

IMOGEN. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

CYMBELINE. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st instead
A year's age on me.

IMOGEN. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation;
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

CYMBELINE. Past grace? obedience?

IMOGEN. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

CYMBELINE. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!

IMOGEN. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle
And did avoid a puttock.

CYMBELINE. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

IMOGEN. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

CYMBELINE. O thou vile one!

IMOGEN. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus;
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman, overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

CYMBELINE. What! art thou mad?

IMOGEN. Almost, sir; heaven restore me! Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

CYMBELINE. Thou foolish thing!

Re-enter Queen

(*To Queen*) They were again together; you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

QUEEN. Beseech your patience. Peace!
Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

CYMBELINE. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! *Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords*

QUEEN. Fie! you must give way:
Enter Pisanio
Here is your servant. How now, sir! What news?

PISANIO. My lord your son drew on my master.

QUEEN. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

PISANIO. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger; they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

QUEEN. I am very glad on 't.

IMOGEN. Your son 's my father's friend; he takes his part.
To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!
I would they were in Afric both together,
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?

PISANIO. On his command: he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't pleas'd you to employ me.

QUEEN. This hath been
Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

PISANIO. I humbly thank your Highness.

QUEEN. Pray, walk awhile.

IMOGEN. (*To Pisanio*) About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me. You shall at least
Go see my lord aboard; for this time leave me. *Exeunt*

SCENE TWO

Britain. A Public Place.

Enter Cloten and two Lords

FIRST LORD. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in; there 's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

CLOTEN. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?

SECOND LORD. (*Aside*) No faith; not so much as his patience.

FIRST LORD. Hurt him! his body 's a passable carcass if he be not hurt; it is a thoroughfare for steel if it be not hurt.

SECOND LORD. (*Aside*) His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.

CLOTEN. The villain would not stand me.

SECOND LORD. (*Aside*) No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

FIRST LORD. Stand you! You have land enough of your own; but he added to your having, gave you some ground.

SECOND LORD. (*Aside*) As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies!

CLOTEN. I would they had not come between us.

SECOND LORD. (*Aside*) So would I till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

CLOTEN. And that she should love this fellow and refuse me!

SECOND LORD. (*Aside*) If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

FIRST LORD. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together; she 's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

SECOND LORD. (*Aside*) She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

CLOTEN. Come, I 'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

SECOND LORD. (*Aside*) I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

CLOTEN. You 'll go with us?

FIRST LORD. I 'll attend your lordship.

CLOTEN. Nay, come, let 's go together.

SECOND LORD. Well, my lord. *Exeunt*

SCENE THREE

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Imogen and Pisanio

IMOGEN. I would thou grew'st unto the shores of the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?
PISANIO. It was his queen, his queen!
IMOGEN. Then wav'd his handkerchief?
PISANIO. And kiss'd it, madam.
IMOGEN. Senseless linen, happier therein than I!
And that was all?
PISANIO. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.
IMOGEN. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.
PISANIO. Madam, so I did.
IMOGEN. I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?
PISANIO. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.
IMOGEN. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say; ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours
Such thoughts and such, or I could make him swear

The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour, or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady

LADY. The queen, madam,
Desires your Highness' company.

IMOGEN. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.
I will attend the queen.

PISANIO. Madam, I shall. *Exeunt*

SCENE FOUR

Rome. A Room in Philario's House.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard

IACHIMO. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain; he was then of a crescent note, expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of; but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by items.

PHILARIO. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

FRENCHMAN. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

IACHIMO. This matter of marrying his king's daughter,—wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own,—words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

FRENCHMAN. And then, his banishment.

IACHIMO. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else

an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

PHILARIO. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

Enter Posthumus

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine; how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

FRENCHMAN. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

POSTHUMUS. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still.

FRENCHMAN. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

POSTHUMUS. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences; but, upon my mended judgment,—if I offend not to say it is mended,—my quarrel was not altogether slight.

FRENCHMAN. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

IACHIMO. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

FRENCHMAN. Safely, I think. 'Twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptable, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

IACHIMO. That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

POSTHUMUS. She holds her virtue still and I my mind.

IACHIMO. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

POSTHUMUS. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

IACHIMO. As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

POSTHUMUS. I praised her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

IACHIMO. What do you esteem it at?

POSTHUMUS. More than the world enjoys.

IACHIMO. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she 's outprized by a trifle.

POSTHUMUS. You are mistaken; the one may be sold, or given; or if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift; the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

IACHIMO. Which the gods have given you?

POSTHUMUS. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

IACHIMO. You may wear her in title yours, but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen, too; so your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

POSTHUMUS. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

PHILARIO. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

POSTHUMUS. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

IACHIMO. With five times so much conversation I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

POSTHUMUS. No, no.

IACHIMO. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something; but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

POSTHUMUS. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

IACHIMO. What 's that?

POSTHUMUS. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more,—a punishment too.

PHILARIO. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

IACHIMO. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke!

POSTHUMUS. What lady would you choose to assail?

IACHIMO. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

POSTHUMUS. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

IACHIMO. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

POSTHUMUS. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

IACHIMO. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what 's spoken, I swear.

POSTHUMUS. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return. Let there be covenants drawn between 's: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking; I dare you to this match. Here 's my ring.

PHILARIO. I will have it no lay.

IACHIMO. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of

your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

POSTHUMUS. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her and give me directly to understand that you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced,—you not making it appear otherwise,—for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

IACHIMO. Your hand; a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve. I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded.

POSTHUMUS. Agreed. *Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo*

FRENCHMAN. Will this hold, think you?

PHILARIO. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. *Exeunt*

SCENE FIVE

Britain. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius

QUEEN. Whiles yet the dew 's on ground, gather those flowers:
Make haste; who has the note of them?

FIRST LADY. I, madam.

QUEEN. Dispatch. *Exeunt Ladies*
Now, Master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

CORNELIUS. Pleaseth your Highness, ay; here they are, madam: *Presenting a small box*
But I beseech your Grace, without offence,—
My conscience bids me ask,—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death,
But though slow, deadly?

QUEEN. I wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question: have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—
Unless thou think'st me devilish,—is 't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging,—but none human,—
To try the vigour of them and apply
Allayments to their act, and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

CORNELIUS. Your Highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

QUEEN. O! content thee.

Enter Pisanio

(*Aside*) Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he 's for his master,
And enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio!
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

CORNELIUS. (*Aside*) I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

QUEEN. (*To Pisanio*) Hark thee, a word.

CORNELIUS. (*Aside*) I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons; I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;
Which first, perchance, she 'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher; but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

QUEEN. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

CORNELIUS. I humbly take my leave. *Exit*

QUEEN. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I 'll tell thee on the instant thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater, for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp; return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is; to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
So much as but to prop him?

The Queen drops the box; Pisanio takes it up

Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial: nay, I prithee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do 't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on, but think
Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I 'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment such
As thou 'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women;
Think on my words. *Exit Pisanio*
A sly and constant knave.
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master,
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet, and which she after,
Except she bend her humour shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

Re-enter Pisanio and Ladies

So, so;—well done, well done.

The violets, cowslips, and the prime-roses
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio:
Think on my words. *Exeunt Queen and Ladies*

PISANIO. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I 'll choke myself; there 's all I 'll do for you. *Exit*

SCENE SIX

Britain. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter Imogen

IMOGEN. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd: O! that husband,
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that 's glorious: bless'd be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

Enter Pisanio and Iachimo

PISANIO. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.

IACHIMO. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your Highness dearly. *Presents a letter*

IMOGEN. Thanks, good sir:
You are kindly welcome.

IACHIMO. (*Aside*) All of her that is out of door most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

IMOGEN. (*Reads*) 'He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truest

'Leonatus.'

So far I read aloud;
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

IACHIMO. Thanks, fairest lady.
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

IMOGEN. What makes your admiration?

IACHIMO. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys
'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way and
Contemn with mows the other; nor i' the judgment,
For idiots in this case of favour would
Be wisely definite; nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery to such neat excellence oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

IMOGEN. What is the matter, trow?

IACHIMO. The cloyed will,—
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running,—ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.

IMOGEN. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? are you well?

IACHIMO. Thanks, madam, well.
(*To Pisanio*) Beseech you, sir,
Desire my man's abode where I did leave him;
He 's strange and peevish.

PISANIO. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. *Exit*

IMOGEN. Continues well my lord his health, beseech you?

IACHIMO. Well, madam.

IMOGEN. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

IACHIMO. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

IMOGEN. When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.
IACHIMO. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one,
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton—
Your lord, I mean—laughs from 's free lungs, cries, 'O!
Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?'
IMOGEN. Will my lord say so?
IACHIMO. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter:
It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman; but, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.
IMOGEN. Not he, I hope.
IACHIMO. Not he; but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you,—which I account his beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
IMOGEN. What do you pity, sir?
IACHIMO. Two creatures, heartily.
IMOGEN. Am I one, sir?
You look on me: what wrack discern you in me
Deserves your pity?
IACHIMO. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff!
IMOGEN. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
IACHIMO. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your—But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on 't.
IMOGEN. You do seem to know

Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you,—
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,—discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

IACHIMO. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Firing it only here; should I—damn'd then—
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood,—falsehood, as
With labour;—then by-peeping in an eye,
Base and illustrous as the smoky light
That 's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

IMOGEN. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

IACHIMO. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.

IMOGEN. Let me hear no more.

IACHIMO. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair,—and fasten'd to an empery
Would make the great'st king double,—to be partner'd
With tomboys hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

IMOGEN. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart, that both mine ears

Must not in haste abuse,—if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

IACHIMO. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

IMOGEN. What ho, Pisanio!

IACHIMO. Let me my service tender on your lips.

IMOGEN. Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for and a daughter who
He not respects at all. What ho, Pisanio!

IACHIMO. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit. Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country call'd his; and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord
That which he is, new o'er; and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

IMOGEN. You make amends.

IACHIMO. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

IMOGEN. All 's well, sir. Take my power i' the court for yours.

IACHIMO. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your Grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord, myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

IMOGEN. Pray, what is 't?

IACHIMO. Some dozen Romans of us and your lord,
The best feather of our wing, have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage. May it please you
To take them in protection?

IMOGEN. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.

IACHIMO. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men; I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

IMOGEN. O! no, no.

IACHIMO. Yes, I beseech, or I shall short my word
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your Grace.

IMOGEN. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow!

IACHIMO. O! I must, madam:

Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night:
I have outstood my time, which is material
To the tender of our present.

IMOGEN. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome. *Exeunt*

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

Britain. Before Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cloten and two Lords

CLOTEN. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on 't; and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oaths of him and might not spend them at my pleasure.

FIRST LORD. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

SECOND LORD. (*Aside*) If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

CLOTEN. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

SECOND LORD. No, my lord; (*Aside*) nor crop the ears of them.

CLOTEN. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction! Would he had been one of my rank!

SECOND LORD. (*Aside*) To have smelt like a fool.

CLOTEN. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth. A pox on 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am. They dare not fight with me because of the queen my mother. Every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

SECOND LORD. (*Aside*) You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

CLOTEN. Sayest thou?

SECOND LORD. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

CLOTEN. No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

SECOND LORD. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

CLOTEN. Why, so I say.

FIRST LORD. Did you hear of a stranger that 's come to court to-night?

CLOTEN. A stranger, and I not know on 't!

SECOND LORD. (*Aside*) He 's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

FIRST LORD. There 's an Italian come; and 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

CLOTEN. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he 's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

FIRST LORD. One of your lordship's pages.

CLOTEN. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in 't?

FIRST LORD. You cannot derogate, my lord.

CLOTEN. Not easily, I think.

SECOND LORD. (*Aside*) You are a fool, granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

CLOTEN. Come, I 'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to-day at bowls I 'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

SECOND LORD. I 'll attend your lordship.

Exeunt Cloten and First Lord

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that
Bears all down with her brain, and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart
And leave eighteen. Alas! poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make. The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land! *Exit*

SCENE TWO

A Bedchamber; in one part of it a Trunk.

Imogen reading in her bed; a Lady attending

IMOGEN. Who 's there? My woman? Helen!

LADY. Please you, madam.

IMOGEN. What hour is it?

LADY. Almost midnight, madam.

IMOGEN. I have read three hours then; mine eyes are weak;
Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning,
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I prithee, call me. Sleep has seized me wholly. *Exit Lady*
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies and the tempters of the night
Guard me, beseech ye!

Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk

IACHIMO. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss: one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do 't! 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus; the flame of the taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design,
To note the chamber: I will write all down:
Such and such pictures; there the window; such
Th' adornment of her bed; the arras, figures,
Why, such and such; and the contents o' the story.
Ah! but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.
O sleep! thou ape of death, lie dull upon her;
And be her senses but as a monument
Thus in a chapel lying. Come off, come off;—

Taking off her bracelet

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: here 's a voucher;
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?
Why should I write this down, that 's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf 's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. *Clock strikes*
One, two, three: time, time! *Goes into the trunk*

SCENE THREE

An Ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's Apartments.

Enter Cloten and Lords

FIRST LORD. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

CLOTEN. It would make any man cold to lose.

FIRST LORD. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

CLOTEN. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It 's almost morning, is 't not?

FIRST LORD. Day, my lord.

CLOTEN. I would this music would come. I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians

Come on; tune. If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we 'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I 'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it: and then let her consider.



IACHIMO. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.

SONG

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise!

CLOTEN. So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better; if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

Exeunt Musicians

SECOND LORD. Here comes the king.

CLOTEN. I am glad I was up so late, for that 's the reason I was up so early; he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter Cymbeline and Queen

Good-morrow to your Majesty and to my gracious mother.

CYMBELINE. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

CLOTEN. I have assail'd her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

CYMBELINE. The exile of her minion is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him; some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she 's yours.

QUEEN. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly soliciting, and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services; so seem as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

CLOTEN. Senseless! not so.

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.
CYMBELINE. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that 's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice. Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our queen.
Exeunt all but Cloten
CLOTEN. If she be up, I 'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream. By your leave, ho! *Knocks*
I know her women are about her. What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man. What
Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. *Knocks*
Enter a Lady
LADY. Who 's there, that knocks?
CLOTEN. A gentleman.
LADY. No more?
CLOTEN. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
LADY. (*Aside*) That 's more
Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours
Can justly boast of. What 's your lordship's pleasure?
CLOTEN. Your lady's person: is she ready?
LADY. Ay,
To keep her chamber.
CLOTEN. There 's gold for you; sell me your good report.
LADY. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess!
Enter Imogen
CLOTEN. Good-morrow, fairest; sister, your sweet hand.
Exit Lady

IMOGEN. Good-morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble; the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks
And scarce can spare them.
CLOTEN. Still, I swear I love you.
IMOGEN. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.
CLOTEN. This is no answer.
IMOGEN. But that you shall not say I yield being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness. One of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.
CLOTEN. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.
IMOGEN. Fools cure not mad folks.
CLOTEN. Do you call me fool?
IMOGEN. As I am mad, I do:
If you 'll be patient, I 'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal; and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,—
To accuse myself,—I hate you; which I had rather
You felt than make 't my boast.
CLOTEN. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none;
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties—
Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls—
On whom there is no more dependancy
But brats and beggary—in self-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

IMOGEN. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom; thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferr'd so well.
CLOTEN. The south-fog rot him!
IMOGEN. He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio!
Enter Pisanio
CLOTEN. 'His garment!' Now, the devil—
IMOGEN. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently,—
CLOTEN. 'His garment!'
IMOGEN. I am sprighted with a fool.
Frighted, and anger'd worse. Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's, 'shrew me
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw 't this morning; confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm, I kiss'd it;
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.
PISANIO. 'Twill not be lost.
IMOGEN. I hope so; go, and search. *Exit Pisanio*
CLOTEN. You have abus'd me:
'His meanest garment!'
IMOGEN. Ay, I said so, sir:
If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.
CLOTEN. I will inform your father.
IMOGEN. Your mother too:
She 's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. *Exit*
CLOTEN. I 'll be reveng'd.
'His meanest garment!' Well. *Exit*

SCENE FOUR

Rome. A Room in Philario's House.

Enter Posthumus and Philario

POSTHUMUS. Fear it not, sir; I would I were so sure
To win the king as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.
PHILARIO. What means do you make to him?
POSTHUMUS. Not any, but abide the change of time,
Quake in the present winter's state and wish
That warmer days would come; in these sear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.
PHILARIO. Your very goodness and your company
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus; Caius Lucius
Will do 's commission throughly, and I think
He 'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.
POSTHUMUS. I do believe—
Statist though I am none, nor like to be—
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline,—
Now winged,—with their courage will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.
PHILARIO. See! Iachimo!

Enter Iachimo

POSTHUMUS. The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.
PHILARIO. Welcome, sir.
POSTHUMOUS. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

IACHIMO. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
POSTHUMUS. And therewithal the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts
And be false with them.
IACHIMO. Here are letters for you.
POSTHUMUS. Their tenour good, I trust.
IACHIMO. 'Tis very like.
PHILARIO. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there?
IACHIMO. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
POSTHUMUS. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
IACHIMO. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I 'll make a journey twice as far to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
POSTHUMUS. The stone 's too hard to come by.
IACHIMO. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
POSTHUMUS. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.
IACHIMO. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further, but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
POSTHUMUS. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours; if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.
IACHIMO. Sir, my circumstances
Being so near the truth as I will make them,

Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You 'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

POSTHUMUS. Proceed.

IACHIMO. First, her bedchamber,—
Where I confess I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching,—it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride; a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was—

POSTHUMUS. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

IACHIMO. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

POSTHUMUS. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

IACHIMO. The chimney
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
Chaste Dian bathing; never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

POSTHUMUS. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

IACHIMO. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted; her andirons—
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

POSTHUMUS. This is her honour!
Let it be granted you have seen all this,—and praise
Be given to your remembrance,—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

IACHIMO. Then, if you can,

Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!
Showing the bracelet
And now 'tis up again; it must be married
To that your diamond; I 'll keep them.

POSTHUMUS. Jove!
Once more let me behold it. Is it that
Which I left with her?

IACHIMO. Sir,—I thank her,—that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me, and said
She priz'd it once.

POSTHUMUS. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

IACHIMO. She writes so to you, doth she?

POSTHUMUS. O! no, no, no, 'tis true. Here, take this too;
Gives the ring
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth where semblance; love
Where there 's another man; the vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they are made
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing.
O! above measure false.

PHILARIO. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her?

POSTHUMUS. Very true;
And so I hope he came by 't. Back my ring.
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stol'n.

IACHIMO. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

POSTHUMUS. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true; nay, keep the ring; 'tis true: I am sure
She would not lose it; her attendants are
All sworn and honourable; they induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger! No, he hath enjoy'd her;
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this; she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell

Divide themselves between you!

PHILARIO. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—

POSTHUMUS. Never talk on 't;
She hath been colted by him.

IACHIMO. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast,
Worthy the pressing, lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

POSTHUMUS. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

IACHIMO. Will you hear more?

POSTHUMUS. Spare your arithmetic; never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

IACHIMO. I 'll be sworn,—

POSTHUMUS. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou 'st made me cuckold.

IACHIMO. I 'll deny nothing.

POSTHUMUS. O! that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal.
I will go there and do 't, i' the court, before
Her father. I 'll do something— *Exit*

PHILARIO. Quite besides
The government of patience! You have won:
Let 's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

IACHIMO. With all my heart. *Exeunt*

SCENE FIVE

Rome. Another Room in the Same.

Enter Posthumus

POSTHUMUS. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards; all,
And that most venerable man which I

Did call my father was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. O! vengeance, vengeance;
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy the sweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O! all the devils!
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour—was 't not?
Or less—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried 'O!' and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there 's no motion
That tends to vice in man but I affirm
It is the woman's part; be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that man may name, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but rather, all;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice but of a minute old for one
Not half so old as that. I 'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them. Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. *Exit*

ACT THREE

SCENE ONE

Britain. A Hall in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter at one door Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords; and at another Caius Lucius and Attendants

CYMBELINE. Now say what would Augustus Cæsar with us?
LUCIUS. When Julius Cæsar—whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever—was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,—for him
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.
QUEEN. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.
CLOTEN. There be many Cæsars
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.
QUEEN. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume,
We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters,
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag
Of 'came, and saw, and overcame': with shame—
The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried

From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping—
Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point—
O giglot fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing-fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

CLOTEN. Come, there 's no more tribute to be paid. Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no moe such Cæsars; other of them may have crooked noses, but to owe such straight arms, none.

CYMBELINE. Son, let your mother end.

CLOTEN. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan; I do not say I am one, but I have a hand. Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

CYMBELINE. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free; Cæsar's ambition—
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world—against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

LUCIUS. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy.
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look

For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

CYMBELINE. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms; a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

LUCIUS. Let proof speak.

CLOTEN. His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer; if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle; if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there 's an end.

LUCIUS. So, sir.

CYMBELINE. I know your master's pleasure and he mine:
All the remain is 'Welcome!' *Exeunt*

SCENE TWO

Another Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Pisanio, reading a letter

PISANIO. How! of adultery! Wherefore write you not
What monster 's her accuser? Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian—
As poisonous-tongu'd as handed—hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No:
She 's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love and truth and vows which I
Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never

Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to?—'Do 't: the letter
That I have sent her by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity':—O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that 's on thee. Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo! here she comes.
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter Imogen

IMOGEN. How now, Pisanio!

PISANIO. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

IMOGEN. Who? thy lord? that is my lord, Leonatus.
O! learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He 'd lay the future open. You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not
That we two are asunder; let that grieve him,—
Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love,—of his content,
All but in that! Good wax, thy leave. Bless'd be
You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news, gods!
(*Reads*) 'Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven; what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,
'Leonatus Posthumus.'
O! for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven; read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,—
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O! let me 'bate,—but not like me; yet long'st,
But in a fainter kind:—O! not like me,

For mine 's beyond beyond; say, and speak thick;—
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense,—how far it is
To this same blessed Milford; and, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
T' inherit such a haven; but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence, and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse; but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be born or ere begot?
We 'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

PISANIO. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.

IMOGEN. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery;
Go bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She 'll home to her father; and provide me presently
A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

PISANIO. Madam, you 're best consider.

IMOGEN. I see before me, man; nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee. There 's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. *Exeunt*

SCENE THREE

Wales. A mountainous Country with a Cave.

Enter from the Cave, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus

BELARIUS. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof 's as low as ours! Stoop, boys; this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows you
To a morning's holy office; the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without

Good-morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

GUIDERIUS. Hail, heaven!

ARVIRAGUS. Hail! heaven!

BELARIUS. Now for our mountain sport. Up to yond hill;
Your legs are young; I 'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war;
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd; to apprehend thus
Draws us a profit from all things we see,
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O! this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bribe,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk;
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd; no life to ours.

GUIDERIUS. Out of your proof you speak; we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not
What air 's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you
That have a sharper known, well corresponding
With your stiff age; but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance, travelling a-bed,
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

ARVIRAGUS. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how
In this our pinching cave shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat;
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

BELARIUS. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries
And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep, whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear 's as bad as falling; the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i' the search,
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what 's worse,
Must curtsy at the censure: O boys! this story
The world may read in me; my body 's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note; Cymbeline lov'd me,
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off; then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit, but, in one night,
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

GUIDERIUS. Uncertain favour!

BELARIUS. My fault being nothing,—as I have told you oft,—
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans; so
Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years
This rock and these demesnes have been my world,
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time. But, up to the mountains!
This is not hunter's language. He that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.
Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine; and, though train'd up thus
meanly

I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say, 'Thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on 's neck'; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,—
Once Arviragus,—in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd.
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon,
At three and two years old, I stole these babes,
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up. *Exit*

SCENE FOUR

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen

IMOGEN. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand: ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication; put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness

Vanquish my staider senses. What 's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me with
A look untender? If 't be summer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he 's at some hard point. Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

PISANIO. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

IMOGEN. (*Reads*) 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life; I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven; she hath my letter for the purpose; where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour and equally to me disloyal.'

PISANIO. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie
All corners of the world; kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam?

IMOGEN. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that 's false to 's bed, is it?

PISANIO. Alas! good lady.

IMOGEN. I false! Thy conscience witness! Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now methinks
Thy favour 's good enough. Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion,
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd; to pieces with me! O!
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband! shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born where 't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.

PISANIO. Good madam, hear me.

IMOGEN. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were in his time thought false, and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness; so thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest;
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience; look!
I draw the sword myself; take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things but grief;
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it: do his bidding; strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

PISANIO. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

IMOGEN. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here 's my heart.
Something 's afore 't; soft, soft! we 'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus
All turn'd to heresy! Away, away!
Corrupters of my faith; you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers; though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,

And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness; and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee, dispatch;
The lamb entreats the butcher; where 's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

PISANIO. O, gracious lady!
Since I receiv'd command to do this business
I have not slept one wink.

IMOGEN. Do 't, and to bed then.

PISANIO. I 'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.

IMOGEN. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent?—whereunto I never
Purpose return.—Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

PISANIO. But to win time
To lose so bad employment, in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

IMOGEN. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

PISANIO. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

IMOGEN. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

PISANIO. Not so, neither;
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abus'd; some villain,
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

IMOGEN. Some Roman courtezan.
PISANIO. No, on my life.
I 'll give but notice you are dead and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.
IMOGEN. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?
PISANIO. If you 'll back to the court,—
IMOGEN. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing Cloten!
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.
PISANIO. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.
IMOGEN. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;
In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think
There 's livers out of Britain.
PISANIO. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow; now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which, t' appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view; yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.
IMOGEN. O! for such means:
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure.
PISANIO. Well, then, here 's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness—
The handmaids of all women, or more truly

Woman it pretty self—into a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, O! the harder heart,
Alack! no remedy—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

IMOGEN. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

PISANIO. First, make yourself but like one.
Forethinking this, I have already fit—
'Tis in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them; would you in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy,—which you 'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless
With joy he will embrace you, for he 's honourable,
And, doubting that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.

IMOGEN. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away;
There 's more to be consider'd, but we 'll even
All that good time will give us; this attempt
I 'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

PISANIO. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box, I had it from the queen,
What 's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood. May the gods
Direct you to the best!

IMOGEN. Amen. I thank thee. *Exeunt*

SCENE FIVE

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, Lords, and Attendants

CYMBELINE. Thus far; and so farewell.
LUCIUS. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.
CYMBELINE. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unking-like.
LUCIUS. So, sir: I desire of you
A conduct over land to Milford-Haven.
Madam, all joy befall your Grace.
QUEEN. And you!
CYMBELINE. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit.
So, farewell, noble Lucius.
LUCIUS. Your hand, my lord.
CLOTEN. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
LUCIUS. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
CYMBELINE. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness!
Exeunt Lucius and Lords
QUEEN. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us
That we have given him cause.
CLOTEN. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.
CYMBELINE. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and horsemen be in readiness;
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.
QUEEN. 'Tis not sleepy business;

But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

CYMBELINE. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day; she looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it. Call her before us, for
We have been too slight in sufferance. *Exit an Attendant*

QUEEN. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your Majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her; she 's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant

CYMBELINE. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

ATTENDANT. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there 's no answer
That will be given to the loudest noise we make.

QUEEN. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer; this
She wish'd me to make known, but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

CYMBELINE. Her doors lock'd!
Not seen of late! Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! *Exit*

QUEEN. Son, I say, follow the king.

CLOTEN. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

QUEEN. Go, look after.

Exit Cloten

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her,

Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she 's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus. Gone she is
To death or to dishonour, and my end
Can make good use of either; she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Cloten

How now, my son!

CLOTEN. 'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the king; he rages, none
Dare come about him.

QUEEN. (*Aside*) All the better; may
This night forestall him of the coming day! *Exit*

CLOTEN. I love and hate her; for she 's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all. I love her therefore; but
Disdaining me and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus slanders so her judgment
That what 's else rare is chok'd, and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools
Shall—

Enter Pisanio

Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither. Ah! you precious pandar. Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

PISANIO. O! good my lord.

CLOTEN. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I 'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

PISANIO. Alas! my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

CLOTEN. Where is she, sir? Come nearer,
No further halting; satisfy me home
What is become of her.

PISANIO. O! my all-worthy lord.

CLOTEN. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once.
At the next word; no more of 'worthy lord!'
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

PISANIO. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. *Presenting a letter*

CLOTEN. Let 's see 't. I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

PISANIO. (*Aside*) Or this, or perish.
She 's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.

CLOTEN. Hum!

PISANIO. (*Aside*) I 'll write to my lord she 's dead. O Imogen!
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!

CLOTEN. Sirrah, is this letter true?

PISANIO. Sir, as I think.

CLOTEN. It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't. Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man; thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief nor my voice for thy preferment.

PISANIO. Well, my good lord.

CLOTEN. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

PISANIO. Sir, I will.

CLOTEN. Give me thy hand; here 's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

PISANIO. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

CLOTEN. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

PISANIO. I shall, my lord. *Exit*

CLOTEN. Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing; I 'll remember 't anon,—even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were

come. She said upon a time,—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined,—which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised, —to the court I 'll knock her back; foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I 'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter Pisanio, with the clothes

Be those the garments?

PISANIO. Ay, my noble lord.

CLOTEN. How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven?

PISANIO. She can scarce be there yet.

CLOTEN. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford; would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true. *Exit*

PISANIO. Thou bidd'st me to my loss; for true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! *Exit*

SCENE SIX

Wales. Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes

IMOGEN. I see a man's life is a tedious one;
I have tir'd myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed; I should be sick
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,

Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way; will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on thee,
My hunger 's gone, but even before I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this?
Here is a path to 't; 'tis some savage hold;
I were best not call, I dare not call, yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards, hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother. Ho! Who 's here?
If any thing that 's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? Then I 'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he 'll scarcely look on 't.
Such a foe, good heavens! *Exit to the cave*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus

BELARIUS. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and
Are master of the feast; Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant, 'tis our match;
The sweat of industry would dry and die
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what 's homely savoury; weariness
Can snore upon the flint when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

GUIDERIUS. I am throughly weary.

ARVIRAGUS. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

GUIDERIUS. There is cold meat i' the cave; we 'll browse on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

BELARIUS. (*Looking into the cave*) Stay; come not in;
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

GUIDERIUS. What 's the matter, sir?

BELARIUS. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,

An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter Imogen

IMOGEN. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took. Good troth,
I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here 's money for my meat;
I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

GUIDERIUS. Money, youth?

ARVIRAGUS. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

IMOGEN. I see you 're angry.
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

BELARIUS. Whither bound?

IMOGEN. To Milford-Haven.

BELARIUS. What 's your name?

IMOGEN. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford:
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.

BELARIUS. Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night; you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

GUIDERIUS. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom. In honesty,
I bid for you, as I do buy.

ARVIRAGUS. I 'll make 't my comfort
He is a man; I 'll love him as my brother;
And such a welcome as I 'd give to him
After a long absence, such is yours: most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

IMOGEN. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers. (*Aside*) Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons; then had my prize

Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

BELARIUS. He wrings at some distress.

GUIDERIUS. Would I could free 't!

ARVIRAGUS. Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!

BELARIUS. Hark, boys.
Whispering

IMOGEN. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them,—laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,—
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I 'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.

BELARIUS. It shall be so.
Boys, we 'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We 'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

GUIDERIUS. Pray, draw near.

ARVIRAGUS. The night to the owl and morn to the lark less welcome.

IMOGEN. Thanks, sir.

ARVIRAGUS. I pray, draw near. *Exeunt*

SCENE SEVEN

Rome. A Public Place.

Enter two Senators and Tribunes

FIRST SENATOR. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius pro-consul; and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends

His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

FIRST TRIBUNE. Is Lucius general of the forces?

SECOND SENATOR. Ay.

FIRST TRIBUNE. Remaining now in Gallia?

FIRST SENATOR. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant; the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

FIRST TRIBUNE. We will discharge our duty. *Exeunt*

ACT FOUR

SCENE ONE

Wales. The Forest, near the Cave of Belarius.

Enter Cloten

CLOTEN. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather,—saving reverence of the word,—for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself,—for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber,—I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions; yet this imperceiverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress enforced, thy garments cut to pieces before thy face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage, but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe; out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. *Exit*

SCENE TWO

Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter, from the Cave, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen

BELARIUS. (*To Imogen*) You are not well; remain here in the cave;
We 'll come to you after hunting.
ARVIRAGUS. (*To Imogen*) Brother, stay here;
Are we not brothers?
IMOGEN. So man and man should be,
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
GUIDERIUS. Go you to hunting; I 'll abide with him.
IMOGEN. So sick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick. So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course; the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me; society is no comfort
To one not sociable. I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it; pray you, trust me here,
I 'll rob none but myself, and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.
GUIDERIUS. I love thee; I have spoke it;
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
BELARIUS. What! how! how!
ARVIRAGUS. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason 's without reason: the bier at door,
And a demand who is 't shall die, I 'd say
'My father, not this youth.'
BELARIUS. (*Aside*) O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I 'm not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.

'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

ARVIRAGUS. Brother, farewell.

IMOGEN. I wish ye sport.

ARVIRAGUS. You health. So please you, sir.

IMOGEN. (*Aside*) These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say all 's savage but at court:
Experience, O! thou disprov'st report.
The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still, heart-sick. Pisanio,
I 'll now taste of thy drug. *Swallows some*

GUIDERIUS. I could not stir him;
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

ARVIRAGUS. Thus did he answer me; yet said hereafter
I might know more.

BELARIUS. To the field, to the field!
(*To Imogen*) We 'll leave you for this time; go in and rest.

ARVIRAGUS. We 'll not be long away.

BELARIUS. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

IMOGEN. Well or ill,
I am bound to you. *Exit Imogen*

BELARIUS. And shalt be ever.
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.

ARVIRAGUS. How angel-like he sings!

GUIDERIUS. But his neat cookery! he cut our roots
In characters,
And sauc'd our broths as Juno had been sick
And he her dieter.

ARVIRAGUS. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile:
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

GUIDERIUS. I do note
That grief and patience rooted in him, both
Mingle their spurs together.

ARVIRAGUS. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking-elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!
BELARIUS. It is great morning. Come, away!—Who's there?
Enter Cloten
CLOTEN. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.
BELARIUS. 'Those runagates!'
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws: hence!
GUIDERIUS. He is but one. You and my brother search
What companies are near; pray you, away;
Let me alone with him. *Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus*
CLOTEN. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?
GUIDERIUS. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A 'slave' without a knock.
CLOTEN. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.
GUIDERIUS. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?
CLOTEN. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
GUIDERIUS. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.
CLOTEN. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
GUIDERIUS. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.
CLOTEN. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
GUIDERIUS. What 's thy name?
CLOTEN. Cloten, thou villain.

GUIDERIUS. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move me sooner.
CLOTEN. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.
GUIDERIUS. I 'm sorry for 't, not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
CLOTEN. Art not afeard?
GUIDERIUS. Those that I reverence those I fear, the wise;
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
CLOTEN. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I 'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer. *Exeunt, fighting*

Re-enter Belarius and Arviragus

BELARIUS. No companies abroad.
ARVIRAGUS. None in the world. You did mistake him, sure.
BELARIUS. I cannot tell; long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his. I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.
ARVIRAGUS. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
BELARIUS. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cease of fear. But see, thy brother.

Re-enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head

GUIDERIUS. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,
There was no money in 't. Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none;
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.
BELARIUS. What hast thou done?
GUIDERIUS. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,

Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

BELARIUS. We are all undone.

GUIDERIUS. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take our lives? The law
Protects not us; then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

BELARIUS. No single soul
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd
To bring him here alone. Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing,—
As it is like him,—might break out, and swear
He 'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering; then, on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

ARVIRAGUS. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it; howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

BELARIUS. I had no mind
To hunt this day; the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

GUIDERIUS. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him; I 'll throw 't into the creek
Behind our rock, and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he 's the queen's son, Cloten:
That 's all I reck. *Exit*

BELARIUS. I fear 'twill be reveng'd.
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

ARVIRAGUS. Would I had done 't

So the revenge alone pursu'd me! Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed; I would revenges,
What possible strength might meet, would seek us through
And put us to our answer.

BELARIUS. Well, 'tis done.—
We 'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there 's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks; I 'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

ARVIRAGUS. Poor sick Fidele!
I 'll willingly to him; to gain his colour
I 'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. *Exit*

BELARIUS. O thou goddess!
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it 's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius

GUIDERIUS. Where 's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. *Solemn music*

BELARIUS. My ingenious instrument!
Hark! Polydore, it sounds; but what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

GUIDERIUS. Is he at home?

BELARIUS. He went hence even now.

GUIDERIUS. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter Arviragus, with Imogen, as dead, bearing her in his arms

BELARIUS. Look! here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for.

ARVIRAGUS. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

GUIDERIUS. O, sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.

BELARIUS. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.
How found you him?

ARVIRAGUS. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

GUIDERIUS. Where?

ARVIRAGUS. O' the floor,
His arms thus leagu'd; I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

GUIDERIUS. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he 'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

ARVIRAGUS. With fairest flowers
While summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
I 'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack

The flower that 's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill,—O bill! sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument,—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

GUIDERIUS. Prithee, have done
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave!

ARVIRAGUS. Say, where shall 's lay him?

GUIDERIUS. By good Euriphile, our mother.

ARVIRAGUS. Be 't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

GUIDERIUS. Cadwal,
I cannot sing; I 'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

ARVIRAGUS. We 'll speak it then.

BELARIUS. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less, for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that; though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence—
That angel of the world—doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

GUIDERIUS. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax'
When neither are alive.

ARVIRAGUS. If you 'll go fetch him,
We 'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.

Exit Belarius

GUIDERIUS. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;

My father hath a reason for 't.

ARVIRAGUS. 'Tis true.

GUIDERIUS. Come on then, and remove him.

ARVIRAGUS. So, begin.

GUIDERIUS. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

ARVIRAGUS. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

GUIDERIUS. Fear no more the lightning-flash,

ARVIRAGUS. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;

GUIDERIUS. Fear not slander, censure rash;

ARVIRAGUS. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

BOTH. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

GUIDERIUS. No exorciser harm thee!

ARVIRAGUS. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

GUIDERIUS. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

ARVIRAGUS. Nothing ill come near thee!

BOTH. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter Belarius, with the body of Cloten

GUIDERIUS. We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.

BELARIUS. Here 's a few flowers, but 'bout midnight, more;
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces.
You were as flowers, now wither'd; even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strew.
Come on, away; apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first has them again;
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus

IMOGEN. (*Awaking*) Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?



GUIDERIUS. O, sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.

I thank you. By yond bush? Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?
I have gone all night: Faith, I 'll lie down and sleep.
(*Seeing the body of Cloten*) But, soft! no bedfellow! O gods and goddesses!
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on 't. I hope I dream;
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures; but 'tis not so,
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear; but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream 's here still; even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of 's leg, this is his hand,
His foot Mercurial, his Martial thigh,
The brawns of Hercules, but his Jovial face—
Murder in heaven? How! 'Tis gone. Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters, damn'd Pisanio,
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top! O Posthumus! alas!
Where is thy head? where 's that? Ay me! where 's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be? Pisanio?
'Tis he and Cloten; malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O! 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home;
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those

Which chance to find us. O! my lord, my lord.
Falls on the body

Enter Lucius, a Captain, other Officers, and a Soothsayer

CAPTAIN. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:
They are in readiness.

LUCIUS. But what from Rome?

CAPTAIN. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

LUCIUS. When expect you them?

CAPTAIN. With the next benefit o' the wind.

LUCIUS. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't. Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

SOOTHSAYER. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision,—
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence,—thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams; which portends,
Unless my sins abuse my divination,
Success to the Roman host.

LUCIUS. Dream often so,
And never false. Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page!
Or dead or sleeping on him? But dead rather,
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let 's see the boy's face.

CAPTAIN. He 's alive, my lord.

LUCIUS. He 'll, then, instruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What 's thy interest
In this sad wrack? How came it? Who is it?

What art thou?

IMOGEN. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas!
There are no more such masters; I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

LUCIUS. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.

IMOGEN. Richard du Champ.—(*Aside*) If I do lie and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They 'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?

LUCIUS. Thy name?

IMOGEN. Fidele, sir.

LUCIUS. Thou dost approve thyself the very same;
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.

IMOGEN. I 'll follow, sir. But first, an 't please the gods,
I 'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I 'll weep and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

LUCIUS. Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee than master thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties; let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave; come, arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. *Exeunt*

SCENE THREE

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, Pisanio, and Attendants

CYMBELINE. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.
Exit an Attendant
A fever with the absence of her son,
A madness, of which her life 's in danger. Heavens!
How deeply you at once do touch me. Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

PISANIO. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your Highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

FIRST LORD. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here;
I dare be bound he 's true and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

CYMBELINE. The time is troublesome.
(*To Pisanio*) We 'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

FIRST LORD. So please your Majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

CYMBELINE. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!
I am amaz'd with matter.

FIRST LORD. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less

Than what you hear of; come more, for more you 're
ready:
The want is, but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

CYMBELINE. I thank you. Let 's withdraw;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. Away! *Exeunt all but Pisanio*

PISANIO. I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain; 'tis strange;
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all: the heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be true:
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I 'll fall in them,
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. *Exit*

SCENE FOUR

Wales. Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus

GUIDERIUS. The noise is round about us.

BELARIUS. Let us from it.

ARVIRAGUS. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

GUIDERIUS. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

BELARIUS. Sons,
We 'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there 's no going; newness
Of Cloten's death,—we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands,—may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd, and so extort from 's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death

Drawn on with torture.

GUIDERIUS. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

ARVIRAGUS. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

BELARIUS. O! I am known
Of many in the army; many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service nor your loves
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

GUIDERIUS. Than be so
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

ARVIRAGUS. By this sun that shines,
I 'll thither: what thing is it that I never
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

GUIDERIUS. By heavens! I 'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I 'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans.

ARVIRAGUS. So say I; amen.

BELARIUS. No reason I, since of your lives you set

So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys!
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I 'll lie:
Lead, lead.—(*Aside*) The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn,
Till it fly out and show them princes born. *Exeunt*

ACT FIVE

SCENE ONE

Britain. The Roman Camp.

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody handkerchief

POSTHUMUS. Yea, bloody cloth, I 'll keep thee, for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little! O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands;
No bond but to do just ones. Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this; so had you sav'd
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack!
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more; you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own; do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey. I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom; 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress-piece!
I 'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose: I 'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant; so I 'll fight
Against the part I come with, so I 'll die.
For thee, O Imogen! even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I 'll dedicate. Let me make men know

More valour in me than my habits show.
Gods! put the strength o' the Leonati in me.
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within. *Exit*

SCENE TWO

Field of Battle between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter, from one door, Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army; the British at another; Leonatus Posthumus following like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in skirmish, Iachimo and Posthumus; he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him

IACHIMO. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on 't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. *Exit*

The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken; then enter, to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus

BELARIUS. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground.
The lane is guarded; nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.

GUIDERIUS. } Stand, stand, and fight!
ARVIRAGUS. }

Re-enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons; they rescue Cymbeline, and exeunt. Then re-enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen

LUCIUS. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder 's such
As war were hoodwink'd.

IACHIMO. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

LUCIUS. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let 's re-inforce or fly. *Exeunt*

SCENE THREE

Another Part of the Field.

Enter Posthumus and a British Lord

LORD. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
POSTHUMUS. I did:
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.
LORD. I did.
POSTHUMUS. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought. The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.
LORD. Where was this lane?
POSTHUMUS. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country; athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings,—lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaughter,—
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand!' These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,—
For three performers are the file when all
The rest do nothing,—with this word, 'Stand, stand!'
Accommodated by the place, more charming

With their own nobleness,—which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance,—gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
But by example,—O! a sin of war,
Damn'd in the first beginners,—'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire, anon,
A rout, confusion thick; forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made. And now our cowards—
Like fragments in hard voyages—became
The life o' the need; having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens! how they wound!
Some slain before; some dying; some their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave; ten, chas'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty;
Those that would die or ere resist are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

LORD. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys!

POSTHUMUS. Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you rime upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.'

LORD. Nay, be not angry, sir.

POSTHUMUS. 'Lack! to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I 'll be his friend;
For if he 'll do, as he is made to do,
I know he 'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rime.

LORD. Farewell; you 're angry. *Exit*

POSTHUMUS. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask, 'what news?' of me!
To-day how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcases! took heel to do 't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,

Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. Well I will find him;
For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in; fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take. For me, my ransom 's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath,
Which neither here I 'll keep nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers

FIRST CAPTAIN. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken.
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

SECOND CAPTAIN. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave th' affront with them.

FIRST CAPTAIN. So 'tis reported;
But none of 'em can be found. Stand! who is there?

POSTHUMUS. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

SECOND CAPTAIN. Lay hands on him; a dog!
A lag of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter Cymbeline, attended: Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler; then exeunt omnes

SCENE FOUR

Britain. A Prison.

Enter Posthumus and two Gaolers

FIRST GAOLER. You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks upon you;
So graze as you find pasture.

SECOND GAOLER. Ay, or a stomach.

Exeunt Gaolers

POSTHUMUS. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,

I think, to liberty. Yet am I better
Than one that 's sick o' the gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
By the sure physician death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt;
Then, free for ever! Is 't enough I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd more than constrain'd; to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that 's not my desire;
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it;
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours; and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I 'll speak to thee in silence. *Sleeps*

Solemn music. Enter as in an apparition Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with music before them. Then, after other music, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds, as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumous round, as he lies sleeping

SICILIUS. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law:

Whose father then—as men report,
Thou orphans' father art—
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

MOTHER. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

SICILIUS. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

FIRST BROTHER. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

MOTHER. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati's seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

SICILIUS. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villany?

SECOND BROTHER. For this from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain,
That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely and were slain;
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.

FIRST BROTHER. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?

SICILIUS. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.
MOTHER. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.
SICILIUS. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity.
BOTH BROTHERS. Help, Jupiter! or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.
Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees
JUPITER. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents opprest;
No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade!
He shall be lord of Lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. *Ascends*
SICILIUS. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us; his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields; his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

ALL. Thanks, Jupiter!

SICILIUS. The marble pavement closes; he is enter'd
His radiant roof. Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

The Ghosts vanish

POSTHUMUS. (*Awaking*) Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers. But—O scorn!—
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born:
And so I am awake. Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas! I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

'Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.'

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue and brain not; either both or nothing;
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I 'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers

FIRST GAOLER. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

POSTHUMUS. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

FIRST GAOLER. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

POSTHUMUS. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

FIRST GAOLER. A heavy reckoning for you, sir; but the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth. You come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink, sorry that you have paid too much; and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty; the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O! the charity of a penny cord; it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it; of what 's past, is, and to come, the discharge. Your neck, sir, is pen, book and counters; so the acquittance follows.

POSTHUMUS. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

FIRST GAOLER. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache; but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

POSTHUMUS. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

FIRST GAOLER. Your death has eyes in 's head, then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you 'll never return to tell one.

POSTHUMUS. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going but such as wink and will not use them.

FIRST GAOLER. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging 's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

POSTHUMUS. Thou bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.

FIRST GAOLER. I 'll be hang'd, then.

POSTHUMUS. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no

bolts for the dead. *Exeunt all but first Gaoler*

FIRST GAOLER. Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O! there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses. I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in 't. *Exit*

SCENE FIVE

Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, Lords, Officers, and Attendants

CYMBELINE. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

BELARIUS. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

CYMBELINE. No tidings of him?

PISANIO. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

CYMBELINE. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time

To ask of whence you are: report it.

BELARIUS. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

CYMBELINE. Bow your knees.
Arise, my knights o' the battle: I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies

There 's business in these faces. Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

CORNELIUS. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

CYMBELINE. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?

CORNELIUS. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

CYMBELINE. Prithee, say.

CORNELIUS. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you;
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

CYMBELINE. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

CORNELIUS. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

CYMBELINE. O most delicate fiend!
Who is 't can read a woman? Is there more?

CORNELIUS. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingering,
By inches waste you; in which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show; yea, and in time—
When she had fitted you with her craft—to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown;
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected: so,
Despairing died.

CYMBELINE. Heard you all this, her women?

FIRST LADY. We did, so please your Highness.

CYMBELINE. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming: it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, the Soothsayer, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded: Posthumus behind, and Imogen

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So, think of your estate.

LUCIUS. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come; sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer;
Augustus lives to think on 't; and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd; never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,

So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like. Let his virtue join
With my request, which I 'll make bold your Highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

CYMBELINE. I have surely seen him;
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why nor wherefore,
To say, 'live, boy': ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I 'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

IMOGEN. I humbly thank your Highness.

LUCIUS. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet I know thou wilt.

IMOGEN. No, no; alack!
There 's other work in hand. I see a thing
Bitter to me as death; your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

LUCIUS. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me; briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplex'd?

CYMBELINE. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What 's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak;
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

IMOGEN. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to your Highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

CYMBELINE. Wherefore ey'st him so?

IMOGEN. I 'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

CYMBELINE. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What 's thy name?

IMOGEN. Fidele, sir.

CYMBELINE. Thou 'rt my good youth, my page;
I 'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart

BELARIUS. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?
ARVIRAGUS. One sand another
Not more resembles;—that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?
GUIDERIUS. The same dead thing alive.
BELARIUS. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike; were 't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.
GUIDERIUS. But we saw him dead.
BELARIUS. Be silent; let 's see further.
PISANIO. (*Aside*) It is my mistress:
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good, or bad. *Cymbeline and Imogen come forward*
CYMBELINE. Come, stand thou by our side:
Make thy demand aloud.—(*To Iachimo*) Sir, step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to him.
IMOGEN. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
POSTHUMUS. (*Aside*) What 's that to him?
CYMBELINE. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?
IACHIMO. Thou 'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.
CYMBELINE. How! me?
IACHIMO. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish, and—which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?
CYMBELINE. All that belongs to this.
IACHIMO. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.
CYMBELINE. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength;

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.

IACHIMO. Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—accurs'd
The mansion where!—'twas at a feast—O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heav'd to head!—the good Posthumus,—
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones;—sitting sadly
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye.

CYMBELINE. I stand on fire.
Come to the matter.

IACHIMO. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus—
Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover—took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd,—therein
He was as calm as virtue,—he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

CYMBELINE. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

IACHIMO. Your daughter's chastity, there it begins.
He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold; whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this, which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle

Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design. Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet;—
Oh cunning! how I got it!—nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks I see him now,—

POSTHUMUS. (*Coming forward*) Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend!—Ay me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That 's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come. O! give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer. Thou king, send out
For torturers ingenious; it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter; villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't; the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me; every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villany less than 'twas! O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

IMOGEN. Peace, my lord! hear, hear!

POSTHUMUS. Shall 's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,

There lie thy part. *Striking her: she falls*

PISANIO. O, gentlemen, help!
Mine, and your mistress! O! my Lord Posthumus,
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help!
Mine honour'd lady!

CYMBELINE. Does the world go round?

POSTHUMUS. How come these staggers on me?

PISANIO. Wake, my mistress!

CYMBELINE. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

PISANIO. How fares my mistress?

IMOGEN. O! get thee from my sight:
Thou gav'st me poison; dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

CYMBELINE. The tune of Imogen!

PISANIO. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.

CYMBELINE. New matter still?

IMOGEN. It poison'd me.

CORNELIUS. O gods!
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: 'If Pisanio
Have,' said she, 'given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.'

CYMBELINE. What 's this, Cornelius?

CORNELIUS. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her, still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem; I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life, but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

IMOGEN. Most like I did, for I was dead.

BELARIUS. My boys,
There was our error.

GUIDERIUS. This is, sure, Fidele.

IMOGEN. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. *Embracing him*
POSTHUMUS. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!
CYMBELINE. How now, my flesh, my child!
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
IMOGEN. (*Kneeling*) Your blessing, sir.
BELARIUS. (*To Guiderius and Arviragus*) Though you did
love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for 't.
CYMBELINE. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother 's dead.
IMOGEN. I am sorry for 't, my lord.
CYMBELINE. O, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely; but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
PISANIO. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I 'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and swore
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate
My lady's honour; what became of him
I further know not.
GUIDERIUS. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.
CYMBELINE. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.
GUIDERIUS. I have spoke it, and I did it.
CYMBELINE. He was a prince.
GUIDERIUS. A most incivil one. The wrongs he did me

Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea
If it could so roar to me. I cut off 's head;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

CYMBELINE. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law. Thou 'rt dead.

IMOGEN. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

CYMBELINE. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

BELARIUS. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. (*To the Guard*) Let his arms alone;
They were not born for bondage.

CYMBELINE. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

ARVIRAGUS. In that he spake too far.

CYMBELINE. And thou shalt die for 't.

BELARIUS. We will die all three:
But I will prove that two on 's are as good
As I have given out him. My sons, I must
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

ARVIRAGUS. Your danger 's ours.

GUIDERIUS. And our good his.

BELARIUS. Have at it, then, by leave.
Thou hadst, great king, a subject who was call'd
Belarius.

CYMBELINE. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

BELARIUS. He it is that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.

CYMBELINE. Take him hence:
The whole world shall not save him.

BELARIUS. Not too hot:

First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

CYMBELINE. Nursing of my sons!

BELARIUS. I am too blunt and saucy; here 's my knee:
Ere I arise I will prefer my sons;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

CYMBELINE. How! my issue!

BELARIUS. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty years
Have I train'd up; those arts they have as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your Highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to 't,
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then; beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

CYMBELINE. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

BELARIUS. Be pleas'd awhile.
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius;
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,



CYMBELINE. How now, my flesh, my child!
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

CYMBELINE. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

BELARIUS. This is he,
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

CYMBELINE. O! what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more. Blest pray you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now. O Imogen!
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

IMOGEN. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by 't. O my gentle brothers!
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers
When ye were so indeed.

CYMBELINE. Did you e'er meet?

ARVIRAGUS. Ay, my good lord.

GUIDERIUS. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continu'd so, until we thought he died.

CORNELIUS. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

CYMBELINE. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court, and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependences,
From chance to chance, but nor the time nor place
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye

On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let 's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.
(*To Belarius*) Thou art my brother; so we 'll hold thee ever.

IMOGEN. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

CYMBELINE. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

IMOGEN. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

LUCIUS. Happy be you!

CYMBELINE. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

POSTHUMUS. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down and might
Have made you finish.

IACHIMO. (*Kneeling*) I am down again;
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe, but your ring first,
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

POSTHUMUS. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

CYMBELINE. Nobly doom'd:
We 'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon 's the word to all.

ARVIRAGUS. You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.

POSTHUMUS. Your servant, princes. Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,

Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness that I can
Make no collection of it; let him show
His skill in the construction.

LUCIUS. Philarmonus!

SOOTHSAYER. Here, my good lord.

LUCIUS. Read, and declare the meaning.

SOOTHSAYER. (*Reads*) 'Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow: then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.'

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
(*To Cymbeline*) The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
Which we call 'mollis aer'; and 'mollis aer'
We term it 'mulier'; which 'mulier,' I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you (*To Posthumus*), unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

CYMBELINE. This hath some seeming.

SOOTHSAYER. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee, and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

CYMBELINE. Well;
My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;

Whom heavens—in justice both on her and hers—
Have laid most heavy hand.

SOOTHSAYER. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

CYMBELINE. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together; so through Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we 'll ratify; seal it with feasts.
Set on there. Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

Exeunt

PERICLES
PRINCE OF TYRE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch*
PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre*

HELICANUS, ESCANES } *two Lords of Tyre*

SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis*
CLEON, *Governor of Tarsus*
LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mitylene*
CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus*
THALIARD, *a Lord of Antioch*
PHILEMON, *Servant to Cerimon*
LEONINE, *Servant to Dionyza*
Marshal
A Pandar
BOULT, *his Servant*

The Daughter of Antiochus
DIONYZA, *Wife to Cleon*
THAISA, *Daughter to Simonides*
MARINA, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa*
LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to Marina*
A Bawd

DIANA

GOWER, *as Chorus*

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers

SCENE

In various Countries

ACT ONE

Before the Palace of Antioch.

Enter Gower

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit 's more ripe, accept my rimes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you like taper-light.
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat,
The fairest in all Syria,
I tell you what mine authors say:
This king unto him took a fere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke.
Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none.
By custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.

The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent, he made a law,
To keep her still, and men in awe,
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. *Exit*

SCENE ONE

Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antiochus, Pericles, and Attendants

ANTIOCHUS. Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large
receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake.
PERICLES. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.
ANTIOCHUS. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections. *Music*

Enter the Daughter of Antiochus

PERICLES. See, where she comes apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever raz'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
You gods, that made me man, and sway in love,
That hath inflam'd desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree

Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

ANTIOCHUS. Prince Pericles,—

PERICLES. That would be son to great Antiochus.

ANTIOCHUS. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues and semblance pale,
That without covering, save yon field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

PERICLES. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must;
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life 's but breath, to trust it error.
I 'll make my will then; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did:
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came,
To the Daughter of Antiochus
But my unspotted fire of love to you.
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

ANTIOCHUS. Scorning advice, read the conclusion then;
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

DAUGHTER. Of all say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!
Of all say'd yet, I wish thee happiness!

PERICLES. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought

But faithfulness and courage. *Reads the riddle*

'I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed;
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father.
He 's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.'

Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you now my thoughts revolt;
For he 's no man on whom perfections wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You 're a fair viol, and your sense the strings,
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down and all the gods to hearken;
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

ANTIOCHUS. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that 's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time 's expir'd:
Either expound now or receive your sentence.

PERICLES. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He 's more secure to keep it shut than shown;
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for 't.
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law 's their will;

And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

ANTIOCHUS. (*Aside*) Heaven! that I had thy head; he has found the meaning;
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel off your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we 'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour and your worth.

Exeunt all but Pericles

PERICLES. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like a hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you 're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,—
Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;—
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder 's as near to lust as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I 'll shun the danger which I fear. *Exit*

Re-enter Antiochus

ANTIOCHUS. He hath found the meaning, for which we mean
To take his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner;
And therefore instantly this prince must die,
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter Thaliard

THALIARD. Doth your Highness call?

ANTIOCHUS. Thaliard,
You 're of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here 's poison, and here 's gold;
We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

THALIARD. My lord, 'tis done.

ANTIOCHUS. Enough.

Enter a Messenger

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

MESSENGER. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled. *Exit*

ANTIOCHUS. (*To Thaliard*) As thou
Wilt live, fly after; and, as an arrow shot
From a well-experienc'd archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
Unless thou say 'Prince Pericles is dead.'

THALIARD. My lord,
If I can get him within my pistol's length,
I 'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your Highness.

ANTIOCHUS. Thaliard, adieu! *Exit Thaliard*
Till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. *Exit*

SCENE TWO

Tyre. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Pericles

PERICLES. (*To those without*) Let none disturb us.—
Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
Be my so us'd a guest, as not an hour
In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night—
The tomb where grief should sleep—can breed me quiet?
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here;
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now and cares it be not done.
And so with me: the great Antiochus,—
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he 's so great can make his will his act,—
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him;
And what may make him blush in being known,
He 'll stop the course by which it might be known.
With hostile forces he 'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state,
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,—
Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them,—
Make both my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter Helicanus and other Lords

FIRST LORD. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!
SECOND LORD. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable.
HELICANUS. Peace, peace! and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king that flatter him;
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err:
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.
PERICLES. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading 's in our haven,
And then return to us. *Exeunt Lords*
Helicanus, thou
Hast mov'd us; what seest thou in our looks?
HELICANUS. An angry brow, dread lord.
PERICLES. If there be such a dart in prince's frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?
HELICANUS. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?
PERICLES. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.
HELICANUS. (*Kneeling*) I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.
PERICLES. Rise, prithee, rise. *Rises*
Sit down; thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?
HELICANUS. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.
PERICLES. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,

Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate
Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest, hark in thine ear, as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth; but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years.
And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,
To lop that doubt he 'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call 't, offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it,—

HELICANUS. Alas! sir.

PERICLES. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

HELICANUS. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,

Day serves not light more faithful than I 'll be.

PERICLES. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

HELICANUS. We 'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

PERICLES. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tarsus
Intend my travel, where I 'll hear from thee,
And by whose letters I 'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I 'll lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I 'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both.
But in our orbs we 'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince. *Exeunt*

SCENE THREE

Tyre. An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter Thaliard

THALIARD. So this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now do I see he had some reason for it; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter Helicanus, Escanes, and other Lords

HELICANUS. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure:
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently he 's gone to travel.

THALIARD. (*Aside*) How! the king gone!

HELICANUS. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I 'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—

THALIARD. (*Aside*) What from Antioch?

HELICANUS. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know not—
Took some displeasure at him, at least he judg'd so;
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.
THALIARD. (*Aside*) Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he 's gone, the king it sure must please:
He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.
I 'll present myself. (*Aloud*) Peace to the lords of Tyre!
HELICANUS. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.
THALIARD. From him I come,
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord hath betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.
HELICANUS. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. *Exeunt*

SCENE FOUR

Tarsus. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter Cleon, Dionyza, and Attendants

CLEON. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?
DIONYZA. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord! even such our griefs are;
Here they 're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.
CLEON. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep

Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;
That if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I 'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.

DIONYZA. I 'll do my best, sir.

CLEON. This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stor'd full to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

DIONYZA. O! 'tis too true.

CLEON. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths, whom but of late earth, sea, and air
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise;
Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
Those mothers who, to nousle up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life.
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

DIONYZA. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

CLEON. O! let those cities that of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears:
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord

LORD. Where 's the lord governor?
CLEON. Here.
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.
LORD. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.
CLEON. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours. Some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory 's got to overcome.
LORD. That 's the least fear; for by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.
CLEON. Thou speak'st like him 's untutor'd to repeat:
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground 's the lowest and we are half way there.
Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.
LORD. I go, my lord. *Exit*
CLEON. Welcome is peace if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles, with Attendants

PERICLES. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon fir'd to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starv'd half dead.

ALL. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we 'll pray for you. *They kneel*

PERICLES. Arise, I pray you, rise:
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

CLEON. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when—the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen—
Your Grace is welcome to our town and us.

PERICLES. Which welcome we 'll accept; feast here awhile,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. *Exeunt*

ACT TWO

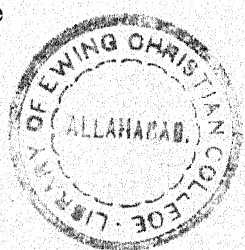
Enter Gower

Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet, then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I 'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,
To whom I give my benison,
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he speken can;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb Show

Enter, from one side, Pericles, talking with Cleon; all their Train with them. Enter, at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to Pericles; who shows the letter to Cleon; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt Pericles, Cleon, &c., severally

Good Helicane hath stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive,
And to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And had intent to murder him;
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.


ALLAHABAD.

He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there 's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above and deeps below
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe is wrack'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost.
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till Fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad;
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower, this longs the text. *Exit*

SCENE ONE

Pentapolis. An open place by the Sea-side.

Enter Pericles, wet

PERICLES. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you;
Alas! the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he 'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen

FIRST FISHERMAN. What, ho, Pilch!

SECOND FISHERMAN. Ha! come and bring away the nets.

FIRST FISHERMAN. What, Patch-breech, I say!

THIRD FISHERMAN. What say you, master?

FIRST FISHERMAN. Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I 'll fetch thee with a wannion.

THIRD FISHERMAN. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

FIRST FISHERMAN. Alas! poor souls; it grieved my heart to



PERICLES. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you

hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

THIRD FISHERMAN. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus how he bounced and tumbled? they say they 're half fish half flesh; a plague on them! they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

FIRST FISHERMAN. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones; I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they 've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

PERICLES. (*Aside*) A pretty moral.

THIRD FISHERMAN. But master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

SECOND FISHERMAN. Why, man?

THIRD FISHERMAN. Because he should have swallowed me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

PERICLES. (*Aside*) Simonides!

THIRD FISHERMAN. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

PERICLES. (*Aside*) How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!
(*Aloud*) Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

SECOND FISHERMAN. Honest! good fellow, what 's that? if it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

PERICLES. Y' may see the sea hath cast me on your coast.

SECOND FISHERMAN. What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

PERICLES. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

FIRST FISHERMAN. No, friend, cannot you beg? here 's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

SECOND FISHERMAN. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

PERICLES. I never practised it.

SECOND FISHERMAN. Nay then thou wilt starve, sure; for here 's nothing to be got now-a-days unless thou canst fish for 't.

PERICLES. What I have been I have forgot to know,
But what I am want teaches me to think on;
A man throng'd up with cold; my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

FIRST FISHERMAN. Die, quoth-a? Now, gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we 'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

PERICLES. I thank you, sir.

FIRST FISHERMAN. Hark you, my friend; you said you could not beg.

PERICLES. I did but crave.

SECOND FISHERMAN. But crave! Then I 'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

PERICLES. Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

SECOND FISHERMAN. O! not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I 'll go draw up the net. *Exit with Third Fisherman*

PERICLES. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

FIRST FISHERMAN. Hark you, sir; do you know where ye are?

PERICLES. Not well.

FIRST FISHERMAN. Why, I 'll tell you; this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

PERICLES. The good King Simonides do you call him?

FIRST FISHERMAN. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called for his peaceable reign and good government.

PERICLES. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

FIRST FISHERMAN. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I 'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

PERICLES. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

FIRST FISHERMAN. O! sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for his wife's soul,—

Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net

SECOND FISHERMAN. Help, master, help! here 's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

PERICLES. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it,
Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all my crosses
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself;
And though it was mine own, part of mine heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,
'Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death';—and pointed to this brace;
'For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity—
The which the gods protect thee from!—'t may defend thee,'
It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd they have given 't again.
I thank thee for 't; my shipwrack now 's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

FIRST FISHERMAN. What mean you, sir?

PERICLES. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I 'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

FIRST FISHERMAN. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?
PERICLES. I 'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.
FIRST FISHERMAN. Why, do 'e take it; and the gods give thee good on 't!
SECOND FISHERMAN. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the water; there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.
PERICLES. Believe it, I will.
By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel;
And spite of all the rapture of the sea,
This jewel holds his biding on my arm:
Unto thy value will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.
SECOND FISHERMAN. We 'll sure provide; thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair, and I 'll bring thee to the court myself.
PERICLES. Then honour be but a goal to my will!
This day I 'll rise, or else add ill to ill. *Exeunt*

SCENE TWO

Pentapolis. A Public Way. Platform leading to the Lists. A Pavilion near it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Ladies, Lords, &c.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, and Attendants

SIMONIDES. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?
FIRST LORD. They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.
SIMONIDES. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. *Exit a Lord*
THAISA. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit 's less.
SIMONIDES. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are

A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renowns if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight in his device.

THAISA. Which, to preserve mine honour, I 'll perform.

Enter a Knight; he passes over the stage, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess

SIMONIDES. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

THAISA. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiop reaching at the sun;
The word, 'Lux tua vita mihi.'

SIMONIDES. He loves you well that holds his life of you.

The Second Knight passes over

Who is the second that presents himself?

THAISA. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that 's conquer'd by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, 'Piu por dulzura que por fuerza.'

The Third Knight passes over

SIMONIDES. And what 's the third?

THAISA. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, 'Me pompæ provexit apex.'

The Fourth Knight Passes over

SIMONIDES. What is the fourth?

THAISA. A burning torch that 's turned upside down;
The word, 'Quod me alit me extinguit.'

SIMONIDES. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

The Fifth Knight passes over

THAISA. The fifth, a hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that 's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, 'Sic spectanda fides.'

The Sixth Knight, Pericles, passes over

SIMONIDES. And what 's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

THAISA. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that 's only green at top;

The motto, 'In hac spe vivo.'

SIMONIDES. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortune yet may flourish.

FIRST LORD. He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For by his rusty outside he appears
To have practis'd more the whipstock than the lance.

SECOND LORD. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

THIRD LORD. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

SIMONIDES. Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming; we 'll withdraw
Into the gallery.
(*Exeunt. Great shouts, and all cry*) 'The mean knight!'

SCENE THREE

Pentapolis. A Hall of State. A Banquet prepared.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Marshal, Ladies, Lords, Knights from tilting, and Attendants

SIMONIDES. Knights,
To say you 're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.

THAISA. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

PERICLES. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

SIMONIDES. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;

And you 're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,—
For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place;
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

KNIGHTS. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

SIMONIDES. Your presence glads our days; honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

MARSHAL. Sir, yonder is your place.

PERICLES. Some other is more fit.

FIRST KNIGHT. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great nor do the low despise.

PERICLES. You are right courteous knights.

SIMONIDES. Sit, sir; sit.

PERICLES. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, she but thought upon.

THAISA. (*Aside*) By Juno, that is queen of marriage,
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,
Wishing him my meat. Sure, he 's a gallant gentleman.

SIMONIDES. He 's but a country gentleman;
He has done no more than other knights have done;
He has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

THAISA. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

PERICLES. Yon king 's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;
Where now his son 's like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time 's the king of men;
He 's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

SIMONIDES. What, are you merry, knights?

FIRST KNIGHT. Who can be other in this royal presence?

SIMONIDES. Here, with a cup that 's stored unto the brim,
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,
We drink this health to you.

KNIGHTS. We thank your Grace.

SIMONIDES. Yet pause awhile;
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,

As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

THAISA. What is it
To me, my father?

SIMONIDES. O! attend, my daughter:
Princes in this should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them;
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
Here say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

THAISA. Alas! my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

SIMONIDES. How!
Do as I bid you, or you 'll move me else.

THAISA. (*Aside*) Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

SIMONIDES. And further tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.

THAISA. The king, my father, sir, has drunk to you.

PERICLES. I thank him.

THAISA. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

PERICLES. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

THAISA. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

PERICLES. A gentleman of Tyre, my name, Pericles;
My education been in arts and arms;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwrack, driven upon this shore.

THAISA. He thanks your Grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

SIMONIDES. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,

And waste the time which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.
The Knights dance
So this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir;
Here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have often heard you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.

PERICLES. In those that practise them they are, my lord.

SIMONIDES. O! that 's as much as you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy. *The Knights and Ladies dance*
Unclasp, unclasp;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
(*To Pericles*) But you the best. Pages and lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings! Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.

PERICLES. I am at your Grace's pleasure.

SIMONIDES. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that 's the mark I know you level at;
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. *Exeunt*

SCENE FOUR

Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter Helicanus and Escanes

HELICANUS. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory
When he was seated in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,

A fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

ESCANES. 'Twas very strange.

HELICANUS. And yet but just; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

ESCANES. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords

FIRST LORD. See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he.

SECOND LORD. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

THIRD LORD. And curs'd be he that will not second it.

FIRST LORD. Follow me then. Lord Helicane, a word.

HELICANUS. With me? and welcome. Happy day, my lords.

FIRST LORD. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

HELICANUS. Your griefs! for what? wrong not the prince you love.

FIRST LORD. Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground 's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we 'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we 'll find him there;
And be resolv'd he lives to govern us,
Or dead, give 's cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

SECOND LORD. Whose death 's indeed the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin, your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

ALL. Live, noble Helicane!

HELICANUS. For honour's cause forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where 's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;

If in which time expir'd he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

FIRST LORD. To wisdom he 's a fool that will not yield;
And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

HELICANUS. Then you love us, we you, and we 'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. *Exeunt*

SCENE FIVE

Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Simonides, reading a letter; the Knights meet him

FIRST KNIGHT. Good-morrow to the good Simonides.

SIMONIDES. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she 'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.

SECOND KNIGHT. May we not get access to her, my lord?

SIMONIDES. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied
Her to her chamber that 'tis impossible.
One twelve moons more she 'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

THIRD KNIGHT. Though loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves. *Exeunt Knights*

SIMONIDES. So,
They 're well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter.
She tells me here, she 'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well: how absolute she 's in 't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I do commend her choice;

And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles

PERICLES. All fortune to the good Simonides!
SIMONIDES. To you as much, sir! I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
PERICLES. It is your Grace's pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.
SIMONIDES. Sir, you are music's master.
PERICLES. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
SIMONIDES. Let me ask you one thing.
What do you think of my daughter, sir?
PERICLES. A most virtuous princess.
SIMONIDES. And she is fair too, is she not?
PERICLES. As a fair day in summer; wondrous fair.
SIMONIDES. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.
PERICLES. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.
SIMONIDES. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.
PERICLES. (*Aside*) What 's here?
A letter that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'Tis the king's subtility to have my life.
O! seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
SIMONIDES. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.
PERICLES. By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.
SIMONIDES. Traitor, thou liest.
PERICLES. Traitor!
SIMONIDES. Ay, traitor.
PERICLES. Even in his throat, unless it be the king,
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
SIMONIDES. (*Aside*) Now, by the gods, I do applaud his
courage.

PERICLES. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he 's honour's enemy.
SIMONIDES. No?
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.
Enter Thaisa
PERICLES. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.
THAISA. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?
SIMONIDES. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
(*Aside*) I am glad on 't, with all my heart.
I 'll tame you; I 'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger? (*Aside*) who, for aught I know,
May be, nor can I think the contrary,
As great in blood as I myself.—
(*Aloud*) Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine; and you, sir, hear you,
Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—
Man and wife:
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too;
And being join'd, I 'll thus your hopes destroy;
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!
What! are you both pleas'd?
THAISA. Yes, if you love me, sir.
PERICLES. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.
SIMONIDES. What! are you both agreed?
THAISA. }
PERICLES. } Yes, if 't please your Majesty.
SIMONIDES. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;
Then with what haste you can get you to bed. *Exeunt*

ACT THREE

Enter Gower

Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
E'er the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded. Be attent;
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly eche;
What 's dumb in show I 'll plain with speech.

Dumb Show

Enter, from one side, Pericles and Simonides, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter; Pericles shows it to Simonides; the Lords kneel to Pericles. Then enter Thaisa with child, and Lychorida: Simonides shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices; she and Pericles take leave of her father, and all depart

By many a dern and painful perch,
Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coigns,
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense,
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,—
Fame answering the most strange inquire—
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head

Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Yravished the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
'Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?'
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen, with child, makes her desire,—
Which who shall cross?—along to go;
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut: but Fortune's mood
Varies again; the grisled north,
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives.
The lady shrieks, and well-a-near
Does fall in travail with her fear;
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey,
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. *Exit*

SCENE ONE

Enter Pericles, on shipboard

PERICLES. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep. O! still

Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes. O! how, Lychorida,
How does my queen? Thou stormest venomously;
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. Lychorida! Lucina, O!
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!

Enter Lychorida, with an Infant

Now, Lychorida!

LYCHORIDA. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

PERICLES. How, how, Lychorida!

LYCHORIDA. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here 's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

PERICLES. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you.

LYCHORIDA. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

PERICLES. Now, mild may be thy life
For a more blusterous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!
For thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb; even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here. Now, the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon 't!

Enter two Sailors

FIRST SAILOR. What courage, sir? God save you!

PERICLES. Courage enough. I do not fear the flaw;



LYCHORIDA. Take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

It hath done to me the worst. Yet for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

FIRST SAILOR. Slack the bolins there! thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

SECOND SAILOR. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

FIRST SAILOR. Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

PERICLES. That 's your superstition.

FIRST SAILOR. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed, and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield her, for she must overboard straight.

PERICLES. As you think meet. Most wretched queen!

LYCHORIDA. Here she lies, sir.

PERICLES. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells! O Lychorida!
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

Exit Lychorida

SECOND SAILOR. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd and bitumed ready.

PERICLES. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

SECOND SAILOR. We are near Tarsus.

PERICLES. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

SECOND SAILOR. By break of day, if the wind cease.

PERICLES. O! make for Tarsus.
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I 'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
I 'll bring the body presently. *Exeunt*

SCENE TWO

Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.

Enter Cerimon, a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked

CERIMON. Philemon, ho!

Enter Philemon

PHILEMON. Doth my lord call?

CERIMON. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

SERVANT. I have been in many; but such a night as this
Till now I ne'er endur'd.

CERIMON. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There 's nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him. (*To Philemon*) Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works. *Exeunt all except Cerimon*

Enter two Gentlemen

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Good-morrow, sir.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Good-morrow to your lordship.

CERIMON. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to topple. Pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.

CERIMON. O! you say well.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

CERIMON. I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches; careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend,
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have—
Together with my practice—made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Your honour has through Ephesus
pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but ever
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall ne'er decay.

Enter two Servants, with a chest

FIRST SERVANT. So; lift there.

CERIMON. What is that?

FIRST SERVANT. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:
'Tis of some wrack.

CERIMON. Set it down; let 's look upon 't.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

CERIMON. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. 'Tis so, my lord.

CERIMON. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed!
Did the sea cast it up?

FIRST SERVANT. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

CERIMON. Come, wrench it open.
Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.
SECOND GENTLEMAN. A delicate odour.
CERIMON. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.
O you most potent gods! what 's here? a corse!
FIRST GENTLEMAN. Most strange!
CERIMON. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasur'd
With full bags of spices! A passport too!
Apollo, perfect me i' the characters! *Reads*

'Here I give to understand,
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!'

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe! This chanc'd to-night.
SECOND GENTLEMAN. Most likely, sir.
CERIMON. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look, how fresh she looks. They were too rough
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.
Exit Second Servant
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpress'd spirits. I heard
Of an Egyptian, that had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliances recovered.
Re-enter Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire
Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.
The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The viol once more;—how thou stirr'st, thou block!
The music there! I pray you, give her air.
Gentlemen,
This queen will live; nature awakes, a warmth
Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours. See! how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. The heavens
Through you increase our wonder and set up
Your fame for ever.
CERIMON. She is alive! behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear, to make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! *She moves*
THAISA. O dear Diana!
Where am I? Where 's my lord? What world is this?
SECOND GENTLEMAN. Is not this strange?
FIRST GENTLEMAN. Most rare.
CERIMON. Hush, gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!
Exeunt, carrying Thaisa away

SCENE THREE

Tarsus. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionyza, and Lychorida, with Marina in her arms

PERICLES. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You and your lady
Take from my heart all thankfulness; the gods
Make up the rest upon you!
CLEON. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.
DIONYZA. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

PERICLES. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina—whom,
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so—here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care, beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

CLEON. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your Grace, that fed my country with your corn—
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you—
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty;
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

PERICLES. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissor'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

DIONYZA. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect
Than yours, my lord.

PERICLES. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

CLEON. We 'll bring your Grace e'en to the edge o' the shore;
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

PERICLES. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O! no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord. *Exeunt*

SCENE FOUR

Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.

Enter Cerimon and Thaisa

CERIMON. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer; which are now
At your command. Know you the character?
THAISA. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning time; but whether there
Deliver'd, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.
CERIMON. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.
THAISA. My recompense is thanks, that 's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. *Exeunt*

ACT FOUR

Enter Gower

Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack!
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage-rite; this maid
Hight Philoten, and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be 't when she weav'd the sleided silk
With fingers, long, small, white as milk,
Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow

Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts.
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rime;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.
Dionyza doth appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. *Exit*

SCENE ONE

Tarsus. An open Place near the Sea-shore

Enter Dionyza and Leonine

DIONYZA. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do 't:
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

LEONINE. I 'll do it; but yet she is a goodly creature.

DIONYZA. The fitter, then, the gods should have her. Here
She comes weeping for her only mistress' death.
Thou art resolv'd?

LEONINE. I am resolv'd.

Enter Marina, with a basket of flowers

MARINA. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,

To strew thy green with flowers; the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Ay me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

DIONYZA. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing; you have
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour 's chang'd
With this unprofitable woe. Come,
Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

MARINA. No, I pray you;
I 'll not bereave you of your servant.

DIONYZA. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here; when he shall come and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you;
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

MARINA. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

DIONYZA. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at least.
Remember what I have said.

LEONINE. I warrant you, madam.

DIONYZA. I 'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have care of you.

MARINA. My thanks, sweet madam.
Exit Dionyza
Is this wind westerly that blows?

LEONINE. South-west.
MARINA. When I was born, the wind was north.
LEONINE. Was 't so?
MARINA. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried 'Good seamen!' to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands haling ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck.
LEONINE. When was this?
MARINA. When I was born:
Never were waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. 'Ha!' says one, 'wilt out?'
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern; the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.
LEONINE. Come; say your prayers.
MARINA. What mean you?
LEONINE. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it. Pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.
MARINA. Why will you kill me?
LEONINE. To satisfy my lady.
MARINA. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life.
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature; believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly;
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?
LEONINE. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do 't.
MARINA. You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now;
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,

And save poor me, the weaker.

LEONINE. I am sworn,
And will dispatch. *Seizes her*

Enter Pirates, whilst Marina is struggling

FIRST PIRATE. Hold, villain! *Leonine runs away*

SECOND PIRATE. A prize, a prize!

THIRD PIRATE. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let 's have her aboard suddenly. *Exeunt Pirates with Marina*

Re-enter Leonine

LEONINE. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go;
There 's no hope she 'll return. I 'll swear she 's dead,
And thrown into the sea. But I see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain. *Exit*

SCENE TWO

Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boult

PANDAR. Boult.

BOULT. Sir?

PANDAR. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants; we lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

BAWD. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

PANDAR. Therefore, let 's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

BAWD. Thou sayst true; 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards, as, I think, I have brought up some eleven—

BOULT. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

BAWD. What else, man? The stuff we have a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

PANDAR. Thou sayst true; they're too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

BOULT. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I 'll go search the market. *Exit*

PANDAR. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

BAWD. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

PANDAR. O! our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger; therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

BAWD. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

PANDAR. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it 's no calling. But here comes Boult.

Re-enter Boult, with the Pirates and Marina

BOULT. Come your ways. My masters, you say she 's a virgin?

FIRST PIRATE. O! sir, we doubt it not.

BOULT. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

BAWD. Boult, has she any qualities?

BOULT. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there 's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

BAWD. What 's her price, Boult?

BOULT. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

PANDAR. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

Exeunt Pandar and Pirates

BAWD. Boult, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, 'He that will give most, shall have her first.' Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

BOULT. Performance shall follow. *Exit*

MARINA. Alack! that Leonine was so slack, so slow.
He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates—
Not enough barbarous—had not o'erboard thrown me
For to seek my mother!

BAWD. Why lament you, pretty one?

MARINA. That I am pretty.

BAWD. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

MARINA. I accuse them not.

BAWD. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

MARINA. The more my fault
To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

BAWD. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

MARINA. No.

BAWD. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

MARINA. Are you a woman?

BAWD. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

MARINA. An honest woman, or not a woman.

BAWD. Marry, whip thee, gosling; I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

MARINA. The gods defend me!

BAWD. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boult 's returned.

Re-enter Boult

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

BOULT. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

BAWD. And I prithee, tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

BOULT. Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

BAWD. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

BOULT. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

BAWD. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

BOULT. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation;

but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

BAWD. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

BOULT. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

BAWD. (*To Marina*) Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers; seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

MARINA. I understand you not.

BOULT. O! take her home, mistress, take her home; these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

BAWD. Thou sayst true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

BOULT. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

BAWD. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

BOULT. I may so?

BAWD. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

BOULT. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

BAWD. Boult, spend thou that in the town; report what a sojourner we have; you 'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

BOULT. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the bed of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I 'll bring home some to-night.

BAWD. Come your ways; follow me.

MARINA. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

BAWD. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? *Exeunt*

SCENE THREE

Tarsus. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter Cleon and Dionyza

DIONYZA. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?
CLEON. O Dionyza! such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon.
DIONYZA. I think
You 'll turn a child again.
CLEON. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I 'd give it to undo the deed. O lady!
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth
I' the justice of compare. O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too;
If thou hadst drunk to him 't had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact; what canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?
DIONYZA. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I 'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute cry out
'She died by foul play.'
CLEON. O! go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.
DIONYZA. Be one of those that think
The pretty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.
CLEON. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources.
DIONYZA. Be it so, then;
Yet none does know but you how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain my child, and stood between

Her and her fortunes; none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face,
Whilst ours was blurted at and held a malkin
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me through;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

CLEON. Heavens forgive it!

DIONYZA. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn; her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

CLEON. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

DIONYZA. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies;
But yet I know you 'll do as I advise. *Exeunt*

SCENE FOUR

Before the Monument of Marina at Tarsus.

Enter Gower

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for 't;
Making—to take your imagination—
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you,
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Helicanus goes along. Behind

Is left to govern it, you bear in mind,
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tarsus, think his pilot thought,
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I 'll reconcile.

Dumb Show

Enter at one door Pericles, with his Train; Cleon and Dionyza at the other. Cleon shows Pericles the tomb of Marina; whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs.

Exeunt Cleon and Dionyza

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'ershower'd,
Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

Reads inscription on Marina's monument

The fairest, sweet'st, and best lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year:
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter.
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does, and swears she 'll never stint,
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.

No visor does become black villany
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter 's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered

By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
In her unholy service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen. *Exit*

SCENE FIVE

Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Did you ever hear the like?

SECOND GENTLEMAN. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

SECOND GENTLEMAN. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses. Shall 's go hear the vestals sing?

FIRST GENTLEMAN. I 'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. *Exeunt*

SCENE SIX

Mitylene. A Room in the Brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boult

PANDAR. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

BAWD. Fie, fie upon her! she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation; we must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

BOULT. Faith, I must ravish her, or she 'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

PANDAR. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

BAWD. Faith, there 's no way to be rid on 't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus, disguised.

BOULT. We should have both lord and lown if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter Lysimachus

LYSIMACHUS. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

BAWD. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

BOULT. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

LYSIMACHUS. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now! wholesome iniquity, have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

BAWD. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

LYSIMACHUS. If she 'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

BAWD. Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

LYSIMACHUS. Well; call forth, call forth.

BOULT. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed if she had but—

LYSIMACHUS. What, prithee?

BOULT. O! sir, I can be modest.

LYSIMACHUS. That dignifies the renown of a bawd no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Exit Boult

BAWD. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; never plucked yet, I can assure you,—

Re-enter Boult with Marina

Is she not a fair creature?

LYSIMACHUS. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there 's for you; leave us.

BAWD. I beseech your honour, give me leave; a word, and I 'll have done presently.

LYSIMACHUS. I beseech you, do.

BAWD. (*To Marina*) First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

MARINA. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

BAWD. Next, he 's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

MARINA. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that I know not.

BAWD. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

MARINA. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

LYSIMACHUS. Ha' you done?

BAWD. My lord, she 's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

LYSIMACHUS. Go thy ways. (*Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and Boult*) Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

MARINA. What trade, sir?

LYSIMACHUS. Why, I cannot name 't but I shall offend.

MARINA. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

LYSIMACHUS. How long have you been of this profession?

MARINA. E'er since I can remember.

LYSIMACHUS. Did you go to 't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

MARINA. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

LYSIMACHUS. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

MARINA. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

LYSIMACHUS. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

MARINA. Who is my principal?

LYSIMACHUS. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O! you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place; come, come.

MARINA. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

LYSIMACHUS. How 's this? how 's this? Some more; be sage.

MARINA. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,
O! that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

LYSIMACHUS. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here 's gold for thee;
Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

MARINA. The good gods preserve you!

LYSIMACHUS. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent, for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here 's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter Boult

BOULT. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

LYSIMACHUS. Avaunt! thou damned door-keeper. Your house,
But for this virgin that doth prop it, would
Sink and overwhelm you. Away! *Exit*

BOULT. How 's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

MARINA. Whither would you have me?

BOULT. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd

BAWD. How now! what 's the matter?

BOULT. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

BAWD. O! abominable.

BOULT. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

BAWD. Marry, hang her up for ever!

BOULT. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a

nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

BAWD. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure; crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

BOULT. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

MARINA. Hark, hark, you gods!

BAWD. She conjures; away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She 's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! *Exit*

BOULT. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

MARINA. Whither wilt thou have me?

BOULT. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

MARINA. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

BOULT. Come now, your one thing.

MARINA. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

BOULT. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

MARINA. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change;
Thou art the damned door-keeper to every
Coystril that comes inquiring for his Tib,
To the choleric fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable, thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

BOULT. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

MARINA. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this;
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. O! that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place.
Here, here 's gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain by me,

Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I 'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

BOULT. But can you teach all this you speak of?

MARINA. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

BOULT. Well, I will see what I can do for thee; if I can place thee, I will.

MARINA. But, amongst honest women.

BOULT. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there 's no going but by their consent; therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come; I 'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. *Exeunt*

ACT FIVE

Enter Gower

Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays;
Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her neeld composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses;
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry;
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost,
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
Here where his daughter dwells: and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
God Neptune's annual feast to keep; from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:
Where what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit and hark. *Exit*

SCENE ONE

On board Pericles' Ship, off Mitylene. A Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them Helicanus

TYRIAN SAILOR. (*To the Sailor of Mitylene*) Where 's the
Lord Helicanus? He can resolve you.
O! here he is.—
Sir, there 's a barge put off from Mitylene,
And in it is Lysimachus, the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

HELICANUS. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

TYRIAN SAILOR. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Doth your lordship call?

HELICANUS. Gentlemen, there 's some of worth would come
aboard;
I pray ye, greet them fairly.

Gentlemen and Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.

Enter from thence, Lysimachus and Lords; the Gentlemen and the two Sailors

TYRIAN SAILOR. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

LYSIMACHUS. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

HELICANUS. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

LYSIMACHUS. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it to know of whence you are.

HELICANUS. First, what is your place?

LYSIMACHUS. I am the governor of this place you lie before.

HELICANUS. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue his grief.

LYSIMACHUS. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

HELICANUS. 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.
LYSIMACHUS. May we not see him?
HELICANUS. You may;
But bootless is your sight: he will not speak
To any.
LYSIMACHUS. Yet let me obtain my wish.
HELICANUS. Behold him. (*Pericles discovered*) This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.
LYSIMACHUS. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!
HELICANUS. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.
FIRST LORD. Sir,
We have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.
LYSIMACHUS. 'Tis well bethought.
She questionless with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd ports
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And with her fellow maids is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.
Whispers first Lord, who puts off in the barge of Lysimachus
HELICANUS. Sure, all 's effectless; yet nothing we 'll omit,
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.
LYSIMACHUS. O! sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so afflict our province. Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.
HELICANUS. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you;

But see, I am prevented.

Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with Marina, and a young Lady

LYSIMACHUS. O! here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is 't not a goodly presence?

HELICANUS. She 's a gallant lady.

LYSIMACHUS. She 's such a one, that were I well assur'd
Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I 'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

MARINA. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.

LYSIMACHUS. Come, let us leave her;
And the gods make her prosperous! *Marina sings*

LYSIMACHUS. Mark'd he your music?

MARINA. No, nor look'd on us.

LYSIMACHUS. See, she will speak to him.

MARINA. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

PERICLES. Hum! ha!

MARINA. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on like a comet; she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward Fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings;
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.— (*Aside*) I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, 'Go not till he speak.'

PERICLES. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—

To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

MARINA. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

PERICLES. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?

MARINA. No, nor of any shores;
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

PERICLES. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly; in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?

MARINA. Where I am but a stranger; from the deck
You may discern the place.

PERICLES. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

MARINA. Should I tell my history, it would seem
Like lies, disdain'd in the reporting.

PERICLES. Prithee, speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in. I believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou lookest
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say when I did push thee back,—
Which was when I perceiv'd thee,—that thou cam'st
From good descending?

MARINA. So indeed I did.

PERICLES. Report thy parentage. I think thou saidst
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

MARINA. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts

Did warrant me was likely.

PERICLES. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl; yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by me.

MARINA. My name is Marina.

PERICLES. O! I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

MARINA. Patience, good sir,
Or here I 'll cease.

PERICLES. Nay, I 'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

MARINA. The name
Was given my by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.

PERICLES. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

MARINA. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

PERICLES. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion!—Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?

MARINA. Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.

PERICLES. At sea! what mother?

MARINA. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

PERICLES. O! stop there a little.
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal; this cannot be.
My daughter's buried. Well; where were you bred?
I 'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,

And never interrupt you.

MARINA. You 'll scorn to believe me; 'twere best I did give o'er.

PERICLES. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

MARINA. The king my father did in Tarsus leave me,
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me; and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescu'd me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be
You think me an impostor; no, good faith;
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.

PERICLES. Ho, Helicanus!

HELICANUS. Calls my lord?

PERICLES. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general; tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

HELICANUS. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.

LYSIMACHUS. She never would tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

PERICLES. O Helicanus! strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain,
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O! come hither,
Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again. O Helicanus!
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us; this is Marina.
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

MARINA. First, sir, I pray,

What is your title?

PERICLES. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect;
Thou 'rt heir of kingdoms, and another life
To Pericles thy father.

MARINA. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

PERICLES. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus;
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon; she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
She is thy very princess. Who is this?

HELICANUS. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

PERICLES. I embrace you.
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens! bless my girl. But, hark! what music?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter. But, what music?

HELICANUS. My lord, I hear none.

PERICLES. None!
The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.

LYSIMACHUS. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

PERICLES. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

LYSIMACHUS. My lord, I hear. *Music*

PERICLES. Most heavenly music:
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes; let me rest. *Sleeps*

LYSIMACHUS. A pillow for his head.
So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I 'll well remember you. *Exeunt all but Pericles*

Diana appears to Pericles as in a vision

DIANA. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,



PERICLES. O! stop there a little.
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal

Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife;
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call
And give them repetition to the life.
Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe;
Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!
Awake, and tell thy dream! *Disappears*

PERICLES. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee! Helicanus!

Enter Helicanus, Lysimachus, and Marina

HELICANUS. Sir?

PERICLES. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon: but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I 'll tell thee why.
(*To Lysimachus*) Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

LYSIMACHUS. Sir,
With all my heart; and when you come ashore,
I have another suit.

PERICLES. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

LYSIMACHUS. Sir, lend me your arm.

PERICLES. Come, my Marina. *Exeunt*

SCENE TWO

Before the Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Enter Gower

Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, give me,
For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylen
To greet the king. So he thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful doom. *Exit*

SCENE THREE

The Temple of Diana at Ephesus; Thaisa standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; Cerimon and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter Pericles, with his Train; Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and a Lady

PERICLES. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the King of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess!
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon, whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder; but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene, 'gainst whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

THAISA. Voice and favour!
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— *She faints*

PERICLES. What means the nun? she dies! help, gentlemen!

CERIMON. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

PERICLES. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

CERIMON. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

PERICLES. 'Tis most certain.

CERIMON. Look to the lady. O! she 's but o'erjoy'd.
Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple.

PERICLES. May we see them?

CERIMON. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
Recovered.

THAISA. O! let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O! my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are. Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

PERICLES. The voice of dead Thaisa!

THAISA. That Thaisa, am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.

PERICLES. Immortal Dian!

THAISA. Now I know you better.
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring. *Shows a ring*

PERICLES. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sport: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt and no more be seen. O! come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

MARINA. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
Kneels to Thaisa

PERICLES. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

THAISA. Bless'd, and mine own!

HELICANUS. Hail, madam, and my queen!

THAISA. I know you not.

PERICLES. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute;
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have nam'd him oft.

THAISA. 'Twas Helicanus then.

PERICLES. Still confirmation!
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found,
How possibly preserv'd, and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

THAISA. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power; that can
From first to last resolve you.

PERICLES. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer

More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

CERIMON. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house.
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

PERICLES. Pure Dian! bless thee for thy vision; I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now
This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day I 'll beautify.

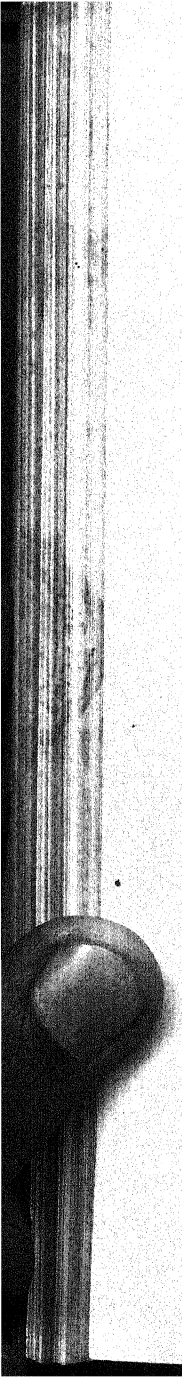
THAISA. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father 's dead.

PERICLES. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We 'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold. Sir, lead 's the way. *Exeunt*

Enter Gower

In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen, and daughter, seen—
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen—
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty.
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn:
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them; although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play hath ending. *Exit*

NOTES
and
GLOSSARY



NOTES

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Prol. 15. *'six-gated city'*; Theobald, *'six gates i' th' city.'*

Prol. 16. *'Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,'* so Folios; Theobald reads *'Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Troian;'* Capell, *'Thymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Troyan.'*

Prol. 17. *'Antenorides'*; Theobald's emendation of Folios, *'Antenonidus'*; Pope reads *'Anteroridas.'*

Prol. 23. *'A prologue arm'd'*; *i.e.* clad in armour instead of in a black cloak, which was the usual garb of the speaker of the Prologue.

Prol. 28. *'Beginning in the middle'*; Theobald reads *''Ginning i' th' middle.'*

I. i. 28. *'So, traitor!—"When she comes!"—When is she thence?'*; Quarto, *'So traitor then she comes when she is thence'*; Folios, *'So (Traitor) then she comes, when she is thence.'*

I. i. 35. *'a storm'*; Rowe's correction of Quarto, *'a scorne'*; Folios 1, 2, *'a-scorne'*; Folios 3, 4, *'a-scorn.'*

I. i. 42. *'praise her'*; so Quarto; Folios read *'praise it.'*

I. i. 52. *'Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,'* &c.; Theobald, *'discourse—how white her hand'*; similar emendations have been proposed, but probably *'that her hand'* = 'that hand of hers.'

I. i. 73. *'as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday'*; *i.e.* as beautiful in her worst dress as Helen in her 'Sunday best.'

I. ii. 153. *'two and fifty'*; so Quarto, Folios; Theobald reads *'one and fifty'*: *'hairs'*; Quarto reads *'heires.'*

I. ii. 231. *'an eye'*; so Quarto; Folios read *'money'*; Collier conjectured *'one eye.'*

I. ii. 279. *'joy's soul lies in the doing,'* so Quarto, Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4 read *'the soules joy lyes in dooing.'* Mason conjectured *'dies'*; Seymour conjectured *'lives,'* &c.

I. iii. 31. *'thy godlike'*; Theobald's emendation; Quarto, *'the godlike'*; Folios, *'thy godly'*; Pope, *'thy goodly.'*

I. iii. 54. *'Retorts'*; Dyce's emendation; Quarto, Folios read *'Retires.'*

I. iii. 70-75. Omitted in Quarto.

I. iii. 73. *'Mastick,'* perhaps a corrupt form of *L. mastigia,* a rascal that ought to be whipped; later, a scourge; the more usual form of the word was 'mastix,' *cp. 'Histriomastix.'*

I. iii. 92. *'ill aspects of planets evil'*; so Folios; Quarto, *'influence of euill Planets.'*

I. iii. 220. *'Achilles'*'; Johnson conjectured *'Alcides'.'*

I. iii. 238. *'And, Jove's accord,' i.e.* 'And, Jove granting or favouring'; various emendations have been proposed on the supposition that the passage is corrupt.

I. iii. 315, 354-356. Omitted in Quarto.

II. i. 28, 29. Omitted in Folios.

II. i. 102. *'brooch'*; Rowe, *'brach'*; Malone conjectured *'brock.'*

II. ii. 78. *'an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive,' i.e.* "Priam's sister, Hesione, whom Hercules, being enraged at Priam's breach of faith, gave to Telamon, who by her had Ajax" (Malone).

II. ii. 111. *'Our firebrand brother, Paris,'* alluding to Hecuba's dream that she should be delivered of a burning torch.

II. ii. 167. *'Aristotle thought'*; Rowe and Pope proposed *'graver sages think,'* to save Shakespeare from the terrible anachronism. It has been pointed out that Aristotle speaks of political and not of moral philosophy; and, further, that Bacon makes the same mistake in his *Advancement of Learning*, Book II. (published 1605).

II. iii. 60. *'of the prover,'* the reading of Quarto; Folios read *'to the Creator'*; Rowe (ed. 2), *'to thy creator'*; Capell, *'of thy creator.'*

II. iii. 73. *'He shent our,'* Theobald's emendation; Quarto reads *'He sate our'*; Folios, *'He sent our.'*

II. iii. 134. *'Enter you'*; so Folios; Quarto reads *'entertaine.'*

III. i. 106. The reading of Folios omitted in Quarto.

III. ii. 66. *'fears'*; so Folio 3; Quarto, Folios 1, 2, *'teares'*; Folio 4, *'tears.'*

III. ii. 145. *'show'*; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'shew'* = 'showed.'

III. iii. 4. *'through the sight I bear in things to love'*; (?) 'through my peculiar knowledge as to where it is well to place affection'; Johnson proposed *'Jove'* for *'love,'* reading, 'through the sight I bear in things, to Jove I have abandoned,' &c., but Jove favoured the Trojans. No very satisfactory explanation has been advanced.

III. iii. 30. *'In most accepted pain,'* = trouble willingly undergone. Hanmer suggested *'pay'* for *'pain.'*

III. iii. 110. *'mirror'd,'* the reading of Singer MS. and Collier MS.; Quarto, Folios, *'married'*; Keightley, *'arrived'*; &c.

III. iii. 175. *'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,' i.e.* one touch of human nature, one natural trait, shows the kinship of all mankind, viz. that they praise new-born gawds, and are always hankering after novelty.

III. iii. 194. *'one of Priam's daughters'*; *i.e.* 'Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom she was afterwards killed by Paris.'

IV. ii. 73. *'secrets of nature'*; so Folios; Quarto, *'secrets of neighbor Pandar'*; Theobald, *'secret'st things of nature'*; Hanmer *'secretest of natures,'* &c., &c.

IV. iv. 4. *'violenteth in a sense as strong, As that which'*; so Quarto; Folios read *'no lesse in . . . As that which,'* &c.; Pope, *'in its sense is no less strong, than that Which.'*

IV. iv. 77-80. The reading in the text is Staunton's; many emendations have been proposed, but this is generally accepted by modern editors.

IV. v. 30. Omitted in Folios; the reading of Quarto; Collier MS. reads *'And parted you and your same argument.'*

IV. v. 60. *'accosting,'* Theobald's conjecture; Quarto, Folios, *'a coasting'*; Collier MS., *'occasion'*; &c.

IV. v. 142. *'Neoptolemus so mirable'*; Hanmer reads *'Neoptolemus' sire so mirable'*; Warburton, *'Neoptolemus's sire irascible'*; Collier conjectured *'Neoptolemus so admirable,'* &c.

V. i. 19-22. *'raw . . . tetter,'* the reading of Quarto; omitted in Folios, substituting *'and the like.'*

V. i. 55. *'hanging at his brother's leg'*; so Folios; Quarto reads *'at his bare leg.'*

V. iii. 20-21. *'as lawful, For we would give much, to use violent thefts'*; Tyrwhitt's conjecture; Folios read, *'as lawfull: For we would count give much to as violent thefts.'*

V. iii. 112. The Folio here inserts:—

"PAND. *Why, but heare you?*
TROY. *Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame*
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name."

Cf. Sc. x.

V. vii. 6. *'aims'*; so Capell; Quarto, Folio 2, *'armes'*; Folio 1, *'arme'*; Folios 3, 4, *'arms.'*

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS

I. i. 171-173. *'your virtue,'* &c.; "your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished" (Johnson).

I. iii. 14. *'bound with oak,'* as a mark of honour for saving the life of a citizen.

I. iii. 44. *'At Grecian sword, contemning,'* &c.; Folio 1 reads 'At Grecian sword. *Contenning*, tell *Valeria*,' &c.; the reading in the text is substantially Collier's; many emendations have been proposed; perhaps a slightly better version of the line would be gained by the omission of the comma.

I. iv. 14. *'that fears you less'*; Johnson conjectured *'but fears you less'*; Johnson and Capell conjectured *'that fears you more'*; Schmidt, *'that fears you,—less.'* The meaning is obvious, though there is a confusion, due to the case of the double negative in *'nor'* and *'less.'*

I. iv. 31. *'you herd of—Boils,'* Johnson's emendation. Folios

1, 2, *'you Heard of Byles'*; Folios 3, 4, *'you Herd of Biles'*; Rowe, *'you herds of biles'*; Pope (ed. 1), *'you herds; of boils'*; Pope (ed. 2), Theobald, *'you! herds of boils'*; Collier MS., *'unheard of boils'*; &c., &c.

I. iv. 42. *'trenches followed'*; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'trenches followes'*; Collier (ed. 1), *'trenches follow'*; (ed. 2), *'trenches. Follow!'*; Dyce, Lettsom conjectured *'trenches: follow me'*; &c.

I. iv. 57. *'Cato's'*; Theobald's emendation of Folios, *'Calues'* and *'Calves'*; Rowe, *'Calvus.'*

I. vi. 6. *'ye'*; Folios, *'the.'*

I. vi. 76. Folios, *'O, me alone! make you a sword of me?'*; the punctuation in the text is Capell's. Clark's explanation, making the line imperative, seems the most plausible:—"O take me alone for weapon among you all! make yourselves a sword of me."

I. ix. 41-53. The chief departure from the Folios in this doubtful passage is the substitution of *'coverture'* for *'overture,'* as conjectured by Tyrwhitt; *'him'* is seemingly used here instead of the neuter *'it.'*

II. i. 219. *'end,' i.e.* to where he should end.

II. i. 249. *'touch,'* Hanmer's emendation; Folios, *'teach'*; Theobald, *'reach.'*

II. iii. 56-57. *'virtues Which our divines lose by 'em,' i.e.* 'which our divines preach to men in vain'; but the line is possibly corrupt.

II. iii. 112. *'woolvish toge'*; Steevens' conjecture, adopted by Malone; Folio 1 reads *'Wooluish tongue'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Woolvish gowne'*; Capell, *'wolfish gown'*; Mason conjectured *'woollen gown,'* or *'foolish gown'*; Becket conjectured *'woolish gown'*; Steevens conjectured *'woolvish tongue'*; Grant White conjectured *'foolish togue'*; Clark, (?) *'wool'nish,' i.e. 'woolenish.'*

III. i. 92. *'Hydra here'*; *i.e.* 'the many-headed multitude'; so Folio 2.

III. i. 96-98. *i.e.* "let your admitted ignorance take a lower tone and defer to their admitted superiority" (Clark).

III. i. 229. *'your'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'our.'*

III. ii. 20. *'thwartings of'*; Theobald's reading; Folios, *'things of'*; Rowe, *'things that thwart'*; Wright conjectured *'things that cross.'*

III. ii. 31. *'to the herd'*; Warburton's suggestion, adopted by Theobald; Folios, *'to the heart'*; Collier MS., *'o' th' heart'*; &c.

III. ii. 55. *'though but bastards and syllables'*; Capell, *'but bastards'*; Seymour conjectured *'although but bastards, syllables'*; Badham conjectured *'thought's bastards, and but syllables.'*

III. ii. 63. *'I am in this'*; Warburton, 'In this advice I speak as your wife, your son,' &c.

III. ii. 68. *'that want,' i.e.* the want of that inheritance.

III. ii. 77. *'Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart'*; John-

son, *'With often,'* &c.; Capell, *'And often'*; Staunton conjectured *'While often'*; Nicholson conjectured *'Whiles-often'*; Warburton, *'Which soften.'*

III. iii. 35. *'among's,' i.e.* among us; Folio 1, *'amongs'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'amongst you'*; Pope, *'amongst you'*; Capell, *'among us.'*

III. iii. 36. *'throng,'* Theobald's and Warburton's emendation of Folios, *'Through.'*

III. iii. 54. *'accents,'* Theobald's correction of Folios, *'actions.'*

III. iii. 127. *'not'*; Capell's correction of Folios, *'but.'*

IV. i. 7-9. *'fortune's blows, When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves A noble cunning'*; *i.e.* "When Fortune's blows are most struck home, to be gentle, although wounded, demands a noble philosophy" (Clark). Pope, *'gently warded'*; Hanmer, *'greatly warded'*; Collier MS., *'gentle-minded.'*

IV. iv. 23. *'My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon'*; Capell's emendation. Folio 1 reads, *'My Birth-place have I, and my loues upon'*; Folios 2, 3, *'My Birth-lace have I, and my lover upon'*; Folio 4, *'My Birth-place have I, and my Lover left; upon'*; Pope, *'My birth-place have I and my lovers left'*; Becket conjectured *'My country have I and my lovers lost,'* &c.

IV. vii. 51-53. The sense of the lines should be to this effect: —"Power is in itself most commendable, but the orator's chair, from which a man's past actions are extolled, is the inevitable tomb of his power." The passage is crude, and many suggestions have been advanced.

IV. vii. 55. *'fouler'*; Dyce's ingenious reading, *'falter,'* is the best conjectural emendation of the line.

V. i. 69-70. Many emendations have been proposed to clear up the obscurity of the line. It appears to mean either (i.) that Coriolanus bound Cominius by an oath to yield to his conditions; or (ii.) that Coriolanus was bound by an oath as *to what he would not,* unless the Romans should yield to his conditions. Johnson proposed to read—

"What he would not,
Bound by an oath. To yield to his conditions,"—

the rest being omitted. Many attempts have been made to improve the passage, but no proposal carries conviction with it.

V. ii. 71. *'your'*; so Folio 1, 2, 3; Folio 4, *'our.'*

V. ii. 79-80. *'though I owe My revenge properly,' i.e.* 'though revenge is my own, remission belongs to the Volscians.'

THE TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS

I. i. 5-6. *'I am his first-born son, that was the last That ware'*; so Quartos; Folios 1, 2, 3 read *'I was the first-born son, that was the last That wore'*; Folio 4, *'I was the first-born Son of him that last Wore'*; Pope, *'I am the firstborn son of him that last Wore'*; Collier, *'I am his son That wore'*; Collier MS., *'I am the first borne Sonne, of him the last That wore.'*

I. i. 62. *'gates'*; Capell reads *'gates, tribunes'*; Collier MS., *'brazen gates.'*

I. i. 138. *'his tent'*; Theobald reads *'her tent'* (alluding to Hecuba beguiling Polymnestor into the tent where she and the other Trojan captives were).

I. i. 154. *'drugs'*; Quarto 1, *'drugges'*; Quarto 2, *'grudgges'*; Folios, *'grudges.'*

I. i. 485. *'stand up'*; perhaps these words were, as Pope suggested, merely a stage-direction.

II. i. 82-83. *cf.* Henry VI, Part I, V. iii. 78, 79; Richard III, I. ii. 227, 228.

II. iii. 20. *'yellowing'*; so Quartos; Folios read *'yelping'*; Pope, *'yelling.'*

II. iii. 93. *'barren detested'*; Rowe reads *'barren and detested'*; Capell, *'bare, detested.'*

II. iii. 126. *'painted hope braves your mightiness'*; so Quartos; Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'painted hope, she . . .'*; Warburton, *'painted cope she . . .'*; Capell, *'paint now braves your mightiness'*; Steevens conjectured *'painted, braves your . . .'*; &c. &c.

II. iii. 132. *'outlive us'*; Theobald's pointing; Quartos, Folios, *'outliue us'*; Dyce (ed. 2), *'outlive ye.'*

II. iii. 152. *'paws'*; Collier MS., *'claws.'*

II. iv. 5. *'scrowl'*; Quartos, *'scrowle'*; Folios 1, 2, *'scowle'*; Folios 3, 4, *'scowl'*; Delius, *'scrawl.'*

II. iv. 9. 'case'; Pope's emendation of Quartos, Folios, *'cause.'*

II. iv. 49. *'Which that sweet tongue hath made'*; so Quartos, Folios; Hanmer, *'Which that sweet tongue of thine hath often made'*; Collier MS., *'Which that sweet tongue hath made in minstrelsy'*; &c.

III. i. 12. *'For these, tribunes'*; so Quartos, Folio 1; Folio 4, *'For these, these Tribunes'*; Malone, *'For these, good tribunes'*; Jackson conjectured *'For these two tribunes'*; Collier conjectured *'For these, O tribunes.'*

III. i. 17. *'urns'*; Hanmer's emendation of Quartos, Folios 1, 2, 3, *'ruines'*; Folio 4, *'ruins.'*

III. i. 34-36. Quarto 2 reads *'or if they did marke, All bootlesse unto them'*; Folios, *'oh if they did heare They would not pity me'*;

Capell, *'or, if they did mark, All bootless unto them, they would not pity me,'* &c.

III. i. 68. *'sight'*; Theobald, *'spight.'*

III. i. 87. *'Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear'*; Collier MS. reads *'Rich varied notes, enchanting old and young'*; Folio 4, *'Sweet various . . .'*; &c.

III. i. 126. *'as'*; the reading of Collier, from Collier MS. and Long MS.; Quartos, Folios, *'in'*; Rowe, *'like.'*

III. i. 209. *'would'*; so Quartos; Folios read *'wilt'*; Capell conjectured *'wou't.'*

III. i. 225. *'blow'*; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, Quartos, *'flow.'*

III. i. 281-2. *'employ'd in these things,'* &c.; so Folios; Quartos, *'imployds in these Armes'*; perhaps, as the Cambridge editors suggest, the original MS. had as follows:—

"And thou, Lavinia, shalt be imployd,
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth,"

the Quarto reading being due to a correction of *'teeth'* to *'armes'*; the latter being taken by the printer as belonging to the previous line.

III. i. 291. *'leaves'*; Rowe's emendation of Quartos, Folios, *'loues.'*

III. ii. The whole of this scene is omitted in Quartos.

III. ii. 13. *'with outrageous beating'*; Folio 1 reads *'without ragious beating.'*

IV. i. 9. *'Fear her not'*; so Quartos; Folios read *'Feare not'*; Rowe, *'Fear thou not.'*

IV. i. 45. *'Soft! so busily'*; Quartos, Folios, read *'Soft, so busily'*; Rowe, *'Soft! see how busily'*; Capell, *'Soft, soft; how busily'*; Knight, *'Soft! how busily'*; Keightley, *'Soft, soft! so busily'*; Collier MS., *'Soft! see how busily.'*

IV. i. 81-82. *'Magni Dominator poli, Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?'*; *i.e.* Great ruler of the skies, dost thou so tardily hear and see crimes committed? (Seneca's *Hippolytus*, ii. 671); Theobald, *'Magne Dominator'*; Hanmer, *'Magne Regnator.'*

IV. i. 129. *'Revenge, ye heavens'*; Johnson conjectured, *'Reuenge the heauens,'* so Quarto, Folios.

IV. ii. 8, 76; omitted in Folios.

IV. ii. 20-21. "He who is pure in life, and free from sin, needs not the darts of the Moor, nor the bow" (Horace, *Odes*, I. 22).

IV. ii. 26. *'sound'*; Theobald conjectured *'Fond,' i.e.* foolish; but *'sound'* is probably to be taken ironically.

IV. ii. 167. *'take no longer days'*; Collier MS., *'make no longer delays.'*

IV. iii. 2. *'let'*; so Quartos, Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'now let.'*

IV. iii. 4: *'Terras Astræa reliquit'*; *i.e.* Astræa (the goddess of Justice) left the earth (Ovid. *Metam.* i. 150).

IV. iii. 56. *'To Saturn, Caius'*; Capell's emendation; Quartos, Folios read *'To Saturnine, to Caius'*; Rowe (ed. 1), *'To Cœlus and to Saturn'*; (ed. 2), *'To Saturn and to Cœlus.'*

IV. iv. 37. *'Thy life-blood out'*; Folio 2, *'ont'*; Folio 3, *'on't'*; Walker suggested that a previous line had been lost, but the text seems correct, = "and drawn thy life-blood out."

IV. iv. 103. Omitted in Quarto 2 and Folios; the reading of Quarto 1.

V. i. 17. *'All the Goths,'* should be *'The other Goths,'* as 'the first Goth' is kept distinct.

V. i. 42. An allusion to the old proverb, "A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye" (Malone).

V. i. 93. *'And cut her hands'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'And cut her hands off'*; Collier MS., *'Cut her hands off.'*

V. i. 122. A proverb found in *Ray's* collection.

V. i. 132. *'break their necks'*; Malone conjectured *'break their necks and die'*; Jackson conjectured *'stray and break their necks'*; Collier MS., *'ofttimes break their necks,'* &c.

V. ii. 80. *'ply'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'play.'*

V. ii. 162; iii. 52. Omitted in Folios.

V. iii. 73. *'Lest Rome'*; Capell's reading; Quartos, Folios, *'Let Rome'*; Malone, *'Lest Rome.'*

V. iii. 124. *'And as he is'*; so Quartos, Folios; Theobald reads *'Damn'd as he is.'*

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

PROLOGUE, omitted in Folios.

I. i. 22. *'cruel'*; so Quartos 4, 5; Quartos 2, 3, Folios read *'ciuil,'* and *'civil.'*

I. i. 100. *'father'*; so Quartos 2, 4; Quarto 5, *'further'*; Quarto 3, Folios 1, 2, 3, *'Fathers'*; Folio 4, *'Father's.'*

I. i. 119. *'drave me to walk abroad'*; Pope (from Quarto 1), *'drew me from company'*; Theobald, *'drew me to walk abroad.'*

I. i. 126. *'Which then most sought where most might not be found'*; Pope (from Quarto 1), *'That most are busied, when they 're most alone'*; Keightley, *'Which there . . . ,'* &c. Herr conjectured *'Which then most sought where many . . .'*; Allen conjectured *'which then most sought where more . . .'*

I. i. 151. *'sun'*; Theobald's emendation of Quartos and Folios, *'same.'*

I. i. 170. *'see pathways to his will'*; Staunton conjectured *'set pathways to our will'*; Hanmer, *'. . . ill.'*

I. i. 184. *'Why such is'*; Seymour conjectured *'Why such is,*

merely'; Collier MS., *'Why such, Benvolio, is'*; Mommsen conjectured *'Why, such, Benvolio, such is'*; Keightley, *'Why, gentle cousin, such is'*; Orger conjectured *'Why, such a love is.'*

I. i. 189. *'raised'*; Pope's correction (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios, *'made.'*

I. i. 201. *'Bid a sick man in sadness make'*; so (Quarto 1) Quartos 4, 5; Quartos 2, 3, Folio 1, read *'A sicke man in sadnesse makes'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'A sicke man in good sadnesse makes.'*

I. i. 210. *'From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd'*; Grant White conjectured *''Gainst . . . encharm'd'*; Quartos, Folios, *'vncharmd'*; Collier MS., *'encharm'd.'*

I. i. 215. *'with beauty dies her store'*; Theobald reads *'with her dies Beauty's Store'*; Keightley, *'with her dies beauty store.'*

I. ii. 15. *'She is the hopeful lady of my earth'*; Johnson conjectured *'She is the hope and stay of my full years.'*

I. ii. 25. *'made dark heaven light'*; Theobald reads *'make dark heaven's light'*; Warburton, *'make dark even light'*; Jackson conjectured *'mask dark heaven's light'*; Daniel conjectured *'mock dark heaven's light.'*

I. ii. 26. *'young men'*; Johnson conjectured *'yeomen.'*

I. ii. 32. *'Which on more view,'* &c.; so Quartos 4, 5; Quartos 2, 3, Folios, *'one'* for *'on'*; (Quarto 1) *'Such, amongst view of many myne being one'*; perhaps we should read with Mason, *'Whilst on more view of many, mine being one'*; many readings have been proposed.

I. iii. 34. *'Shake, quoth the dove-house,'* referring to the effects of the earthquake; Daniel conjectured *'goeth'* for *'quoth.'*

I. iii. 67, 68. *'honour'*; Pope's emendation (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios, *'houre'* and *'hour.'*

I. iv. 39. *'The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done'*; "an allusion to an old proverbial saying which advises to give over when the game is at the fairest" (Ritson).

I. iv. 41. *Cp.* Chaucer's *Manciple's Prologue:—*

> *"Ther gan our hoste for to japen and pleye,*
> *And seyde, sirs, what!*
> *Dun is in the myre!"*

A proverbial expression originally used in an old rural sport, and meaning, "we are all at a standstill!" or, "let us make an effort to move on" (*vide* Prof. Skeat's *Notes to Canterbury Tales*, Vol. v. p. 435-6).

I. iv. 42. *'Of this sir-reverence love'*; Singer's emendation (from Quarto 1); Quartos read *'Or saue you reuerence loue'*; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'Or saue your reuerence loue.'*

I. iv. 45. Capell's emendation; (Quarto 1) reads *'We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day'*; Quartos, *'We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day'*; Folios, *'We wast our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day.'*

I. iv. 67. *'Maid'*; Pope's reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folio 1, *'man'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'woman'*; Ulrici (from Collier MS.), *'milk-maid.'*

I. iv. 78. *'Courtier's'*; Pope (from Quarto 1) reads *'lawyer's'*; Theobald conjectured *'taylor's.'*

I. iv. 86. *'Of healths'*; Thirlby conjectured *'Of delves'*; Keightley conjectured *'Trenches'*; Clark MS., *'Of hilts.'*

I. iv. 92. *'Untangled'*; *'which once u.'*, the untangling of which.

I. iv. 104. *'Face'*; Pope's reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios, *'side'*; Collier MS., *'tide.'*

I. v. 18. *'Will have a bout'*; (Quarto 1); *'will haue about'*; Quartos, Folios, *'will walke about'*; Pope, *'we'll have a bout'*; Daniel, *'will walke a bout.'*

I. v. 48. *'It seems she'*; so (Quarto 1); Quartos, Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, read *'Her beauty'*; Bulloch conjectured *'In streams she'*; &c.

II. i. 10. *'pronounce'*; Quartos 2, 3, *'prouaunt'*; Folio 1, *'Prouant'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Couply'*; Rowe, *'couple.'*

II. i. 13. *'trim,'* Steevens (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios, *'true.'*

II. i. 13. *'Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim'*; all the early editions read *'Abraham Cupid'*; Theobald conjectured *'auborn'*; Upton, *'Adam,'* referring to Adam Bell, the famous archer. It must be borne in mind, however, that *'Abram,' 'Abraham,'* was a regular corrupt form of *auburn*, formerly often written *abern*, *abron.*

II. ii. 41-42. *'nor any other part Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!'* Malone's emendation; Pope (from Quarto 1) reads *'nor any other part'*; Quartos, Folios, *'O be some other name Belonging to a man.'*

II. ii. 44. *'name,'* so Pope (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios, *'word.'*

II. ii. 61. *'fair maid, if either thee dislike'*; so Quartos, Folios; Pope (from Quarto 1) reads *'fair saint . . . displease'*; Theobald, *'fair saint . . . dislike'*; Grant White, *'fair maid . . . displease'*; Anon. conjectured *'fair maid . . . mislike.'*

II. ii. 107. *'blessed moon I swear'*; so (Quarto 1) Quartos; Folios read *'moon I vow.'*

II. ii. 152. *'suit'*; so Quarto 5; Quarto 4, *'sute'*; Quartos 2, 3, Folios, *'strife.'*

II. ii. 188. *'father's cell'*; Capell's reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'Friers close cell'*; Folios 1, 2, *'Fries close cell.'*

II. iii. 1-4. Omitted in Folios 2, 3, 4.

II. iii. 4. *'day's path and Titan's fiery wheels'*; Malone's reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folio 1, *'day's path, and Titans burning wheels'*; Pope, *'day's pathway, made by Titan's wheels.'*

II. iii. 23. *'small,'* so Pope (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios, *'weake.'*

II. iv. 145-146. *'I am none of his skains-mates'*; *'skains-mates'* occurs nowhere else, its origin is uncertain; it is perhaps connected with *skain, skein,* 'as if associated in winding yarns' (or *skain's* = *gen.* of *skain, skean* = dagger; 'as if a brother in arms').

II. vi. 34. *'sum up sum of half my'*; so Quartos 2, 3; Quartos 4, 5, *'summe up some of halfe my'*; Folios, *'sum up some of halfe my,'* &c.

III. i. 111. *'kinsman,'* Capell's reading (from Quarto 1); Quarto 5, other texts, *'cousin.'*

III. i. 164. *'agile'*; (Quarto 1) Quartos 4, 5, *'agill'*; Quartos 2, 3, Folio 1, *'aged'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'able.'*

III. i. 186. *'hate's'*; Knight's emendation; Quartos, Folios, read *'hearts'*; Hanmer, *'heats'*; Johnson, *'hearts'.*

III. ii. 6. *'That runaways' eyes may wink'*; an epitome of the various interpretations of these words filling no less than twenty-eight pages of Furness' variorum edition; the Quartos and Folios do not mark the possessive, and scholars are divided on the subject of the singular or plural possessive. The Cambridge editors evidently make *'runaways'* = runagates, night-prowlers. The present editor cannot bring himself to believe that Shakespeare intended this reading, and would fain substitute *'Runaway's'* in the sense of 'Day's'; 'Runaway' may have belonged to the playful phraseology of Elizabethan girls, and savours of the expressive language of children's rhymes.

III. ii. 66. *'dear-loved'*; Pope's reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios, read *'dearest.'*

III. ii. 76. *'Dove-feather'd raven'*; Theobald's emendation of Quartos 2, 3, Folio 1, *'Rauenous douefeathered Rauen'*; Quartos 4, 5, Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Rauenous doue, feathred Rauen.'*

III. ii. 79. *'damned saint'*; so Quartos 4, 5, Folios 2, 3, 4; Quartos 2, 3, *'dimme saint'*; Folio 1, *'dimne saint.'*

III. iii. 52. *'Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word'*; Malone's emendation (from Quarto 1); Quartos 2, 3, *'Then fond mad man, heare me a little speake'*; Quartos 4, 5, *'Thou fond mad man, heare me a little speake'*; Folio 1, *'Then fond mad man, heare me speake'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Fond mad man, heare me speake.'*

III. v. 31. According to Warburton there is a popular saying to this effect, due to the fact that the toad has very fine eyes and the lark very ugly ones.

III. v. 55. *'below'*; Pope's reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios, *'so lowe.'*

III. v. 152. Omitted in Folios.

III. v. 167. *'lent'*; Pope (from Quarto 1) reads *'sent'*; Cowden Clarke conjectured *'left.'*

III. v. 178-181. So Quarto 2 and the other Quartos; Quarto 1 reads:—

> *"Gods blessed mother wife it mads me,*
> *Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad.*
> *Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,*
> *Still my care hath been to see her matcht."*

Many attempts have been made to smooth the lines, but perhaps they express Capulet's excitement.

III. v. 183. *'train'd'*; Capell's reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos 3, 4, 5, Folios *'allied'*; Quarto 2, *'liand'*; &c.

IV. i. 3. *'nothing slow to slack his haste'*; Collier conjectured *'something slow,'* &c.; Quarto 1, *'nothing slack to slow his haste'*; Johnson conjectured *'nothing slow to back his haste.'*

IV. i. 16. Omitted in Quartos, Folios.

IV. i. 45. *'cure,'* so (Quarto 1) Quarto 5; Quartos 2, 3, 4, Folios, *'care.'*

IV. i. 115-116. *'and he and I Will watch thy waking'*; the reading of Quartos 3, 4, 5; omitted in Folios.

IV. v. 106-107. *'O play me some merry dump, to comfort me'*; the reading of Quartos; omitted in Folios.

IV. v. 126-128. These lines are from Richard Edwards' *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1576.

V. i. 1. *'flattering truth'*; so Quartos, Folios; Malone following (Quarto 1) reads *'flattering eye'*; Collier MS., *'flattering death'*; Grant White, *'flattering sooth'*; &c.

V. i. 24. *'I defy you'*; Pope's reading; (Quarto 1), *'I defie my'*; Quartos 2, 3, 4, Folio 1, *'I denie you'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, Quarto 5, *'I deny you.'*

V. i. 27. *'I do beseech you, sir, have patience'*; Pope (from Quarto 1) reads *'Pardon me sir, I dare not leave you thus'*; Steevens (1793) reads *'Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus.'*

V. iii. 122. *'Stumbled at graves,'* &c:—

> *'For many men that stumble at the threshold*
> *Are well foretold that danger lurks within'*;
> 3 *Henry VI.*, IV. vii. 11, 12

V. iii. 170. *'rust'*; so Quartos, Folios; Hazlitt (from Quarto 1) reads *'rest.'*

V. iii. 206. *'it,' i.e.* the dagger; so Quarto 2, the rest read *'is.'*

—— *'mis-sheathed'*; the reading of Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, 3, Quarto 5, *'misheathed'*; Quarto 3, 4, *'missheath'd'*; Jackson conjectured *'mi-sheath'd.'*

V. iii. 211. After this line (Quarto 1) reads *'and young Benvolio is deceased too.'*

THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS

I. i. 23. *'gum, which oozes'*; Johnson's reading; Folios read *'grown, which uses'*; Pope, *'gum which issues.'*

I. i. 26, 27. *'flies Each bound it chafes'*; Folios, *'chases'*; Becket conjectured *'flies. Eche (bound) it chafes'*; Schmidt *'chafes with.'*

I. i. 33, 34. *'grace Speaks his own standing'*; Johnson conjectured *'standing . . . graces'* or *'grace Speaks understanding'*; Mason conjectured *'Grace Speaks its own standing'*; Jackson conjectured *'grace Speaks! 'tis one standing'*; Orger conjectured *'grace . . . seeming.'*

I. i. 43. *'happy man'*; Theobald's emendation of Folios, *'happy men.'*

I. i. 50. *'sea of wax'*; Bailey conjectured *'sweep of taxing'*; Collier MS., *'sea of verse'*; &c.; but there is evidently a reference to writing-tablets covered with wax.

I. i. 90. *'slip'*; Folios, *'sit'*; Delius conjectured *'sink.'*

I. i. 132. The line is supposed by some to be corrupt, and many emendations have been proposed, but Coleridge's interpretation commends itself:—"The meaning of the first line the poet himself explains, or rather unfolds, in the second. 'The man is honest!'—True; and for that very cause, and with no additional or extrinsic motive, he will be so. No man can be justly called honest, who is not so for honesty's sake, itself including its reward."

I. i. 235. *'That I had no angry wit to be a lord'*; Blackstone conjectured *'Angry that I had no wit,—to be a lord'*; Malone conjectured *'That I had no angry wit.—To be a lord!'*; Anon. conjectured *'That I had no ampler wit than be a lord'*; Warburton, *'That I had so hungry a wit to be a lord'*; Heath conjectured *'That . . . so wrong'd my wit to be a lord'*; &c., &c.

I. ii. 45. Alluding to the then custom of each guest bringing his own knife to a feast.

I. ii. 72. *'sin'*; Farmer conjectured *'sing'*; Singer conjectured *'dine'*; Kinnear conjectured *'surfeit.'*

I. ii. 119-124. The arrangement of these lines was first suggested by Rann, and followed by Steevens in his edition of 1793.

I. ii. 126. *'Music, make their welcome'*; Pope reads *'Let musick make their welcome'*; Capell, *'Musick, make known their welcome.'*

II. i. 10. *'And able horses'*; so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'An able horse'*; Theobald, *'ten able horse'*; Jackson conjectured *'Ay, able horses'*; Collier MS., *'a stable o' horses'*; Singer conjectured *'Two able horses.'*

II. i. 13. *'found his state in safety'*; Hanmer's reading; Folios, *'sound . . .'*; Capell, *'found . . . on safety'*; Capell conjectured *'find . . . in safety.'*

II. ii. 6. *'Was to be'*; Heath conjectured *'Was made to be'*; Long MS., *'Was'*; Mason conjectured *'Was formed'*; Singer MS., *'Was truly'*; Collier MS., *'Was surely.'*

II. ii. 71. *'mistress'*; (so l. 102).

II. ii. 139. *'loved lord'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'dear lov'd lord'*; S. Walker conjectured *'belov'd.'*

II. ii. 140. Folios read *'Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time, The'*; Hanmer, *'Though . . . yet now's too late a time'*; Collier MS., *'Though . . . yet now's a time too late.'*

II. ii. 159. *'wasteful cock'*; Pope reads *'lonely room'*; Collier MS., *'wasteful nook'*; Jackson conjectured *'wakeful cock'*; Jervis conjectured *'wakeful couch'*; Keightley, *'wasteful cock-loft'*; Daniel conjectured *'wakeful cot'*; Jackson's conjecture seems best, *'wakeful cock,' i.e.* 'cock-loft,' unless *'cock'* = wine-tap.

III. i. 44. *'And we alive that lived'*; *i.e.* in so short a time.

III. i. 49. *'Let molten coin be thy damnation'*; *cp.* the old ballad *"The Dead Man's Song"*:

> *"And ladles full of melted gold*
> *Were poured down their throats."*

III. i. 53. *'slave, Unto his honour'*; Steevens' reading; Folios, *'Slave unto his honour'*; Pope, *'slave Unto this hour'*; Collier MS., *'slave unto his humour'*; Staunton, *'slave Unto dishonour'*; but the words are probably spoken ironically.

III. ii. 12. *'so many'*; changed by Theobald to *'fifty'*; so, too, in l. 36; but the figures are very doubtful, and *'fifty-five hundred talents,'* in l. 38, is obviously a mere exaggeration.

III. ii. 23. *'mistook him,'* &c., *i.e.* 'made the mistake and applied to me'; Hanmer, *'o'erlook'd'*; Warburton, *'mislook'd'*; Johnson conjectured *'not mistook.'*

III. ii. 47. *'for a little part'*; Theobald, *'for a little dirt'*; Hanmer, *'a little dirt'*; Heath conjectured *'for a little profit'*; Johnson conjectured *'for a little park'*; Mason conjectured *'for a little port'*; Jackson conjectured *'for a little part'*; Bailey conjectured *'for a little sport'*; Kinnear conjectured *'for a little pomp.'* Steevens explains the passage thus:—"By purchasing what brought me little honour, I have lost the more honourable opportunity of supplying the wants of my friends."

III. ii. 65. *'spirit,'* Theobald's correction of Folios, *'sport'*; Collier MS., *'port.'*

III. ii. 74. *'in respect of his'*; Staunton conjectured *'this.'*

III. iii. 12. *'Thrive, give him over'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'That thriv'd, give him over'*; Pope, *'Three give him over?'*; Hanmer, *'Tried give him over'*; Theobald, *'Thriv'd, give him over?'*; Tyrwhitt conjectured *'Shriv'd give him over:'*; Johnson conjectured *'Thrice give him over,'* &c.

III. iii. 14. *'sense'*; Collier conjectured *''scuse.'*

III. iv. 112. *'Sempronius: 'all:'*; so Folios 3, 4; Folio 1, *'Sem-*

pronius Vllorxa: All'; Folio 2, '*Semprovius: All*'; Malone, '*Sempronius: Ullorxa, all*'; Grant White suggested that '*Vllorxa*' was a misprint for '*Ventidius.*'

III. v. 22. '*behave his anger, ere 'twas spent*'; Folios, '*behooue his . . .*'; Johnson conjectured '*behold his adversary shent*'; Steevens conjectured '*behave, ere was his anger spent*'; Becket conjectured '*behave; his anger was, 'ere spent*'; Hanmer, '*behave in's . . .*'; Malone conjectured '*behave his . . .*'; Collier MS., '*reprove his, . . .*', &c.

III. v. 64. '*I say, my lords, has*'; Pope reads '*I say my lords ha's*'; Folio 1, '*Why say my Lords ha's*'; Folios 2, 3, '*Why I say my Lords ha's*'; Folio 4, '*Why, I say my Lords ha's*'; Capell, '*Why I say, my lords, he has*'; Dyce, '*Why, I say, my lords, has*'; Globe ed., '*I say my lords, he has.*'

III. v. 104. '*And, not to swell our spirit,*' *i.e.* 'not to swell our spirit with anger, not to become exasperated'; Theobald, '*And note, to swell your spirit*'; Capell, '*And, not to swell your spirit*'; Singer, '*quell*'; Kinnear, '*quail.*'

III. v. 107. '*Only in bone,*' *i.e.* 'as a mere skeleton'; Staunton conjectured '*Only at home,*' or '*Only in doors*'; Ingleby conjectured '*only in bed*'; Hudson conjectured '*only alone.*'

III. v. 118. '*most lands*'; Warburton, '*most hands*'; Malone conjectured '*most lords*'; Mason conjectured '*my stains*'; Becket conjectured '*most brands*'; Jackson conjectured, '*most bands.*'

III. vi. 33. '*harshly o' the trumpet's*'; Rowe, '*harshly as o' the Trumpets*'; Steevens (1793), '*harshly on the trumpet's*'; Grant White conjectured '*harshly. O, the trumpets,*' &c.

III. vi. 89. '*you with flatteries*'; so Folios; Warburton, '*with your flatteries*'; Keightley, '*by you with flatteries*'; Folio 2 reads '*flatteries*'; S. Walker conjectured '*flattery.*'

IV. i. 21. '*let*'; Hanmer's emendations of Folios, '*yet.*'

IV. ii. 35. '*what state compounds*'; S. Walker conjectured '*state comprehends*'; Grant White conjectured '*that state compounds*'; Watkiss Lloyd conjectured '*whate'er state comprehends.*'

IV. iii. 9. '*deny 't*'; Warburton, '*denude*'; Hanmer, '*degrade*'; Heath conjectured '*deprive*'; Steevens conjectured '*devest*'; Collier MS., '*decline*'; &c.; the indefinite '*it*' refers to the implied noun in '*raise,*' *i.e.* 'give elevation to.'

IV. iii. 12. '*pasture lards the rother's sides*'; '*rother,*' Singer's emendation for Folios, '*brothers.*' Folio 1, '*Pastour*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*pastor*'; Farmer and Steevens conjectured '*pasterer*': '*lards*'; Rowe's reading, Folio 1, '*Lards*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Lords.*'

IV. iii. 18. '*all is oblique*'; Pope's emendation, Folio 1, '*All's obliquie*'; Folios 2, 3, '*Alls obliquy*'; Folio 4, '*All's obliquy*'; Rowe, '*all's obloquy*'; Lettsom conjectured '*all, all's oblique.*'

IV. iii. 38. '*wappen'd*'; so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, '*wapen'd*'; Warburton, '*waped*'; Johnson conjectured '*wained*'; Malone con-

jectured *'wapper'd'*; Anon. conjectured, *'Wapping'*; Steevens conjectured *'weeping'*; Seymour conjectured *'vapid'*; Staunton conjectured *'woe-pin'd'*; Fleay, *'wop-eyed'*; *i.e.* having waterish eyes (*vide* Glossary).

IV. iii. 106-107. *'conquer my country'*; Kinnear conjectured *'confound my countrymen'*; Hanmer, *'make conquest of my country'*; Capell, *'conquer thy own country'*; S. Walker conjectured *'scourge thy country'*; Hudson, *'scourge my country.'*

IV. iii. 117. *'window-bars'*; Johnson conjectured; Folios, *'window Barn'*; Pope, *'window-barn'*; Warburton, *'window-lawn'*; Tyrwhitt conjectured *'widow's barb.'*

IV. iii. 154. *'spurring'*; Hanmer, *'sparring'*; Long MS., *'spurning'*; Seymour conjectured *'springing'*; there is no need to emend the text.

IV. iii. 216. *'bade'*; Folio 1, *'bad'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'bid.'*

IV. iii. 226. *'when'*; S. Walker conjectured *'where.'*

IV. iii. 244. *'Outlives incertain'*; Rowe's emendation; Folio 1 reads *'Out-lives: incertaine'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Out-lives: in certaine'*; Hanmer, *'Out-strips incertain'*; Capell, *'Out-vies uncertain.'*

IV. iii. 255. *'drugs'*; Folios 1, 2, *'drugges'*; Mason conjectured *'drudges'*; Collier MS., *'dugs'*; Capell conjectured MS. *'dregs'*; *'drugs'* = 'drudges.'

IV. iii. 284. *'my'*; Rowe's correction of Folios, *'thy.'*

IV. iii. 310-311. *'after his means,' i.e. 'after his means were gone.'*

IV. iii. 410. *'meat'*; Theobald, *'meet'* (*i.e.* 'what you ought to be'); Hanmer, *'men'*; Steevens conjectured *'me'*; &c.

IV. iii. 411. *'Behold, the earth hath roots,'* &c.; *cp.* Hall's *Satires*, III. 1 (pub. 1598):—

> *"Time was that, whiles the autumn full did last*
> *Our hungry sires gap'd for the falling mast,"* &c.

IV. iii. 428. *'villany'*; Rowe's correction of Folios 1, 2, *'villaine.'*

IV. iii. 434. *'moon'*; Theobald, *'mounds'*; Capell, *'earth'*; Tollet conjectured *'main.'*

IV. iii. 487. *'dangerous nature mild'*; Thirlby conjectured; Folios, *'wild'*; Becket conjectured *'nature dangerous-wild'*; Jackson conjectured *'dolorous nature wild.'*

V. i. 42. *'black-corned'd,' i.e.* 'hiding things in dark corners'; Hanmer, *'black-corneted'*; Warburton conjectured *'black-cornette'*; Farmer conjectured MS. *'black-coroned'*; Mason conjectured *'black-crowned'*; Jackson conjectured *'dark-horned'*; Singer conjectured, *'black-curtain'd,'* &c.

V. i. 111. *'You have work'*; so Folios; Hanmer, *'You have work'd'*; Malone, *'You have done work'*; Steevens conjectured *'You've work'd.'*

V. i. 132. *'as a cauterizing'*; Rowe's emendation; Folio 1, *'as*

a Cantherizing'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*as a Catherizing*'; Pope, '*cauterizing*'; Capell, '*cancerizing.*'

V. i. 143. '*general, gross:*' Pope's emendation of Folios, '*generall grosse*': S. Walker's conjecture, adopted by Dyce, '*general-gross.*'

V. i. 211. '*haste*'; Pope, '*taste*'; Warburton conjectured MS., '*tatch*'; Collier MS., '*halter.*'

V. ii. 7. '*whom,*' instead of '*who,*' owing to confusion of construction; Pope, '*Who*'; Hanmer, '*And*'; Singer, '*When*'; &c.

V. ii. 8. '*made a particular force*'; Hanmer reads '*had . . . force*'; Staunton conjectured '*took . . . truce*'; Bailey conjectured '*had . . . force with*'; &c.

V. iii. 3-4. These words are in all probability the reflection of the soldier; this view is certainly more acceptable than to believe them to be an inscription placed by Timon somewhere near the tomb. Nor is it necessary, with Warburton, to change '*read*' into '*rear'd.*' The soldier, seeing the tomb, infers that Timon is dead, but he cannot read the inscription; 'some beast read this! there does not live a man able to do so' (*vide* Preface).

V. iv. 31. '*Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess*'; Theobald's emendation ('extreme shame for their folly in banishing you hath broken their hearts'); Folio 1 reads '(*Shame that they wanted, cunning in excesse*)'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Shame* (*that they wanted cunning in excesse*)'; Johnson conjectured '*Shame that they wanted, coming in excess.*'

V. iv. 66. '*render'd to your*'; the conjecture of '*Chedworth,*' adopted by Dyce; Folio 1 reads '*remedied to your*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*remedied by your*'; Pope, '*remedied by*'; Johnson, '*remedied to*'; Malone, '*remedy'd, to your*'; Singer (ed. 2), '*remitted to your.*'

V. iv. 83. '*On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead*'; the reading of Folios; Theobald reads '*On thy low grave.—On: faults forgiven.—Dead*'; Hanmer, '*On thy low grave our faults—forgiv'n, since dead.*'

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR

I. i. 26. '*with awl. I*'; Folios, '*withal I*'; the correction was made by Farmer.

I. ii. 20. The line is evidently to be read thus:—

"A soothsay'r bids you 'ware the ides of March."

I. ii. 155. '*walls*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*walkes.*'

I. ii. 253. '*'Tis very like: he hath*'; Theobald's emendation; Folios, '*'Tis very like he hath.*'

I. ii. 313. *'He should not humour me'*; *i.e.* 'he (Brutus) should not influence me, as I have been influencing him'; others take 'he' to refer to Cæsar, and Johnson explains the passage as follows:—"Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his (Cæsar's love) should not humour me, so as to make me forget my principles."

I. iii. 30. *'These are their reasons'*; Jervis conjectured *'These have their seasons'*; Collier MS., *'These are the seasons.'*

I. iii. 65. *'Why old men fool and'*; Mitford conjectured; Folios, *'Why old men. Fools, and'*; Blackstone conjectured *'Why old men fools, and.'*

I. iii. 129. *'In favour's like'*; Johnson reads *'In favour's, like'*; Folios 1, 2, *'Is Fauors, like'*; Folios 3, 4, *'Is Favours, like'*; Rowe, *'Is feav'rous, like'*; Capell, *'Is favour'd like'*; &c. &c.

II. i. 40. *'the ides of March'*; Theobald's correction of Folios, *'the first of March.'*

II. i. 83. *'For if thou path, thy native semblance on'*; so Folio 2; Folios 1, 3, 4, *'For if thou path thy . . .'*; Pope, *'For if thou march, thy . . .'*; Singer conjectured *'For if thou put'st thy . . .'* &c.; but there is no need to improve on the reading of Folio 2.

II. ii. 19. *'fight'*; so Folios; Dyce, *'fought'*; Keightley, *'did fight.'*

II. ii. 46. *'are'*; Upton conjectured; Folios 1, 2, *'heare'*; Folios 3, 4, *'hear'*; Rowe, *'heard'*; Theobald, *'were.'*

III. i. 39. *'law of children'*; Johnson's emendation of Folios, *'lane of children'*; Steevens conjectured *'line of c.'*; Mason conjectured *'play of c.'* Mr. Fleay approves of the Folio reading, and explains *'lane'* in the sense of 'narrow conceits'; he compares the following lines from Jonson's *Staple of News*:—

> *"A narrow-minded man! my thoughts do dwell*
> *All in a lane."*

III. i. 47, 48. *'Know, Cæsar, doth not wrong, nor without cause Will he be satisfied'*; there is an interesting piece of literary history connected with these lines. In Ben Jonson's *Sylva* or *Discoveries* occurs the famous criticism on Shakespeare, where Jonson, after speaking of his love for Shakespeare, "on this side of idolatry, expresses a wish 'that he had blotted more.'" "His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things which could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, *'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,'* and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned." Again in his *Staple of News* (acted 1625), a character says, "Cry you mercy, *you never did wrong, but with just cause.*" From these references it is inferred that in its original form the passage stood thus:—

"METELLUS. *Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.*

CÆSAR. *Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, but with just cause,*
Nor without cause will he be satisfied."

It is impossible to determine whether Jonson misquoted, or whether (as seems more likely) his criticism effected its purpose, and the lines were changed by Shakespeare or by his editors.

III. i. 78. '*Et tu, Brute*'; according to Plutarch, Cæsar called out in Latin to Casca, '*O vile traitor, Casca, what doest thou?*' Suetonius, however, states that Cæsar addressed Brutus in Greek: —'καὶ σὺ, τέκνον,' *i.e.* '*and thou, too, my son.*' The words '*Et tu, Brute,*' proverbial in Elizabethan times, must have been derived from the Greek; they are found in at least three works published earlier than *Julius Cæsar*:—(i.) Eedes' Latin play, *Cæsaris interfecti*, 1582; (ii.) *The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of York*, 1595; (iii.) *Acolastus, his Afterwitte*, 1600. In Cæsar's Legend, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587, these lines occur:—

"*O this, quoth I, is violence: then Cassius pierced my breast;*
And Brutus thou, my son, quoth I, whom erst I loved best."

III. i. 104-111. These lines are given to Casca by Pope.

III. i. 175. '*in strength of malice*'; so Folios; Pope, '*exempt from malice*'; Capell, '*no strength of malice*'; Seymour, '*reproof of malice*'; Collier MS., adopted by Craik, '*in strength of welcome*'; Badham conjectured '*unstring their malice,*' &c. If any emendation is necessary, Capell's suggestion commends itself most; but '*in strength of malice*' may mean 'in the intensity of their hatred to Cæsar's tyranny,' and this, as Grant White points out, suits the context.

III. i. 263. '*limbs of men*', so Folios; Hanmer, '*kind of men*'; Johnson conjectured '*lives of*' or '*lymmes of men*'; Jackson, '*imps of men*'; Collier MS., adopted by Craik, '*loins of men*'; Bulloch, '*limbs of Rome,*' &c.

III. ii. 250. '*On this side Tiber*'; Theobald proposed '*that*' for '*this*'; Cæsar's gardens were on the left bank of the river. Shakespeare followed North's *Plutarch*, and North merely translated the words in Amyot.

IV. i. 37. '*abjects, orts*'; Staunton's reading; Theobald, '*abject orts*'; Folios, '*Obiects, Arts*'; Becket conjectured '*abject arts*'; Gould conjectured '*objects, orts.*'

IV. i. 44. '*our means stretch'd*'; Folio 1, '*our meanes stretcht*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*and our best meanes stretcht out*'; Johnson, '*our best means stretcht*'; Malone, '*our means stretch'd to the utmost.*'

IV. ii. 50, 52. Craik's suggestion that '*Lucilius*' and '*Lucius*' have been transposed in these lines has been accepted by many Editors. The Cambridge editors are of opinion that the error is due to the author and not to a transcriber, and have, therefore, not tampered with the text.

IV. iii. 129. *Cp.* "This Phaonius . . . came into the chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he coun-

terfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in Homer":—

"My lords I pray you hearken both to me,
For I have seen more years than suchie three."

(North's *Plutarch*).

IV. iii. 132. *'vilely'*; so Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, *'vildely'*; Folio 3, *'vildly.'*

V. i. 20. *'I will do so,' i.e.* 'I will do as you wish, and keep on the left'; according to some Editors, the words may mean 'I will not wrangle, but will have my way.'

V. i. 53. *'three and thirty'*; Theobald, *'three and twenty'* (the number given in *Plutarch*).

V. iii. 99. *'The last'*; Rowe unnecessarily suggested, *'Thou last'*; but *cp.* North's *Plutarch,* "he (Brutus) lamented the death of Cassius, calling him *the last* of all the Romans."

V. v. 33. *'Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen'*; Theobald's emendation of Folios, *'Farewell to thee, to Strato, Countrymen.'*

V. v. 71. *'in a general honest thought And'*; Collier MS., adopted by Craik, reads *'in a generous honest thought Of.'*

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

I. i. 1. Perhaps we should follow the punctuation of the Folio, and place a note of interrogation after *'again.'*

I. ii. 14. *'damned quarrel'*; Johnson's, perhaps unnecessary, emendation of Folios, *'damned quarry'* (*cp.* IV. iii. 206); but Holinshed uses 'quarrel' in the corresponding passage.

I. ii. 20-21. Many emendations and interpretations have been advanced for this passage; Koppel's explanation (*Shakespeare Studien,* 1896) is as follows:—"he faced the slave, who never found time for the preliminary formalities of a duel, *i.e.* shaking hands with and bidding farewell to the opponent"; seemingly, however, *'which'* should have *'he'* (*i.e.* Macbeth) and not *'slave'* as its antecedent.

I. iii. 15. *'And the very ports they blow'*; Johnson conjectured *'various'* for *'very'*; Pope reads *'points'* for *'ports'*; Clar. Press ed. *'orts'*; *'blow'* = 'blow upon.'

I. iii. 32. *'weird'*; Folios, *'weyward'* (prob. = *'weird'*); Keightley, *'weyard.'*

I. iii. 97, 98. *'As thick as hail Came post'*; Rowe's emendation; Folios read *'As thick as tale Can post.'*

I. v. 22-24. The difficulty of these lines arises from the repeated words *'that which'* in line 22, and some editors have consequently placed the inverted commas after *'undone'*; but *'that which'* is

probably due to the same expression in the previous line, and we should perhaps read *'and that's which'* or *'and that's what.'*

I. vi. 4. *'martlet'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'Barlet.'*

I. vi. 5. *'loved mansionry,'* Theobald's emendation of Folios, *'loved mansonry'*; Pope (ed. 2), *'loved masonry.'*

I. vi. 6. *'jutty, frieze'*; Pope, *'jutting frieze'*; Staunton conjectured *'jutty, nor frieze,'* &c.

I. vi. 9. *'most'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'must'*; Collier MS. *'much.'*

I. vii. 6. *'shoal'*; Theobald's emendation of Folios 1, 2, *'schoole.'*

I. vii. 45. *'Like the poor cat i' the adage'*; 'The cat would eat fyshe, and would not wet her feete,' Heywood's *Proverbs;* the low Latin form of the same proverb is:—

"Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas."

I. vii. 47. *'do more'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'no more.'*

II. i. 51. *'sleep'*; Steevens conjectured *'sleeper,'* but no emendation is necessary; the pause after *'sleep'* is evidently equivalent to a syllable.

II. i. 55. *'Tarquin's ravishing strides'*; Pope's emendation; Folios, *'Tarquins ravishing sides.'*

II. i. 56. *'sure'*; Pope's conjecture, adopted by Capell; Folios 1, 2, *'sowre.'*

II. i. 57. *'which way they walk'*; Rowe's emendation; Folios, *'which they may walk.'*

II. ii. 36-37. There are no inverted commas in the Folios. The arrangement in the text is generally followed (similarly, ll. 42-44).

III. i. 131. *'you with the perfect spy o' the time'*; Johnson conjectured *'you with a'*; Tyrwhitt conjectured *'you with the perfect spot, the time'*; Becket conjectured *'you with the perfectry o' the time'*; Grant White, from Collier MS., *'you, with a perfect spy, o' the time'*; Schmidt interprets *'spy'* to mean "an advanced guard; that time which will precede the time of the deed, and indicate that it is at hand"; according to others 'spy' = the person who gives the information; the simplest explanation is, perhaps, 'the exact spying out of the time,' *i.e.* 'the moment on't,' which in the text follows in apposition.

III. ii. 20. *'our peace'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'our place.'*

III. iv. 14. *' 'Tis better thee without than he within'*; probably *'he'* instead of *'him'* for the sake of effective antithesis with *'thee'*; unless, as is possible, *'he within'* = 'he in this room.'

III. iv. 78. *'time has'*; Folio 1, *'times has'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'times have'*; the reading of the First Folio is probably what Shakespeare intended.

III. iv. 105-106. *'If trembling I inhabit then'*; various emendations have been proposed, *e.g. 'I inhibit,'* = *'me inhibit,' 'I in-*

hibit thee,' 'I inherit,' &c.; probably the text is correct, and the words mean 'If I then put on the habit of trembling,' *i.e.* 'If I invest myself in trembling' (*cp.* Koppel, p. 76).

III. iv. 122. The Folios read:—

"It will have blood they say;
Blood will have blood."

III. iv. 144. *'in deed'*; Theobald's emendation of Folios, *'indeed'*; Hanmer, *'in deeds.'*

III. v. 13. *'Loves'*; Halliwell conjectured *'Lives'*; Staunton conjectured *'Loves evil.'*

III. vi. 27. *'the most pious Edward,' i.e.* Edward the Confessor.

IV. i. 97. *'Rebellion's head'*; Theobald's conjecture, adopted by Hanmer; Folios read *'Rebellious dead'*; Warburton's conjecture, adopted by Theobald, *'Rebellious head.'*

IV. ii. 18, 19. *'when we are traitors And do not know ourselves,' i.e.* 'when we are accounted traitors, and do not know that we are, having no consciousness of guilt.' Hammer, *'know't o.'*; Keightley, *'know it ourselves'*; but no change seems necessary.

IV. ii. 19-20. *'when we hold rumour,'* &c.; *i.e.* 'when we interpret rumour in accordance with our fear, yet know not exactly what it is we fear.'

IV. ii. 22. *'Each way and move'*; Theobald conjectured *'Each way and wave'*; Capell, *'And move each way'*; Steevens conjectured *'And each way move'*; Johnson conjectured *'Each way, and move—'*; Jackson conjectured *'Each wail and moan'*; Ingleby conjectured *'Which way we move'*; Anonymous conjecture, *'And move each wave'*; Staunton conjectured *'Each sway and move'*; Daniel conjectured *'Each way it moves'*; Camb. eds. conjectured *'Each way and none'*; perhaps *'Each way we move'* is the simplest reading of the words.

IV. ii. 69. *'do worse,' i.e.* "let her and her children be destroyed without warning" (Johnson); (Hanmer, *'do less'*; Capell, *'do less'*).

IV. iii. 15. *'deserve'*; Warburton's emendation, adopted by Theobald; Folios 1, 2, *'discerne'*; Folios 3, 4, *'discern'*; —, *'and wisdom'*; there is some corruption of text here, probably a line has dropped out. Hanmer reads *''tis wisdom'*; Steevens conjectured *'and wisdom is it'*; Collier conjectured *'and 'tis wisdom'*; Staunton conjectured *'and wisdom 'tis'* or *'and wisdom bids'*; Keightley, *'and wisdom 'twere.'*

IV. iii. 111. *'Died every day she lived,'* "lived a life of daily mortification" (Delius).

IV. iii. 234. *'tune'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'time.'*

V. i. 23. *'sense is shut'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'sense are shut'*; S. Walker's conjecture, adopted by Dyce, *'sense are shut.'* The reading of the Folio probably gives the right reading, 'sense' being taken as a plural.

V. iii. 1. *'them,' i.e.* the thanes.

V. iii. 21. *'cheer'*; Percy's conjecture, adopted by Dyce, *'chair'*; ——; *'disseat,'* Jennens's and Capell's conjecture, adopted by Steevens; Folio 1, *'dis-eate'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'disease'*; Bailey conjectured *'disseize'*; Daniel conjectured *'defeat'*; Furness, *'dis-ease'*; Perring conjectured *'disheart.'*

V. iii. 22. *'way of life'*; Johnson proposed the unnecessary emendation *'May of life,'* and several Editors have accepted the conjecture.

V. iii. 44. *'stuff'd'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'stuft'*; Pope, *'full'*; Steevens' conjecture, adopted by Hunter, *'foul'*; Anonymous conjecture, *'fraught,' 'press'd'*; Bailey conjectured *'stain'd'*; Mull conjectured *'steep'd'*: ——; *'stuff'*; so Folios 3, 4; Jackson conjectured *'tuft'*; Collier (ed. 2), from Collier MS., *'grief'*; Keightley, *'matter'*; Anonymous conjecture, *'slough,' 'freight'*; Kinnear conjectured *'fraught.'*

V. iii. 55. *'senna'*; so Folio 4; Folio 1, *'Cyme'*; Folios 2, 3, *'Caeny'*; Bulloch conjectured *'sirrah.'*

V. iii. 58. *'it,' i.e.* the armour.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

I. i. 63. *'He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice'*; Quarto 1, Quarto 2, Folio 1, *'pollax,'* variously interpreted as *'Polaeks,' 'poleauxe,'* &c.; there is very little to be said against the former interpretation, unless it be that 'the ambitious Norway' in the previous sentence would lead one to expect 'the sledded Polack,' a commendable reading originally proposed by Pope.

I. i. 108-125. These lines occur in the Quartos, but are omitted in Folios.

I. i. 167. *'eastward,'* so Quartos; Folios, *'easterne'*; the latter reading was perhaps in Milton's mind, when he wrote:—

> *"Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime*
> *Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearls."*
> *Par. Lost*, v. 1.

I. ii. 9. *'to'*; the reading of Quartos; Folios, *'of.'*

I. ii. 58-60. Omitted in Folios.

I. iii. 13. *'this temple'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'his temple.'*

I. iii. 17. *'will,'* so Quartos; Folios, *'fear.'*

I. iii. 19. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iii. 27. *'particular act and place,'* so Quartos; Folios, *'peculiar sect and force.'*

I. iii. 59. Polonius' precepts have been traced back to Euphues' advice to Philautus; the similarity is certainly striking (*vide* Rush-

ton's *Shakespeare's Euphuism*); others see in the passage a reference to Lord Burleigh's 'ten precepts,' enjoined upon Robert Cecil when about to set out on his travels (French's *Shakespeareana Genealogica*, *v.* Furness, Vol. II., p. 239).

I. iii. 66. *'comrade'* (accented on the second syllable), so Folio 1; Quartos (also Quarto 1), *'cowrage.'*

I. iii. 75. *'Are of a most select and generous chief in that'*; so Folio 1; Quarto 1, *'are of a most select and general chiefe in that'*; Quarto 2, *'Or of a most select and generous chiefe in that'*; the line is obviously incorrect; the simplest emendation of the many proposed is the omission of the words *'of a'* and *'chief,'* which were probably due to marginal corrections of *'in'* and *'best'* in the previous line:—

"Are most select and generous in that."

(Collier *'choice'* for *'chief'*; Staunton *'sheaf,' i.e.* set, clique, suggested by the Euphuistic phrase "gentlemen of the best sheaf").

I. iii. 110. *'Running,'* Collier's conjecture; Quartos, *'Wrong'*; Folio 1, *'Roaming'*; Pope, *'Wronging'*; Warburton, *'Wronging'*; Theobald, *'Ranging,'* &c.

I. iii. 131. *'bawds'*; Theobald's emendation of *'bonds,'* the reading of Quartos and Folio 1.

I. iv. 17-38. Omitted in Folio 1 (also Quarto 1).

I. iv. 36-38.

'the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal';

this famous crux has taxed the ingenuity of generations of scholars, and some fifty various readings and interpretations have been proposed. The general meaning of the words is clear, emphasizing as they do the previous statement that as a man's virtues, be they as pure as grace, shall in the general censure take corruption from one particular fault, even so 'the dram of eale' reduces all the noble substance to its own low level.

The difficulty of the passage lies in (i.) *'eale'* and (ii.) *'doth . . . of a doubt'*; a simple explanation of (i.) is that *'eale'* = *'e'il,' i.e.* 'evil' (similarly in Quarto 2, II. ii. 627, *'deale'* = *'de'ile'* = 'devil'). The chief objection to this plausible conjecture is that one would expect something rather more definite than 'dram of evil'; it is said, however, that *'eale'* is still used in the sense of 'reproach' in the western counties. Theobald proposed 'base,' probably having in mind the lines in *Cymbeline* (III. v. 88):—

"From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn."

As regards (ii.), no very plausible emendation has been proposed; *'of a doubt'* has been taken to be a printer's error for *'often dout,' 'oft endoubt,' 'offer doubt,' 'oft work out,'* &c. To the many questions which these words have called forth, the present writer

is rash enough to add one more:—Could, perhaps, *'doth of a doubt'* = deprives of the benefit of a doubt? Is there any instance of 'do' in XVIth century English = 'deprive'; the usage is common in modern English slang.

I. iv. 75-78. Omitted in Folio 1.

I. v. 22. *'List, list, O list!'* so Quartos; Folio 1, *'list, Hamlet, oh list.'*

II. i. The stage direction in Quartos:—*Enter old Polonius, with his man or two*; Folios, *Polonius and Reynaldo*; in Quarto 1, *Reynaldo* is called *Montano,* hence perhaps the reading of the later Quarto.

II. i. 4. *'to make inquire'*; so Quartos; Folios read, *'you make inquiry.'*

II. ii. 17. Omitted in Folios.

II. ii. 73. *'three'*; so Quarto 1 and Folios; Quartos read *'threescore.'*

II. ii. 209-211. The reading of Folios; omitted in Quartos.

II. ii. 318-319. *'the clown . . . sere,'* omitted in Quartos; (*vide* Glossary, "TICKLE O' THE SERE").

II. ii. 326-327. *'I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation'*; (*vide* Preface).

II. ii. 331-356. Omitted in Quartos.

II. ii. 332-336.

> *"I saw the children of Powles last night:*
> *And troth they pleas'd me pretty, pretty well,*
> *The apes, in time, will do it handsomely.*
> *—I like the audience that frequenteth there*
> *With much applause."*
>
> *Jack Drum's Entertainment* (1601).

II. ii. 437-438. *'Æneas' tale to Dido'*; one cannot but believe that Hamlet's criticism of the play is throughout ironical, and that the speeches quoted are burlesque. "The fancy that a burlesque was intended," wrote Coleridge, "sinks below criticism; the lines, as epic narrative, are superb"; perhaps he would have changed his mind, and would have recognised them as mere parody, if he had read *Dido, Queen of Carthage,* a play left incomplete by Marlowe and finished by Nash (*cp.* e.g. Act. II, Sc. i. which seems to be the very passage Shakespeare had in view).

II. ii. 456. Omitted in Folios.

II. ii. 464. *'Then senseless Ilium'*; 494, *'mobled . . . good'*; omitted in Quartos.

II. ii. 509. *'whether,'* Malone's emendation; Quartos, Folios, *'where'* (*i.e. 'wh'ere = whether'*).

II. ii. 530. *'a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines'*; there was much throwing about of brains in the attempt to find these lines in the play-scene in Act III. Sc. ii. "The discussion," as Furness aptly puts it, "is a tribute to Shakespeare's consummate art," and

the view of this scholar commends itself—viz., that "in order to give an air of probability to what everyone would feel [otherwise] highly improbable, Shakespeare represents Hamlet as adapting an old play to his present needs by inserting in it some pointed lines."

II. ii. 580-581.

"Hum, I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play," &c.,

vide Heywood's *Apology for Actors,* where a number of these stories are collected; perhaps, however, Shakespeare had in mind the plot of *A Warning for Faire Women,* a play on this theme published in 1599, referring to a *cause célèbre* which befell at Lynn in Norfolk.

III. i. 13-14. *'Niggard of question, but of our own demands most free'*; Hanmer, *'Most free of our question, but to our demands most niggard'*; Warburton, *'Most free of question, but of our demands most niggard'*; Collier MS., *'niggard of our question, but to our demands most free.'*

III. i. 59. *'to take arms against a sea of troubles,'* &c.; the alleged confusion of metaphors in this passage was due to the commentator's ignorance, not to Shakespeare's; (*vide* Glossary, *'take arms'*).

III. i. 79, 80:—

"The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns."

In Catullus' *Elegy on a Sparrow,* occur the words:—

"Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
Illuc unde negant redire quenquam."

III. i. 142. *'paintings'*; so (Quarto 1) Quartos; Folio 1, *'pratlings'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'pratling'*; Pope, *'painting'*; Macdonald conjectured *'prancings.'*

III. ii. 31. *'nor man'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'or Norman.'*

III. ii. 42, 43. There is a striking passage in Quarto 1, omitted in Quarto 2 and Folio, concerning those 'that keep one suit of jests, as a man is known by one suit of apparell'; the lines have a Shakespearian note, and are probably of great interest.

III. ii. 131. Much has been said to explain the introduction of the dumb-show; from the historical point of view its place in a court-play is not surprising, (*vide* Glossary, 'DUMB SHOW').

III. ii. 162. The reading of the Folios; Quarto is:—

"For women feare too much, even as they love,
And women's fear and love holds quantity."

Johnson believed that a line was lost rhyming with *'love.'*

III. ii. 163. *'In neither ought, or in extremity'*; Malone's emendation; Folios, *'In neither ought,'* &c.; Quartos, *'Eyther none, in neither ought,'* &c.

III. ii. 199. *'favourite'*; Folio 1, *'favourites,'* a reading for which much is to be said.

III. ii. 233. *'Vienna'*; Quarto 1, *'Guyana,'* for *'Gonzago,'* Quarto 1 reads *Albertus,* who is throughout called Duke; in Quarto 2 it is always *King;* except here where Hamlet says *'Gonzago is the Duke's name.'*

III. ii. 248. *'The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge'*;
cp. *"The screeking raven sits croaking for revenge,*
Whole herds of beasts comes bellowing for revenge."
The True Tragedie of Rich. III.

III. ii. 381. *'bitter business as the day'*; so Folios; Quartos read *'business as the bitter day.'*

III. iii. 7. *'lunacies'*; so Folios; Quartos—*'browes.'*

III. iii. 79. *'hire and salary'*; so Folios; Quartos misprint, *'base and silly.'*

III. iv. 71-76, 78-81, 161-165, 167-170, 202-210, omitted in Folios.

III. iv. 171. *'And either . . . the devil'*; some such word as *'master,' 'quell,' 'shame,'* has been omitted in Quartos, which read *'and either the devil.'*

IV. i. 4. Omitted in Folios.

IV. i. 40-44. Folio 1 omits these lines, and ends scene with the words:—

"And what's untimely done. Oh, come away,
My soul is full of discord and dismay."

Theobald proposed to restore the line by adding *'for, haply, slander.'*

IV. ii. 17. *'like an ape'*; so Folios; Quartos, *'like an apple'*; Farmer conjectured *'like an ape, an apple'*; Singer, from Quarto 1, *'like an ape doth nuts'*; Hudson (1879), *'as an ape doth nuts.'*

IV. ii. 22, 23. *'A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear'*; a sentence proverbial since Shakespeare's time, but not known earlier.

IV. ii. 29. *cp.* Psalm cxliv., *'Man is like a thing of naught'*; 29, 30. *'Hide fox, and all after,'* the reading of Folios; omitted in Quarto.

IV. iii. 26-28. Omitted in Folios.

IV. iii. 39. *'this deed, for thine'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'deed of thine, for thine.'*

IV. iii. 42. *'with fiery quickness'*; so Folios; omitted in Quartos.

IV. iii. 67. *'my haps, my joys were ne'er begun'*; so Folios; Quartos, *'my haps, my joyes will nere begin'*; Johnson conjectured *'my hopes, my joys are not begun'*; Heath conjectured *''t may hap, my joys will ne'er begin'*; Collier MS., *'my hopes, my joyes were ne're begun'*; Tschischwitz, *'my joys will ne'er begun.'*

IV. iv. 3. *'Craves'*; so Quartos; Folios 1, 2, *'Claimes.'*

IV. iv. 9-66. The reading of the Quartos; omitted in Folios.

IV. v. 39. *'grave'*; so Quarto 1, Folios; Quartos, *'ground'*; *'did go'*; Pope's emendation of Quartos; Folios, *'did not go.'*

IV. v. 48-55. Song in Quartos; omitted in Folios.

IV. v. 74. *'death.* O'; Quartos, *'death, and now behold.'*

IV. v. 86. *'Feeds on his wonder'*; Johnson's emendation; Quartos, *'Feeds on this wonder'*; Folios, *'Keepes on his wonder'*; Hanmer, *'Feeds on his anger.'*

IV. v. 93. *'Alack, what noise is this'*, omitted in Quartos.

IV. v. 116. *'unsmirched brows'*; Grant White's emendation; Folio 1, *'unsmirched brow.'*

IV. v. 163. *'rain'd'*; so Quartos; Folios 1, 2, *'raines.'*

IV. v. 169-170. *'It is the false steward,'* &c.; the story has not yet been identified.

IV. v. 189. *cp. 'Eastward Hoe'* (1604), by Jonson, Marston, and Chapman, for a travesty of the scene and this song (Act III. Sc. i.).

IV. vi. 2. *'Sea-faring men'*; so Quartos; Folios read *'Sailors.'*

IV. vii. 14. *'She's so conjunctive'*; so Folios; Quartos read *'She is so concline'*; Quarto, 1676, *'She is so precious.'*

IV. vii. 22. *'loud a wind,'* so Folios; Quartos 2, 3, *'loued Arm'd'*; Quartos 4, 5, *'loued armes.'*

IV. vii. 66-79. *'my lord . . . graveness'*; omitted in Folios; so, too, ll. 115-124.

IV. vii. 160. *'But stay, what noise?'*; the reading of Quartos; omitted in Folios.

IV. vii. 176. *'tunes'*; so Folio 1 and Quarto 1; Quarto 2, *'lauds'* (*i.e.* chants).

IV. vii. 190. *'douts'*; Knight's emendation; Folio 1, *'doubts'*; Quartos, *'drownes.'*

V. i. 35-37, 101-102. *'is this . . . recoveries'*; 115, 176, omitted in Quartos.

V. i. 237. *'treble woe'*; the reading of Quartos 2, 3, 6; Folio 1, *'terrible woer'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'terrible wooer.'*

V. i. 267. *'woo't drink up eisel'*; (*vide* Glossary, *'eisel'*); the various emendations *'Weissel,' 'Yssel'* (a northern branch of the Rhine), *'Nile,' 'Nilus,'* are all equally unnecessary.

V. ii. 9. *'pall'*; so Quarto 2; Folio 1, *'parle'*; Pope, *'fall.'*

V. ii. 31. *'they,' i.e.* my brains.

V. ii. 57, 68-80. Omitted in Quartos.

V. ii. 78. *'court'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'count.'*

V. ii. 93. *'or'*; Folios read *'for.'*

V. ii. 104-138. These lines are omitted in Folios, which read, *'Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon.'*

V. ii. 124. *'another tongue'*; Johnson conjectured *'a mother tongue'*; Heath conjectured *'a mother tongue?'* No change is necessary; it's a bit of sarcasm.

V. ii. 149-150. Omitted in Folios.

V. ii. 179. *'many more of the same breed'*; so Quartos; Folio 1 reads, *'mine more of the same Beauy'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'nine more of the same Beavy.'*

V. ii. 186-197. Omitted in Folios.

V. ii. 211-213. *'Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.'* The reading is taken partly from the Folios and partly from the Quartos; a long list of proposed emendations is given by the Cambridge editors.

V. ii. 229. Omitted in Quartos.

V. ii. 233. *'brother'*; so Quartos; Folios read *'mother.'*

V. ii. 276. *'He's fat and scant of breath'*; (*vide* Glossary, 'FAT').

V. ii. 334. *'live'*; so Folios; Quartos, *'I leave.'*

V. ii. 372. *'forced cause'*; so Folios; Quartos read *'for no cause.'*

KING LEAR

I. i. 37. *'from our age'*; so Folios; Quartos *'of our state.'*

I. i. 38-43. (*'while we . . . now'*); 49-50, 164; I. ii. 18. (*'fine word, legitimate'*); 45 (*'and reverence'*); 117-122; I. iv. 6 (*'so may it come'*); 285; omitted in Quartos.

I. i. 51. *"Where nature doth with merit challenge, Goneril"*; so Folios; Quartos read *'Where merit doth most challenge it.'*

I. i. 60. *'do'*; so Quartos; Folios read *'speak.'*

I. i. 77. *'Ponderous'*; so Folios; Quartos, *'richer.'*

I. i. 82. *'the last, not least'*; so Quartos; Folios read *'our last and least.'*

I. i. 104; ii. 140-147 (*'as of unnaturalness . . . come'*); 166 (*'go armed'*); I. iii. 17-21; 25-26; I. iv. 131-146; 220-224; omitted in Folios.

I. i. 109. *'mysteries,'* the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Quartos, *'mistresse'*; Folio 1, *'miseries.'*

I. i. 145. *'What wouldst thou do, old man?'*; "This is spoken on seeing his master put his hand to his sword" (Capell); Folios 1, 2, 3, *'wouldest'*; Quartos, *'wilt.'*

I. i. 148. *'stoops to folly'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'falls to folly'* (Folio 3, *'fall to folly'*); *'Reverse thy doom'*; so Quarto; Folios read, *'reserue thy state.'*

I. i. 166. *'recreant'*; omitted in Quartos.

I. i. 173. *'five'*; so Folios; Quartos, *'Foure.'*

I. i. 175. *'sixth,'* so Folios; Quartos, *'fift.'*

I. i. 191. This line is given to Cordelia in Folios.

I. i. 233. *'Better'*; so Folios; Quartos, *'go to, go to, better.'*

I. i. 248. *'respects of fortune'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'respect and fortunes.'*

I. i. 279. *'want'*; Quartos, *'worth.'* Theobald explains the Folio reading, "You well deserve to meet with that *want* of love from your husband, which you have professed to want for our Father."

I. i. 281. *'shame them derides'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'with shame derides'*; Warburton, *'with shame abides,'* &c.

I. i. 289. *'hath not been'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'hath been.'*

I. ii. 10. So Folios; Quartos read, *'with base, base bastardie.'*

I. ii. 21. *'top the'*; Edward's conjecture of Quartos 1, 2, *'tooth'*; Quarto 3, *'too h'*; Folios 1, 2, *'to'th'*; Folios 3, 4, *'to th','* &c.

I. ii. 63. *'that,' i.e.* the matter, contents.

I. ii. 101. *'These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good'*; (*v.* Preface).

I. ii. 116. *'surfeit'*; so Quarto 1; Quartos 2, 3, *'surfet'*; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'surfets'*; Folio 4, *'surfeits'*; Collier conjectured *'forefit.'*

I. ii. 160. *'That's my fear . . . Brother,'* so Folios; Quartos read *'That's my feare brother,'* omitting rest of speech.

I. iii. 21. *'With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abused'*; Tyrwhitt's explanation seems the most plausible, "with checks, as well as flatterers, when they (*i.e.* flatterers) are seen to be abused." The emendators have been busy with the line without much success.

I. iv. 100. *'Kent. Why, fool?'*; the reading of Quartos; Folios read *'Lear. Why my Boy?'*

I. iv. 145. *'Ladies'*; Capell's emendation; Quartos, *'lodes'*; Collier, *'loads.'*

I. iv. 217. *'Ha! waking?'* Quartos read *'sleeping or waking; ha! sure.'*

II. i. 10-11. Omitted in Quartos 2, 3.

II. i. 47. *'their thunders'*; so the Quartos; Folios, *'the thunder'*; Johnson, *'their thunder.'*

II. i. 59. *'dispatch'*; *i.e.* 'dispatch him'; or perhaps, 'dispatch is the word.'

II. i. 71. *'what I should deny'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'What should I deny'*; Rowe, *'by what I should deny'*; Hanmer, *'what I'd deny'*; Warburton, *'when I should deny'*; Schmidt, *'what, should I deny.'*

II. i. 79. *'I never got him'*; so Quartos, Folios, *'said he?'*

II. i. 98. *'of that consort'*; so Folios; omitted in Quartos.

II. i. 101. *'the waste and spoil of his'*; Quarto 1, *'the wast and spoyle of his'*; Quartos 2, 3, *'these—and waste of this his'*; Quarto 1 (Dev. and Cap.) *'these—and waste of this his'*; Folio 1, *'th' expence and wast of his,'* Folios 2, 3, 4, *'th' expence and wast of.'*

II. ii. 55. *'hours'*; Folios, *'years.'*

II. ii. 70. *'Which are too intrinse to unloose'*; Folio 1, *'are t' intrince'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'art t'intrince'*; Quartos, *'are to intrench'*; Pope, *'Too intricate'*; Theobald, *'Too 'intrinsecate'*; Hanmer, *'too intrinsick'*; *'to unloose'*; Folios, *'t'unloose'*; Quartos, *'toinloose'*; Seymour conjectured *'to enloose.'*

II. ii. 136-140. *'His fault . . . punish'd with'*; omitted in Folios.

II. ii. 140. *'the king must take it ill'*; Folios read *'the King his Master, needs must take it ill.'*

II. ii. 145. Omitted in Folios.

II. ii. 156-157. *'out of heaven's benediction comes To the warm sun'; cp.* Heywood's *'Dialogues on Proverbs'; 'In your rennyng from hym to me, ye runne out of God's blessing into the warm sunne'; i.e.* from good to worse. Professor Skeat suggests to me that the proverb refers to the haste of the congregation to leave the shelter of the church, immediately after the priest's benediction, running from God's blessing into the warm sun. This explanation seems by far the best that has been suggested.

II. ii. 160. *'miracles'*; so Folios; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'my wracke'*; Quarto 1 (Bodl.), *'my rackles.'*

II. ii. 163-165. *'and shall . . . remedies'*; many emendations have been proposed to remove the obscurity of the lines, but none can be considered satisfactory. Kent, it must be remembered, is 'all weary and o'er-watched.' Jennens suggested that Kent is reading disjointed fragments of Cordelia's letter. *'From this enormous state'* seems to mean 'in this abnormal state of affairs.'

II. iv. 18-19. Omitted in Folios.

II. iv. 96-97; 139-144. Omitted in Quartos.

II. iv. 100. *'commands her service'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'commands, tends, service.'*

II. iv. 167. *'and blast her pride'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'and blister'*; Collier MS. and S. Walker conjectured *'and blast her'*; Schmidt conjectured *'and blister pride.'*

II. iv. 171. *'tender-hefted'*; so Folios; Quarto 2, *'tender hested'*; Quarto 1, *'teder hested'*; Quarto 3, *'tender hasted'*; Rowe (ed. 2) and Pope, *'tender hearted'*; &c.

II. iv. 300. *'bleak'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'high.'*

III. i. 7-15; vi. 17-55; 96-100 (*'oppressed . . . behind'*); 101-114; vii. 98-106; omitted in the Folios.

III. i. 22-29; ii. 79-96; iv. 17-18; 26-27; 37-38; vi. 12-16; 83; omitted in the Quartos.

III. ii. 7. *'smite'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'strike.'*

III. ii. 9. *'make'*; Folios, *'makes.'*

III. ii. 22. *'have . . . join'd'*; the reading of Quartos; Folios read *'will . . . join.'*

III. ii. 37. *'No I will be the pattern of all patience'; cp.* the description of Leir by Perillus in the old play:—*'But he, the myrrour of mild patience, Puts up all wrongs, and never gives reply.'*

III. ii. 64. *'More harder than the stones'*; so Folios; Quartos *'More hard then is the stone.'*

III. ii. 73. *'That's sorry'*; so Folios; Quartos, *'That sorrowes.'*

III. ii. 74-77. *Cp.* Clown's song in *Twelfth Night*, V. vi. 398.

III. ii. 95. *'I live before his time'*; according to the legend, Lear was contemporary with Joash, King of Judah. The whole prophecy, which does not occur in the Quartos, was probably an interpolation, tacked on by the actor who played the fool. The passage is an imitation of some lines formerly attributed to Chaucer, called *'Chaucer's Prophecy.'*

III. iv. 6. *'contentions'*; so Folios; Quarto 1 (some copies) *'tempestious'*; Quartos 2, 3, and Quarto 1 (some copies) *'crulentious.'*

III. iv. 29. *'storm'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'night.'*

III. iv. 45. *'Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind'*; probably the burden of an old song.

III. iv. 52. *'knives under his pillow and halters in his pew'* (to tempt him to suicide). Theobald pointed out that the allusion is to an incident mentioned in Harsnet's *Declaration.*

III. iv. 77. *'thy word justly'*; Pope's emendation; Quartos read, *'thy words justly'*; Folio 1, *'thy words Justice.'*

III. iv. 95. *'sessa'*; Malone's emendation; Folio 1, *'Sesey,'* Quarto 1, *'caese'*; Quarto 2, *'cease'*; Capell, *'sesse'*; &c.

III. iv. 130-131. *Cp. 'The Romance of Sir Bevis of Hamptoun;—*

"Rattes and myce and suche small dere,
Was his meate that seuen yere."

III. iv. 172-174. *'Child Rowland to the dark tower came,'* &c. Jamieson, in his *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities* (1814) has preserved the story as told him by a tailor in his youth; this Scottish Version has since been reprinted and studied (*Cp.* Childs' *English and Scottish Ballads,* and Jacob's *English Fairy Tales*).

III. iv. 173. *'His word was still'* refers, of course, to the giant, and not to Childe Rowland. The same story (with the refrain *Fee fo fum, Here is the Englishman*) is alluded to in Peele's *Old Wives Tale,* and it is just possible that it may be the ultimate original of the plot of Milton's *Comus* (*v.* Preface, on *British* for *English*).

III. vi. 26. *'Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me.'* Mr. Chappell (Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 305, note) says, "The allusion is to an English ballad by William Birch, entitled, 'A Songe betwene the Quene's Majestie and England, a copy of which is in the library of the Society of Antiquaries. England commences the dialogue, inviting Queen Elizabeth in the following words:—

"Come over the born, Bessy, come over the born, Bessy,
Swete Bessy, come over to me."

The date of Birch's song is 1558, and it is printed in full in the *Harleian Miscellany* X. 260.

III. vi. 42-45. Put into verse by Theobald. Steevens quotes a line from an old song.

"Sleepeyst thou, makyst thou, Jeffery Coke."

found in *The Interlude of the Four Elements* (1519).

III. vi. 73. *'Thy horn is dry,'* "A horn was usually carried about by every Tom of Bedlam, to receive such drink as the charitable might afford him, with whatever scraps of food they might give him" (Malone), &c.

III. vi. 87-100. "Every editor from Theobald downwards," as the Cambridge editors observe, "except Hanmer, has reprinted this speech from the Quartos. In deference to this consensus of authority we have retained it, though, as it seems to us, internal evidence is conclusive against the supposition that the lines were written by Shakespeare."

III. vii. 57. *'stick'*; the reading of Folios; Quartos, *'rash.'*

III. vii. 62. *'howl'd that stern'*; Quartos, *'heard that dearne'*; Capell, *'howl'd that dearn'*; *'dearn'* = obscure, dark, gloomy?

III. vii. 64. *'All cruels else subscribed'*; so Quartos; Folios *'subscribe.'* The passage has been variously interpreted; the weight of authority favouring the Folio reading, Schmidt's explanation being perhaps the most plausible:—"Everything which is at other times cruel, shows feeling or regard; you alone have not done so." Furness makes the words part of the speech addressed to the porter, "acknowledge the claims of all creatures, however cruel they may be at other times," or "give up all cruel things else; *i.e.*, forget that they are cruel." This approximates to the interpretation given by Mr. Wright to the reading in the text, "all their other cruelties being yielded or forgiven."

IV. i. 6-9. *'Welcome . . . blasts'*; vi. 164-169 (*'Plate . . . lips'*); vii. 61; omitted in the Quartos.

IV. i. 12. *'Life would not yield to age,' i.e.* life would not gladly lapse into old age and death.

IV. i. 37. *'Kill'*; Quarto 1, *'bitt'*; Quartos 2, 3, *'bit'*; (probably an error for *'hit'*).

IV. i. 58-63; ii. 31-50, 53-59, 62-68, 69; iii. (the whole scene); vii. 24-25, 33-36, 79-80, 84-97, omitted in the Folios.

IV. ii. 28. *'My fool usurps my body'*; so Folios; Quarto 1, *'A foole usurps my bed'*; Quarto 2, *'My foote usurps my head'*; Malone, *'My fool usurps my bed.'*

IV. ii. 47. *'tame these vile offences'*; Schmidt conjectured *'take the vild offenders'*; Heath conjectured *'these vile'*; Quarto 1, *'this vild'*; Pope, *'the vile.'*

IV. ii. 57. *'thy state begins to threat'*; Jennens conjectured; Quarto 1, *thy state begins thereat'*; Quartos 2, 3, *'thy slaier begins threats'*; Theobald, *'thy slayer begins his threats,'* &c.

IV. ii. 68. *'your manhood! mew!'*; some copies of Quarto 1 read *'manhood mew'*; others *'manhood now'*; so the later Quartos; according to the present reading *'mew'* is evidently a cat-like interjection of contempt.

IV. iii. 19. *'like a better way'*; so Quartos; the passage seems to mean that her smiles and tears resembled sunshine and rain, but

in a more beautiful manner; many emendations have been proposed—*'like a wetter May'* (Warburton); *'like a better May'* (Malone); *'like;—a better way'* (Boaden), &c.

IV. iii. 29. *'Let pity not be believed'*; Pope, *'Let pity ne'er believe it'*; Capell, *'Let it not be believed'* (but *'believed'* = 'believed to exist').

IV. iii. 31. *'clamour moisten'd;'* Capell's reading; Quartos *'And clamour moistened her'*; Theobald, *'And, clamour-motion'd'*; Grant White, *'And, clamour-moisten'd,'* &c.

IV. v. 4. *'lord'*; so Folios; Quartos read *'lady.'*

IV. vi. 98-99. *'I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there'; i.e.*, "I had the wisdom of age before I had attained to that of youth" (Capell).

IV. vi. 220. *'tame to'*; so Folios; Quartos, *'lame by.'*

IV. vii. 32. *'opposed against the warring winds'*; Quartos, *'Exposed'*; Folios, *'jarring.'*

IV. vii. 36. *'Mine enemy's'*; Folios *'Mine Enemies'*; Quartos 1, 2, *'Mine iniurious'*; Quarto 2. *'Mine injurious'*; Theobald, *'My very enemy's,'* &c.

IV. vii. 79. *'kill'd'*; so Folios; Quartos *'cured'*; Collier conjectured *'quell'd.'*

V. i. 11-13, 18-19, 23-28, 33; iii. 39-40, 48, 55-60, 103, 110, 206-223, omitted in the Folios.

V. i. 46. *'and . . . ceases'*; iii. 77, 91, 145, 284, omitted in the Quartos.

V. i. 26. Mason's conjecture *'Not the old king'* for *'not holds the king'* is worthy of mention. Albany's point is that the invading enemy is France and not the wronged king, together with others whom heavy causes compel to fight against them; otherwise *'not holds the king'* = 'not as it emboldens the king'; an awkward and harsh construction.

V. ii. 5. Mr. Spedding (*News Sh. Soc. Trans.*, Part I.) plausibly suggested that the Fifth Act really begins here, and that the battle takes place between Edgar's exit and entrance, the imagination having leisure to fill with anxiety for the issue.

V. iii. 77. *'the walls are thine'*; Theobald conjectured *'they all are thine'*; (but perhaps the castle-walls are referred to).

V. iii. 94. *'prove it'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'make it'*; Anon. conjecture *'mark it'*; Collier MS., *'make good.'*

V. iii. 97. *'medicine,'* Folios; Quartos, *'poyson.'*

V. iii. 130. *'the privilege of mine honours'*; Pope's reading; Quartos read *'the priuiledge of my tongue'*; Folios, *'my priuiledge, The pruiledge of mine Honours.'* Edgar refers to *'the right of bringing the charge'* as the privilege of his profession as knight.

V. iii. 148. Omitted in Quarto 2; Quarto 1 reads *'Heere do I tosse those treasons to thy head.'*

V. iii. 158 *'name'*; Quartos read *'thing.'*

V. iii. 161. *'Most monstrous! know'st'*; Steevens' emendation; Quarto 1 reads *'Most monstrous knowst'*; Quartos 2, 3, *'Monster, knowst'*; Folios, *'Most monstrous! O know'st'*; Capell, *'Most monsterous! know'st*; Edd. Globe Ed., *'Most monstrous! Oh! know'st.'*

V. iii. 162. *'Ask me not what I know'*; the Folios give this line to Edmund; the Quartos to Goneril.

V. iii. 172-173. *'vices . . . plague us'*; so Folios; Quartos read *'vertues . . . scourge us'*; Hanmer, *'vices . . . plague and punish us'*; Keightley, *'vices . . . plague us in their time'*; Anon. conjecture *'vices . . . scourge us and to plague us'*; *cp.* 'Wherewith a man sinneth, by the same also shall he be punished,' *Wisdom* xi. 16.

V. iii. 207. *'but another,'* &c., *i.e.* "one more such circumstance only, by amplifying what is already too much, would add to it, and so exceed what seemed to be the limit of sorrow" (Wright).

V. iii. 283. *'One of them we behold,' i.e.* each beholding the other sees one of fortune's two notable objects of love and hate; (? for *'we'* read *'ye,'* as has been suggested).

V. iii. 312. *'Look on her, look, her lips'*; Johnson's emendation; Folio 1 reads *'Looke her lips'*; Folios, *'looke* (or *look*) *on her lips.'*

V. iii. 325. This speech is given in the Folios to Edgar, and probably it was so intended by the poet. It has been suggested that the first two lines should be given to Edgar, the last two to Albany.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE

I. i. 15. Omitted in Folios and Quartos 2, 3.

I. i. 21. *'A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife'*; if this alludes to Bianca, the phrase may possibly mean 'very near being married to a most fair wife.' Some explain, "A fellow whose ignorance of war would be condemned in a fair woman." The emendations proposed are unsatisfactory, and probably unnecessary.

I. i. 72. *'changes'*; Folios read *'chances.'*

I. ii. 72-78; iii. 18, 37, 64, 119, 124, 195; omitted Quarto 1.

I. ii. 75. *'weaken motion'*; Rowe's emendation; Folios and Quartos 2, 3, *'weakens motion'*; Pope (Ed. 2, Theobald) *'weaken notion'*; Hanmer, *'waken motion'*; Keightley, *'wakens motion'*; Anon. conjecture in Furness, *'wake emotion,'* &c.

I. iii. 68. *'bloody book of law'*; "By the Venetian law the giving of love-potions was highly criminal" (Clark).

I. iii. 88. *'feats of broil'*; Capell's emendation; Quarto 1, *'feats of broile'*; Folio 1, *'Feats of Broiles,'* &c.

I. iii. 108. *'Certain'*; so Quartos; Folios *'wider.'*

I. iii. 140. *'portance in my'*; so Folios and Quarto 2; Quarto 3, *'portence in my'*; Quarto 1, *'with it all my'*; Johnson conjectured *'portance in't; my'*; &c.; *'travels'*; the reading of Modern Ed. (Globe Ed.); Quartos, *'trauells'*; Pope, *'travel's'*; Folio 1, *'Trauellours'*; Folios 2, 3, *'Travellers'*; Folio 4, *'Traveller's'*; Richardson conjectured *'travellous'* or *'travailous.'*

I. iii. 160. *'sighs'*; Folios, *'kisses'*; Southern MS., *'thanks.'*

I. iii. 250. *'and storm of fortunes'*; Quatro 1, *'and scorne of Fortunes,'* &c.

I. iii. 261. *'Let her have your voices,'* Dyce's correction; Folios, *'Let her have your voice'*; Quartos read:—

> *"Your voyces Lords; beseech you let her will*
> *Haue a free way."*

I. iii. 264, 265. *'the young affects in me defunct'*; Quartos, *'the young affects In my defunct'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4 (*'effects'*). The reading of the text is the simplest and most plausible emendation of the many proposed, the words meaning 'the passions of youth which I have now outlived': *'proper satisfaction'* = 'my own gratification.'

I. iii. 327. *'balance'*; Folios, *'brain'* and *'braine'*; Theobald, *'beam.'*

I. iii. 347. *'luscious as locusts'*; "perhaps so mentioned from being placed together with wild honey in St. Matthew iii. 4" (Schmidt).

I. iii. 350-351. Omitted in Folios.

I. iii. 376. The reading in the text is that of the second and third Quartos; Quarto 1 adds after the words *'I am chang'd'*:—

> *"Goe to, farewell, put money enough in your purse"*;

omitting *'I'll go sell all my land.'*

II. i. 39-40, 159, 245 (*'didst not mark that?'*); omitted in Quarto 1.

II. i. 66. *'tire the ingener'*; Knight, Steevens conjectured; Folio 1, *'tyre the Ingeniuer'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'tire the Ingeniver'*; Quarto 1, *'beare all Excellency—'*; Quartos 2, 3, *'beare an excelency'*:—Johnson conjectured *'tire the ingenious verse'*; Pope, *'beare all excellency—.'*

II. i. 83. *'And . . . Cyprus'*; omitted in Folios.

II. i. 236. *'a devilish knave'*; omitted in Quartos.

II. i. 244. *'blest pudding'*; Folios, *'Bless'd pudding'*; omitted in Quartos.

II. i. 251-252. *'comes the master and main'*; so Folios; Quarto 1 reads *'comes the maine'*; Quartos 2, 3, *'comes Roderigo, the master and the maine.'*

II. i. 261-262. *'haply may'*; Quartos read *'haply with his Trunchen may.'*

II. i. 291. *'poor trash of Venice, whom I trash'*; Steevens' emendation; Quarto 1, *'poor trash . . . I crush'*; Folios, Quartos 2, 3,

'poor Trash . . . I trace'; Theobald, Warburton conjectured *'poor brach . . . I trace'*; Warburton (later conjectured) *'poor brach . . . I cherish.'*

II. iii. 37. *'here,' i.e.* in my head.

II. iii. 82-89. These lines are from an old song called *'Take thy old cloak about thee,'* to be found in Percy's *Reliques.*

II. iii. 155. *'sense of place'*; Hanmer's emendation of Quartos, Folios, *'place of sense.'*

II. iii. 298. *'some time'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'a time'*; Grant White, *'one time.'*

III. i. 12, 13. *'for love's sake'*; Quarto 1, *'of all loues.'*

III. i. 40. *'Florentine,' i.e.* 'even a Florentine'; Iago was a Venetian.

III. i. 49. Omitted in Folios.

III. iii. 23. *'watch him tame,' i.e.* tame him by keeping him from sleep (as was done with hawks).

III. iii. 106. *'By heaven, he echoes me'*; Quarto 1, *'By heauen he ecchoes me'*; Folios, *'Alas, thou echo'st me'*; Quartos 2, 3, *'why dost thou ecchoe me.'*

III. iii. 132. *'thy worst of thoughts'*; so Folios, Quarto 2; Quarto 1 reads *'the worst of thoughts'*; Quarto 3, *'thy thoughts'*; perhaps we should read:—

"As thou dost rum'nate, give thy worst of thoughts."

III. iii. 170. *'strongly'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'soundly'*; Knight, *'fondly.'*

III. iii. 277. *'Desdemona comes'*; so Quartos; Folios read *'Looke where she comes.'*

III. iii. 326, 384-391, 454-461; iv. 8-10, 194-195. Omitted in Quarto 1.

III. iii. 441. *'any that was hers'*; Malone's emendation; Quartos, *'any, it was hers'*; Folio 1, *'any, it was hers'*; *Folios* 2, 3, 4, *'any if 't was hers'*; Anon. conjecture *'any "it" was hers.'*

III. iii. 448. *'thy hollow cell'*; so Quartos; Folios read *'the hollow hell'*; Warburton, *'th' unhallow'd cell.'*

III. iii. 454. Steevens compares the following passage in Holland's *Pliny:*—"And the sea Pontus ever more floweth and runneth out from Propontes, but the sea never retireth back again within Pontus."

III. iii. 470. *'business ever'*; Quartos, *'worke so euer'*; Collier, *'work soe'er'*; &c.

III. iv. 49. *'our new heraldry'* (*vide* Preface).

III. iv. 67. *'her,' i.e.* to my wife (implied in *'wive'*).

III. iv. 121. *'shut myself up in,'* &c., *i.e.* 'Confine myself to some other course of life, awaiting fortune's charity'; Quarto 1, *'shoote my selfe up in'*; Capell, *'shoot myself upon'*; Rann, *'shape myself upon'*; Collier MS., *'shift myself upon.'*

III. iv. 151. *'warrior'*; Hanmer, *'wrangler'*; *cp. 'O my fair warrior'* (II. i. 182).

IV. i. 75. *'here o'erwhelmed'*; Quarto 1, *'here ere while, mad.'*

IV. i. 118. (*'What, a customer!'*); ii. 72-75, 83-100; omitted in Quarto 1.

IV. i. 132-133. *'and, by this hand, she falls me'*; so Collier; Quarto 1 reads *'by this hand she fals'*; Folios, *'and falls me'*; Quartos 2, 3, *'fals me.'*

IV. i. 257. *'This the nature'*; Pope's reading; Quartos, *'This the noble nature'*; Folios, *'Is this the nature.'*

IV. ii. 108. *'least misuse'*; Quarto 1, *'greatest abuse'*; Collier MS., *'least misdeede.'*

IV. ii. 169. *'The messengers of Venice stay the meat'*; Knight's reading; Folio 1, *'The Messengers of Venice staies the meate'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'The Messenger of Venice staies the meate'*; Quarto 1, *'And the great Messengers of Venice stay'*; Quartos 2, 3, *'The meate, great Messengers of Venice stay.'*

IV. iii. 22. *'All's one. Good faith'*; Quarto 1, *'All's one good faith'*; Quartos 2, 3, *'All's one; good father'*; Folios, *'All's one: good Father.'*

IV. iii. 25. *'Barbara'*; Quartos read, *'Barbary'*; Folio 1, *'Barbarie.'*

IV. iii. 39. &c.; the original of Desdemona's song is to be found in Percy's *Reliques* under the title of *'A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love,'* where the plaintive lover is a man.

IV. iii. 39. *'sighing'*; Folios, *'singing'*; Quarto 3, *'singhing'*; Folio 1 (Dev.), *'sining.'*

V. i. 82-83; ii. 83, 184-193, 267-273; omitted in Quarto 1.

V. i. 105. *'gentlemen'*; the reading of Folios; Quartos, *'Gentlewoman.'*

V. i. 107. *'if you stare'*; so Folios; Quartos 1, 2, *'an you stirre'*; Quarto 3, *'an you stirr'*; Anon. conjecture *'if you stay.'*

V. ii. 7. *'Put out the light, and then put out the light'*; *i.e.* 'put out the light, and then put out the light of life.' The Cambridge editors give some dozen variant methods of punctuating and reading the line, but it is perfectly clear as it stands.

V. ii. 151. *'made mocks with love'*; "taken advantage to play upon the weakness of passion" (Johnson).

V. ii. 172. *'Disprove this villain'*; Capell, *'Disprove it, villain.'*

V. ii. 338. *'bring away'*; Quartos, *'bring him away'*; Collier MS., *'bring them away.'*

V. ii. 348. *'Indian'*; Folio 1, *'Iudean'*; Theobald proposed *'Judian,'* adding, "I am satisfied in his *Judian* he is alluding to Herod, who, in a fit of blind jealosie, threw away such a jewel of a wife as *Mariamne* was to him." This interpretation was Warburton's. "This it is," as Coleridge put it, "for no-poets to comment on the greatest of poets! To make Othello say

that he, who had killed his wife, was like Herod who had killed Mariamne!" Boswell aptly quotes from Habington's *Castara*—

> *"So the unskilful Indian those bright gems*
> *Which might add majesty to diadems,*
> *'Mong the waves scatters."*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

I. i. 18. *'Grates me: the sum'*; Folio 1, *'Grates me, the summe'*; Folios 2, 3, *'Rate me, the summe'*; Rowe, *'Rate me the sum'*; Pope, *'It grates me. Tell the sum'*; Capell, *''T grates me:—The sum'*; Steevens (1793), *''Grates me:—The Sum.'*

I. i. 60-61. *'liar, who Thus speaks of him'*; Pope reads *'liar Fame, Who speaks him thus.'*

I. ii. 4. *'charge'*; Warburton and Southern MS. conjectures, adopted by Theobald; Folios, *'change'*; Jackson conjectured *'chain'*; Williams conjectured *''hang.'*

I. ii. 37. *'fertile'*; Warburton conjecture, adopted by Theobald; Folios *'foretell'* and *'foretel'*; Pope, *'foretold'*; Collier MS. *'fruitful.'*

I. ii. 58-59. *'Alexas,—come'*; Theobald's reading of the Folio text, where *Alexas* is erroneously printed as though the name of the speaker.

I. ii. 76. *'Saw you my lord?'*; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1 reads *'Saue you, my lord.'*

I. ii. 97-101. The arrangement of the text was first given by Steevens.

I. ii. 109. *'minds'*; Warburton conjecture, adopted by Hanmer; Folios 1, 2, *'windes'*; Collier conjectured *'winds.'*

I. ii. 127. *'enchanting'*; so Folio 1: omitted in Folios 2, 3, 4; Rowe reads *'Ægyptian.'*

I. ii. 136. *'a compelling occasion'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'a compelling an occasion'*; Nicholson conjectured *'so compelling as occasion,'* &c.

I. ii. 190. *'like the courser's hair,'* &c., alluding to the popular notion that horsehair put into water will turn into a snake or worm.

I. iv. 3. *'Our'*; Heath and Johnson conjecture, adopted by Singer; Folios, *'One'*; Hanmer, *'A.'*

I. iv. 22. *'as'*; Johnson conjectured *'and.'*

I. iv. 46. *'lackeying'*; *'lacquying,'* Theobald's correction, from Anon. MS.: Folios, *'lacking'*; Pope, *'lashing'*; Southern MS., *'backing.'*

I. v. 48. *'an arm-gaunt'*; Folios, *'an Arme-gaunt'*; Hanmer, *'an arm-girt'*; Mason conjecture, adopted by Steevens, 1793, *'a*

termagant'; Jackson conjectured '*a war-gaunt*'; Borden conjectured, adopted by Singer, '*an arrogant*'; Lettsom conjectured '*a rampaunt*'; the latter ingenious emendation certainly commends itself; unless '*arm-gaunt*' = 'having lean fore-limbs.'

I. v. 50. '*beastly*'; Hanmer, '*beast-like*'; Collier MS., '*boastfully*'; Becket conjectured '*basely.*'

II. i. 10. '*powers are crescent*'; Theobald reads '*pow'r's a crescent*'; Becket conjectured '*power is crescent*'; Anon. conjectured '*power's a-crescent.*'

II. ii. 48. '*Was theme for you,*' *i.e.* 'had you for its theme'; Johnson conjectured '*Had theme from you*'; Collier (ed. 2), '*For theme was you*'; Staunton conjectured '*Had you for theme*'; Orson conjectured '*Was known for yours,*' &c.

II. ii. 115. '*your considerate stone,*' *i.e.* 'I am silent as a stone'; Heath conjectured '*your confederates love*'; Johnson, '*your considerate ones*'; Blackstone conjectured '*your consideratest one,*' &c., &c.

II. ii. 213. '*And made their bends adornings*'; *i.e.* "and made their very act of obeisance an improvement on their beauty" (Steevens); the passage has been variously interpreted, but this seems the simplest solution.

II. iii. 3. '*my prayers*'; Rowe reads '*in prayers*'; Collier MS., '*with prayers.*'

II. iii. 22. '*a fear*'; Collier (ed. 2). Thirlby conjectured '*afeard*'; S. Walker conjectured '*afear.*'

II. iii. 30. '*he away, 'tis*'; Pope's emendation of Folio 1, '*he alway 'tis*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*he always is.*'

II. iii. 38. '*inhoop'd,*' *i.e.* enclosed in a hoop; Hanmer, '*incoop'd*'; Seward conjecture, adopted by Capell, '*in whoop'd-at.*'

II. v. 12. '*Tawny-finn'd*'; Theobold's emendation of Folios, '*Tawny-fine*'; Rowe reads '*Tawny-fin.*'

II. v. 103. '*That art not what thou'rt sure of!*'; Hanmer, '*That say'st but what thou'rt sure of*'; Johnson conjectured '*That art—not what?—Thou'rt sure on't,*' &c.; perhaps the words of the text mean 'that art not the evil thing of which thou art so certain'; other interpretations have been advanced.

II. v. 116. '*Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,*' alluding to the old 'perspective' pictures showing one picture from one point of view, another from another standpoint.

II. vii. 75. '*there*'; Pope, '*then*'; Steevens conjectured '*theirs.*'

II. vii. 96. '*increase the reels*'; Steevens conjectured '*and grease the wheels*'; Douce conjectured '*increase the revels.*'

II. vii. 114. '*bear*'; Theobald's emendation; Folios, '*beat.*'

III. v. 12. '*Then, world, thou hast*'; Hanmer's emendation; Folios, '*Then would thou hadst*'; Warburton MS., '*Then would thou hast*': '*chaps, no,*' Theobald's reading of Folios, '*chaps no.*'

III. vi. 54. '*left unloved*'; Collier MS., '*held unloved*'; Singer

conjectured, adopted by Hudson, *'felt unloved'*; Seymour conjectured *'left unvalued'*; Staunton conjectured *'left unpriz'd.'*

III. vii. 5. *'If not denounced against us'*; Hanmer reads, *'Is't not denounc'd 'gainst us?'*; Jackson conjectured *'Is't not? Denounce against us!'*; &c.

III. vii. 68, 69. *'his whole action grows Not in the power on't,' i.e.* "his whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength, namely, his land force, but on the caprice of a woman," &c. (Malone).

III. xii. 28-29. *'And in our name, what she requires; add more, From thine invention, offers'*; Grant White conjectured *'What she requires; and in our name add more Offers from thine invention'*; Walker, *'and more . . . From thine invention offer.'*

III. xiii. 163. *'Cæsarion smite'*; Hanmer's emendation; Folios, *'Cæsarian smile.'*

IV. iv. 3. *'mine'*; Folios, *'thine.'*

IV. iv. 5-8. The text follows Malone's arrangement and reading (*vide* Cambridge Edition, Note VI.).

IV. v. 17. *'Dispatch. Enobarbus!'*; Steevens' (1773) reading; Folio 1, *'Dispatch Enobarbus'*; Folio 2, *'Dispatch Eros'*; Folios 3, 4, *'Dispatch, Eros'*; Pope *'dispatch my Eros'*; Johnson conjectured *'Dispatch! To Enobarbus!'*; Capell, *'Dispatch.—O Enobarbus!'*; Rann, *'Eros! Dispatch'*; Ritson conjectured, adopted by Steevens 1793, *'Eros, despatch'*; Anon. conjecture, *'Domitius Enobarbus!'*

IV. vi. 13. *'persuade'*; Rowe's correction of Folios, *'disswade.'*

IV. viii. 23. *'favouring'*; Theobald's emendation of Folios *'savouring.'*

IV. xii. 25. *'soul'*; Capell, *'soil'*; Singer (ed. 2) from Collier MS., *'spell'*; S. Walker conjectured *'snake: grave'*; Pope reads *'gay'*; Collier (ed. 2) from Collier MS., *'great'*; Singer (ed. 2), *'grand.'*

IV. xiv. 87. *'Lo thee'*; Grant White conjectured *'Lo there.'*

IV. xv. 10. *'Burn the great sphere'*; Hanmer, *'Turn from the sphere'*; Warburton, *'Turn from th' great sphere.'*

IV. xv. 11. *'shore'*; Staunton conjecture, adopted by Hudson, *'star.'*

IV. xv. 21. *'I dar. not'*; Malone conjectured *'I dare not descend'*; Ritson conjecture, adopted by Wordsworth, *'I dare not come down'*; Anon. conjecture, from Plutarch, *'I dare not ope the gates'*; &c.

IV. xv. 73. *'No more, but e'en a woman'*; Capell's version; Folios read *'No more but in a Woman'*; Rowe, *'No more but a meer woman'*; Johnson conjecture, adopted by Steevens, 1773, 1778, *'No more—but e'en a woman.'*

V. i. 15. *'crack: the round world'*; Steevens conjectured *'crack than this: the ruin'd world'*; Singer conjectured *'crack: the round*

world convulsive'; Nicholson conjectured *'crack: the round world in rending'*; Daniel conjectured *'crack in the round world'*; &c., &c.

V. i. 24. *'Splitted the heart'*; Collier MS., *'Split that self noble heart'*; Elze conjectured *'Splitted that very heart.'*

V. i. 59-60. *'live To be ungentle,'* Rowe (ed. 2) and Southern MS.; Folios read *'leaue to be ungentle'*; Capell, *'Leave to be gentle'*; Tyrwhitt conjectured *'learn To be ungentle'*; Gould conjectured *'bear to be ungentle.'*

V. ii. 7. *'dug'*; Warburton conjecture, adopted by Theobald, *'dugg'*; Folios, *'dung'*; Nicholson conjectured *'tongue'*; Cartwright conjectured *'wrong'*; Bailey conjectured *'doom.'*

V. ii. 50. *'necessary'*; Hanmer, *'accessory'*; Malone conjectured *'necessary, I'll not so much as syllable a word'*; Ritson conjectured *'necessary, I will not speak; if sleep be necessary.'*

V. ii. 87, *'an autumn 'twas'*; Theobald and Thirlby conjectured; Folios read *'an Anthony it was'*; &c.

V. ii. 104. *'smites'*; Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2, *'suites'*; Folios 3, 4, *'suits'*; Pope, *'shoots.'*

V. ii. 173. *'my chance,' i.e.* my changed fortune, lot; Hanmer reads *'mischance'*; S. Walker conjectured *'my change'*; Ingleby conjecture, adopted by Hudson, *'my glance.'*

V. ii. 177-178. *'We answer others' merits in our name. Are'*; Malone's reading; Folios, *'We answer others merits, in our name Are'*; &c.

V. ii. 350. *'caves'*; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'caues'*; Barry conjectured *'canes'*; Anon. conjecture *'caves'*; Perring conjectured *'course.'*

CYMBELINE

I. i. 3. *'does the king'*; Tyrwhitt's conjecture; Folios, *'do's the Kings'*; Hanmer, *'do the kings.'*

I. i. 135. *'A year's age'*; this reading seems weak; one expects some stronger expression. Warburton, adopted by Theobald, *'a yare* [*i.e.* speedy] *age'*; Hanmer, *'many A year's age'*; Nicholson, *'more than Thy years' age'*; &c., &c.

I. iii. 9. *'make me with this eye or ear'*; Folios, *'his'* for *'this.'*

I. iv. 18. *'are wonderfully to'*; Warburton conjectured *'aids wonderfully to'*; Capell conjectured *'are wonderful to'*; Eccles, *'and wonderfully do.'*

I. iv. 68. *'could not but'*; Malone's emendation of Folios, *'could not.'*

I. iv. 104. *'herein too'*; so Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, *'heerein to'*; Grant White, *'hereinto'*; Anon. conjecture, *'hereunto'*; Vaughan conjectured *'herein, so.'*

I. iv. 126. *'afraid'*; Warburton's emendation, adopted by Theobald; Folios, *'a Friend'*; Becket conjectured *'affied'*; Jackson conjectured *'affianc'd'*; Collier MS., *'afeard'*; Ingleby conjectured *'her friend.'*

I. v. 69. *'chance thou changest on'*; so Folios; Rowe reads *'chance thou chancest on'*; Theobald, *'change thou chancest on.'*

I. vi. 24. *'trust—'*; Boswell's reading, Folios, *'trust'*; Hanmer, *'truest'*; Rann, *'truest'*; Thirlby conjectured *'trusty.'*

I. vi. 35. *'number'd'*; (?) 'rich in numbers'; Theobald, *'unnumber'd'*; Warburton, *'humbl'd'*; Farmer conjectured *'umber'd'*; Jackson conjectured *'member'd'*; Theobald's excellent emendation has much to commend it.

I. vi. 44. *'desire vomit emptiness'*; Johnson explained these difficult words as follows:—"*Desire,* when it approached *sluttery,* and considered it in comparison with *such neat* excellence, would not only be *not so allured to feed,* but seized with a fit of loathing, would *vomit emptiness,* would feel the convulsions of disgust, though being unfed, it had no object." Pope, *'desire vomit ev'n emptiness'*; Capell, *'desire vomit to emptiness'*; Hudson, *'desire vomit from emptiness.'*

I. vi. 108. *'unlustrous'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'illustrious'*; Ingleby, *'ill-lustrous.'*

II. ii. 49. *'bare the raven's eye'*; Theobald's conjecture, adopted by Steevens; Folios, *'beare the Rauens eye.'*

II. iii. 24. *'With every thing that pretty is'*; Hanmer (unnecessarily, for the sake of the rhyme), *'With all the things that pretty bin'*; Warburton, *'With everything that pretty bin.'*

II. iii. 29. *'vice'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'voyce.'*

II. iii. 46. *'soliciting'*; the reading of Collier (ed. 2); Folio 1 reads *'solicity'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'solicits'*; Pope, *'solicits.'*

II. iii. 100. *'Are not'*; Warburton's conjecture, adopted by Theobald, *'cure not'*; but no change is necessary.

III. i. 20. *'rocks'*; Seward conjecture, adopted by Hanmer; Folios, *'Oakes.'*

III. i. 52. *'We do'*; these words are part of Cymbeline's speech in Folios; Collier MS. assigns them to Cloten, and the arrangement has been generally adopted.

III. iii. 2. *'Stoop'*; Hanmer's emendation of Folios, *'Sleepe.'*

III. iii. 6. *'turbans'*; Folio 1, *'Turbonds'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Turbands.'*

III. iii. 23. *'bauble'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'Babe'*; Hanmer, *'bribe'*; the latter suggestion has been accepted by many modern editors; Brae, *'badge,' i.e.* decoration, ribbon.

III. iii. 34. *'prison for'*; Pope's emendation of Folio 1, *'Prison, or'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Prison or'*; Anon. conjecture, and Vaughan conjecture, *'prison of.'*

III. iii. 83. *'I' the cave wherein they bow'*; Warburton's emen-

dation; Folios, *'I' th' Cave, whereon the Bowe'*; Rowe, *'I' th' cave, where on the bow'*; Pope, *'Here in the cave, wherein'*; Theobald, *'I' th' cave, there, on the brow,'* &c.

III. iv. 50. *'Whose mother was her painting,' i.e.* 'who owed her beauty to her painted face'; or, perhaps, 'whose painted face was the sum of her woman-like qualities'; according to others, 'whose mother aided and abetted her daughter in her trade.'

III. iv. 79. *'afore't'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'a-foot.'*

III. iv. 102. *'I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first'*; Hanmer's emendation; Folios read *'I'll wake mine eye-balles first'*; Rowe, *'I'll break mine eye-balls first'*; Johnson conjecture, adopted by Ingleby, *'I'll wake mine eye-balls out first'*; Collier MS., *'I'll crack mine eye-balls first.'*

III. iv. 133. Vaughan proposed *'With that harsh noble—noble simply in nothing'*; Spence, *'trash noble'* (*i.e.* base coin); Elze, *'that ignoble,'* &c.

III. iv. 136. *'Where then?'* perhaps these words should be assigned to Pisanio.

III. iv. 175. *'Which you'll make him know'*; Hanmer's reading; Folios read *'Which will make him know'*; Theobald, *'Which will make him so.'*

III. v. 44. *'loud'st of noise'*; Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2, *'lowd of noise'*; Rowe, *'loudest noise.'*

III. v. 72. Possibly, as explained by Johnson, these words are to be explained as meaning, 'than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind'; Hanmer, *'than any lady, winning from each one.'*

III. vi. 71. Perhaps should read, with Hanmer, *'I bid'*; *i.e.* 'I'd bid for you and make up my mind to have you.'

III. vii. 9. *'commends'*; Warburton's emendation, adopted by Theobald; Folios, *'commands'* (perhaps = 'commands to be given').

IV. ii. 133. *'humour'*; Theobald's emendation of Folios, *'honor.'*

IV. ii. 169. *'parish'*; Hanmer, *'marish'*; Garrick's version, *'river'*; Becket conjectured *'parage.'*

IV. ii. 225. *'The ruddock,'* &c.; the kindly service of the Robin Redbreast is often referred to in Elizabethan literature, *e.g.*

> *"Covering with moss the dead's unclosed eye,*
> *The little redbreast teacheth charitie."*
>
> Drayton, *The Owl.*

It is worth while noting that the story of *The Babes in the Wood* was dramatised as early as 1600 in Yarrington's *Two Lamentable Tragedies.*

IV. iii. 36. *'I heard no letter,' i.e.* (?) 'I've not had a line'; Hanmer reads *'I've had'*; Capell, *'I have had'*; Mason conjecture, and Warburton conjecture, adopted by Collier (ed. 2), *'I had.'*

V. i. 15. *'dread it, to the doers' thrift'*; perhaps this means that

the guilty benefit by their dread, for their dread makes them repent, and repentance brings them salvation. Theobald suggested *'dreaded . . . thrift'*; but the text, though somewhat difficult, may be correct.

V. iii. 26. *'that,' i.e.* 'that death.'

V. iii. 43. *'they'*; Theobald's correction of Folios, *'the'*; *i.e.* 'retracing as slaves the strides they made as victors.'

V. iii. 53. *'Nay, do not wonder'*; Theobald reads *'Nay, do but wonder'*; Staunton conjectured *'Ay, do but wonder'*; "Posthumus first bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach that wonder was all he was made for" (Johnson).

V. v. 54. *'and in time'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'yes and in time'*; S. Walker conjectured *'and in due time,'* &c.

V. v. 265. The stage-direction was first inserted by Hanmer, and explains the meaning of the lines, and gets rid of a long series of unnecessary emendations.

V. v. 309. *'scar'*; *'had ever s. for,' i.e.* had ever received a scar for; Folios 1, 2, *'scarre'*; Collier conjectured *'sense'*; Singer (ed. 2), *'score'*; Bailey conjectured *'soar.'*

V. v. 383. *'When ye'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'When we'*; Capell, *'When you.'*

V. v. 387. *'fierce,'* disordered; (?) vehement, rapid; Collier conjectured *'forc'd;* Bailey conjectured *'brief.'*

V. v. 389. *'distinction should be rich in,' i.e.* "Ought to be rendered distinct by a liberal amplitude of narrative" (Steevens).

V. v. 397. *'our long inter'gatories'*; Tyrwhitt conjecture, adopted by Malone; Folios, *'our long Interrogatories.'*

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

I. i. 24. *'boundless'*; Rowe's emendation of Quartos; Folios 3, 4, *'bondlesse.'*

I. i. 29. *'death-like dragons here affright'*; Daniel conjectured *'death, like dragons, here affrights'*; S. Walker conjectured *'affront'*; Hudson conjectured *'affronts.'*

I. i. 55-57. The arrangement of the text, confused in Quartos and Folios, was first made by Malone.

I. i. 59, 60. *'Of all 'say'd yet'*; Mason conjectured *'In all, save that'*; Mitford conjectured *'O false! and yet.'*

I. i. 113. *'cancel of'*; Malone's emendation; Folios 3, 4, *'cancel off'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, *'counsell of'*; Quarto 5, *'counsel of.'*

I. i. 128. *'untimely'*; Wilkins, in the Novel, writes *'uncomely,'* which may, perhaps, give the correct reading of the line.

I. i. 135. *'blush,' i.e. 'who blush'*; the omission of the pronoun, personal or relative, is characteristic of the non-Shakespearian portions of the play.

I. ii. 1. *'change of thoughts,' i.e.* perturbation of thought; Steevens conjectured *'charge of thoughts?'*; Mason conjectured *'change of thoughts?'*; Singer (ed. 2), *'charge our thoughts?'*; Staunton conjectured *'change our thoughts?'*; Bailey conjectured *'child of thought'*; Daniel conjectured *'cast of thought.'*

I. ii. 3. *'Be my so used a guest as'*; Dyce's emendation; Quarto 1, *'By me so vsde a guest, as'*; *Malone* (1780), *'By me's so us'd a guest, as'*; Jackson conjectured *'Be by me so us'd a guest?'*

I. ii. 8. *'arm'*; so Folio 4; Dyce reads *'aim.'*

I. ii. 30. *'Who am'*; Farmer conjectured; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'Who once'*; Malone (1780), *'Who owe'*; (1790), *'Who wants.'*

I. ii. 41. *'blast'*; Mason conjectured; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'spark'*; Malone (1790), *'breath'*; Steevens conjectured *'wind.'*

I. ii. 55. *'plants'*; so Quarto 1; Malone's emendation of Quartos and Folios, *'planets.'*

I. ii. 86. *'doubt it'*; Steevens conjectured; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'doo't'*; Quartos 4, 5, 6, and Folios, *'thinke.'*

I. ii. 93. *'spares'*; so Quarto 1; Quartos 2-6, and Folios 3, 4, *'feares'* and *'fears.'*

I. ii. 95. *'reprovest'*; Malone, *'reprov'st'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'reprou'dst'*; Quartos 4, 5, 6, *'reprovedst'*; Folios 3, 4, *'reproved'st.'*

I. iii. 3-6. *Cp.* "I will therefore commend the poet Philipides, who, being demanded by King Lisimachus what favour he might do unto him, for that he loved him, made him answer to the king, that your Majesty would never impart unto me any of your secrets."—Barnabie Riche's *Soldiers' Wish to Briton's Welfare.*

I. iii. 28. *'but since he's gone, the king's seas must please'*; Mason conjectured *'But since he is gone, the king, seas must please'*; Percy conjectured *'But since he's gone, the king it sure must please'*; Collier (ed. 2), *'But since he is gone the king's ease must please'*; Perring conjectured *'But since he's gone, the king this news must please'*; Dyce conjectured *'But since he's gone the king's ears it must please.'*

I. iv. 8. *'mischief's eyes'*; Steevens, *'mistful eyes'*; Anonymous conjecture (1814), *'mischief-size'*; Singer (ed. 2), *'mistie eyes'*; S. Walker conjectured *'misery's eyes'*; Kinnear conjectured *'weakness' eyes'*; Mr. T. Tyler's suggestion, *'not seen with mischief's eyes,' i.e.* 'not seen with the eyes of despair,' seems to be the most ingenious correction of the line, if any change is necessary.

I. iv. 13-14. *'Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep Our woes'*; Hudson reads *'Our tongues do sound our sorrows and deep woes':—*; *'sorrows do'*; Cartwright conjectured *'sobbings do'*; Bailey conjectured *'bosoms too'*; Anonymous conjecture, *'sorrowing bosoms do.'*

I. iv. 15. *'tongues'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'toungs'*; Steevens conjectured *'lungs.'*

I. iv. 39. *'yet two summers younger'*; Mason conjectured; Quarto 1, *'yet too sauers younger'*; Folios 3, 4, *'yet to savers younger.'*

I. iv. 69. *'of unhappy me'*; Malone (1780), *'of unhappy men'*; Steevens conjectured *'of unhappy we'*; Jackson conjectured *'O unhappy me.'*

I. iv. 74. *'him's,' i.e. 'him who is'*; Malone's reading; Quarto 1, *'himnes'*; Quartos 2, 3, Folio 3, *'hymnes'*; Quartos 4, 5, *'hymnes'*; Quarto 6, *'hywmes*; Folio 4, *'hymns'*; Steevens conjectured *'him who is.'*

Prol. II. 19. *'for though'*; Steevens, *'forth'*; Singer (ed. 2), *'for thy'*; Nicholson conjectured *'for-though'*; Kinnear conjectured *'for through.'*

Prol. II. 22. *'Sends word'*; Steevens conjectured; Quartos 1-5 read *'Sau'd one'*; Quarto 6, Folios 3, 4, *'Sav'd one.'*

II. i. 48. *'finny'*; Steevens conjectured (from Wilkins' novel); Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'fenny.'*

II. i. 54. *'search'*; Steevens conjectured *'scratch it'*; Singer (ed. 2), *'scratch't'*; Staunton, *'scratch'*; Anonymous conjecture, *'steal it'*; Hudson, *'steal't.'*

II. i. 56. *'May see the sea hath cast upon your coast'*; so Quartos; Folios 3, 4, *'Y' may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast'*; Malone (1780), *'You may see the sea hath cast me on your coast'*; Steevens, adopted by Malone (1790), *'Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast——.'*

II. ii. 14. *'entertain'*; Steevens conjectured *'explain'*; Anonymous conjecture, *'entreat'*; Anonymous conjecture, *'emblazon'*; Schmidt conjectured *'interpret.'*

II. iii. 19. *'Marshal'*; Malone's emendation; Quartos, Folio 3, *'Martiall'*; Folio 4, *'Martial.'*

II. iii. 29. *'resist'*; Collier conjectured *'distaste.'*

——, *'he not'*; so Quartos 2-6, Folios 3, 4; Malone, *'she not'*; Malone conjectured *'he now'*; Steevens conjectured *'be not'*; Mason conjectured *'she but'*; Dyce conjectured *'he but.'*

II. iii. 50. *'stored'*; Steevens conjectured; Quartos 1, 2, 3, 6, *'stur'd'*; Folios 3, 4, *'stirr'd'*; Mason conjectured *'stow'd.'*

II. iii. 63. *'kill'd are wonder'd at'*; Daniel, *'still ne'er wondered at'*; Anonymous conjecture, *'kill'd are scorned at'*; Kinnear, *'little are wonder'd at.'*

II. iv. 41. *'For honour's cause'*; Dyce's reading; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'Try honours cause'*; Steevens conjectured *'Try honour's course'*; Jackson conjectured *'Cry, honour's cause!'*; Anonymous conjecture *'By honour's cause.'*

Prol. III. 35. *'Y-ravished'*; Steevens conjectured; Quarto 1, *'Iranyshed'*; Quarto 2, *'Irany shed'*; the rest, *'Irony shed.'*

III. i. 7-8. *'Thou stormest venomously; Wilt'*; Dyce's reading; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'then storme venomously, Wilt'*; Malone, *'Thou storm, venomously, Wilt'*; Steevens, *'Thou, storm, thou! venomously Wilt'*; Collier, *'Thou storm, venomously Wilt.'*

III. i. 14. *'travails'*; Folio 3, *'travels'*; Dyce, *'travail.'*

III. i. 26. *'Use honour with you'*; Steevens reads *'Vie honour with yourselves'*; Mason conjectured *'Vie honour with you.'*

III. i. 62. *'aye-remaining lamps'*; Malone's conjecture; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'ayre remayning lampes'*; Quartos 4, 5, 6, *'ayre remaining lampes'*; Folio 3, *'ayre remaining lamps'*; Folio 4, *'air remaining lamps'*; Jackson conjectured *'area-manesing,'* &c.

III. ii. 17. *'all-to topple'*; Singer (ed. 2), *'al-to topple'*; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'all to topple'*; Dyce, *'all to-topple.'*

III. ii. 22. *'Rich tire'*; Steevens conjectured *'Such towers'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'Rich tire'*; the rest, *'Rich attire'*; Jackson conjectured *'Rich Tyre'*; Collier (ed. 2), *'Rich 'tire.'*

III. ii. 41. *'treasure'*; Steevens' emendation for *'pleasures'* and *'pleasure'* of Quartos, Folios 3, 4.

III. ii. 42. Steevens explained the words as an allusion to an old print exhibiting *Death* in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the *Fool* standing behind, and grinning at the process.

III. ii. 48. *'time shall never. . . .'*; so Quartos 1, 2, 3; Quartos 4, 5, 6, Folios 3, 4, *'neuer shall decay'*; Malone, *'time shall never —'*; Dyce, *'time shall never raze'*; Staunton, *'time shall ne'er decay'*; Anonymous conjecture, *'time shall never end.'*

III. iii. 7. *'wanderingly'*; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'wondringly'*; Schmidt conjectured *'woundingly.'*

III. iii. 29. *'Unscissar'd shall this hair'*; Steevens' emendation; Quartos 1-4, *'vnsisterd . . . heyre'*; Quarto 5, *'unsisterd shall his heyres'*; Quarto 6, *'unsisterd . . . heire'*; Folios 3, 4, *'unsister'd . . . heir.'*

III. iii. 30. *'show ill'*; Quartos and Folios read *'show will'*; the correction was made independently by Malone and Dyce; this and the previous emendations are confirmed by the corresponding passage in the Novel.

Prol. IV. 17. *'marriage rite'*; Collier's reading; Percy conjectured *'marriage rites'*; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'marriage sight'*; Steevens conjecture, adopted by Malone, *'marriage fight'*; Steevens conjectured *'marriage night.'*

Prol. IV. 26. *'night-bird'*; Malone's emendation of Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'night-bed.'*

IV. i. 5. *'inflaming love i' thy bosom'*; Knight's emendation of Quarto 1, *'in flaming, thy loue bosome,'* &c.

IV. i. 11. *'only mistress' death'*; Malone (1790), *'old mistress' death'*; Percy conjectured *'old nurse's death'*; &c., &c.

IV. i. 63. *'stem to stern'*; Malone's emendation; Quartos, *'sterne to sterne'*; Folios 3, 4, *'stern to stern.'*

IV. i. 96. *'the great pirate Valdes'*; "perhaps there is here a scornful allusion to Don Pedro de Valdes, a Spanish admiral taken by Drake in 1588" (Malone).

IV. iii. 17. *'pious'*; Mason conjecture and Wilkins' novel, adopted by Collier; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'impious'*; the rest omit the word.

IV. iii. 47-48. *'dost, with thine angel's face, Seize'*; Malone conjectured *'dost wear thine angel's face; Seize'*; Steevens, *'doth wear an angel's face, Seize'*; Hudson (1881), *'doth use an angel's face, Then seize.'*

IV. iii. 48. *'talons'*; Rowe's emendation of Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'talents.'*

IV. iv. 13-16. The arrangement of the lines is according to Hudson's edition (1881).

IV. iv. 18. *'his pilot thought'*; Steevens conjectured *'his pilot wrought'*; Mason conjectured *'this pilot-thought'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'this Pilot thought'*; the rest, *'this Pilate thought.'*

IV. iv. 48. *'scene must play'*; Malone's emendation (1790); Quartos, Folios 3, 4 read *'Steare must play'*; Steevens conjecture, adopted by Malone (1780), *'tears must play'*; Malone conjectured *'stage must play'*; Steevens, *'scenes display.'*

V. i. 47, *'deafen'd'*; Malone's emendation; Quarto 1, *'defend'*; the rest, *'defended.'*

V. i. 72. *'prosperous and artificial feat'; i.e.* 'gracefully and skilfully performed'; Mason conjectured *'prosperous artifice and fate'*; Steevens, *'prosperous-artificial feat'*:

—; *'feat'*; Percy conjecture, adopted by Steevens, Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'fate.'*

V. i. 206, 207. The passage is so corrupt that the Cambridge editors found themselves obliged to leave it as it stands in the Quartos and Folios.

V. i. 235. *'nips'*; Collier conjectured *'raps.'*

V. i. 247. *'life'*; Charlemont conjectured, adopted by Malone; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'like.'*

GLOSSARY

A. & C.—Antony and Cleopatra
Cor.—Coriolanus
Cym.—Cymbeline
Ham.—Hamlet
J.C.—Julius Cæsar
Lear—King Lear
Mac.—Macbeth
Oth.—Othello
Per.—Pericles
R. & J.—Romeo and Juliet
T.A.—Titus Andronicus
T. & C.—Troilus and Cressida
Tim.—Timon of Athens

---

a', he. Ham. ii. 1

abate, deprive. Lear ii. 4; depreciate. Cym. i. 4; humble. Cor. iii. 3

abatement, reduction, diminution. Ham. iv. 7; Lear i. 4; Cym. v. 4

abide, pay the penalty for. J.C. iii. 1; iii. 2; encounter in fight. Cym. iii. 4

abram, auburn. Cor. ii. 3

abridgment, means of shortening the time. Ham. ii. 2

abruption, breaking off in speech. T. & C. iii. 2

abuse, ill-usage, offence. R. & J. iii. 1; ill use, do violence to. R. & J. iv. 1; Lear iv. 7; malign, revile. Tim. ii. 2; Oth. v. 1; corrupt practice. J.C. ii. 1; impose upon, cheat. Ham. ii. 2; &c.; imposture, delusion. Ham. iv. 7; insult. A. & C. v. 2; Cym. ii. 3

abuser, corrupter. Oth. i. 2

accident, occurrence. Ham. iii. 2

accite, summon. T.A. i. 1

accord, assent, consent. T. & C. i. 3; R. & J. i. 2; Ham. i. 2

accountant, liable to give an account. Oth. ii. 1

achievement, acquisition. T. & C. i. 2; iv. 2

acknown on, be, confess knowledge of. Oth. iii. 3

a-cold, cold. Lear iii. 4

action-taking, litigious, seeking satisfaction at law. Lear ii. 2

Adam Cupid, Cupid the Archer (from Adam Bell, a famous archer). R. & J. ii. 1

adamant, identified with the loadstone or magnet. T. & C. iii. 2

addition, something added to a coat of arms as a mark of honour. T. & C. iv. 5; title, rank, mark of distinction. Cor. i. 9; &c.

address, get oneself ready. T. &

C. iv. 4; prepare, make ready. J.C. iii. 1; Ham. i. 2; make one's speech. Lear i. 1

admired, wonderful. Mac. iii. 4; admirable. A. & C. ii. 2

advance, raise, lift up. R. & J. ii. 3; &c.

adventure, venture. R. & J. ii. 2; v. 3; Cym. iii. 4

adversity, perverse one, quibbler. T. & C. v. 1

affect, act upon contagiously, as a disease. T. & C. ii. 2; aim at, aspire to. Cor. iii. 3; iv. 6; be fond of, love. Lear i. 1; disposition, tendency. Oth. i. 3; be inclined. A. & C. i. 3

affeer, confirm. Mac. iv. 3

affiance, confidence. Cym. i. 6

affined, related. T. & C. i. 3; bound. Oth. i. 1

affray, frighten away. R. & J. iii. 5

affy, trust. T.A. i. 1

after-eye, look after. Cym. i. 3

agnize, acknowledge, confess. Oth. i. 3

a-height, on high. Lear iv. 6

aidant, helpful. Lear iv. 4

aim, conjecture, guess. J.C. i. 2; Ham. iv. 5

Ajax, type of the dull-witted warrior. Lear ii. 2

alarm, alarum, call to arms, rouse to action. Mac. ii. 1; Lear ii. 1; Oth. ii. 3; sudden attack, surprise. Mac. v. 2; state of surprise or excitement mingled with fear. Ham. ii. 2

allayment, means of abatement. T. & C. iv. 4; Cym. i. 5

allow, approve, license. Tim. v. 1; Lear ii. 4; lend. Lear iii. 7

allowance, admission of a claim. T. & C. i. 3; Ham. iii. 2; Oth. ii. 1

all-thing, in every way. Mac. iii. 1

ally, kinsman, relative. R. & J. iii. 1

Almain, German. Oth. ii. 3

alms-drink, remains of liquor reserved for almsfolk, leavings. A. & C. ii. 7

amain, with full force. T. & C. v. 8

ambuscado, ambush. R. & J. i. 4

amerce, punish. R. & J. iii. 1

amiss, calamity. Ham. iv. 5

an if, what, though. T.A. iv. 4

anatomize, dissect. Lear iii. 6

anatomy, used depreciatively of the bodily frame. R. & J. iii. 3

anchor, anchorite, hermit. Ham. iii. 2; fix firmly. A. & C. i. 5; fix one's thoughts. Cym. v. 5

ancient, standard-bearer, ensign. Oth. i. 1; &c.

an end, on end. Ham. i. 5; iii. 4

Anthropophagi, cannibals. Oth. i. 3

antic, antick, buffoon. T. & C. v. 3; fantastic, grotesque. R. & J. i. 5; ii. 4; Ham. i. 5; to make like buffoons. A. & C. ii. 7

antre, cavern. Oth. i. 3

apoplexed, paralysed. Ham. iii. 4

appeal, impeachment, accusation. A. & C. iii. 5

apperil, peril, risk. Tim. i. 2

appliance, remedy, medicinal application. Ham. iv. 3; Per. iii. 2

apprehensive, possessed of intelligence, quick to learn. J.C. iii. 1

approbation, confirmation, proof. Cym. i. 4

approof, trial, proof. A.&C. iii. 2

approver, one who makes a trial. Cym. ii. 4

apron-man, mechanic. Cor. iv. 6

aqua-vitae, ardent spirits. R. & J. iv. 5

Aquilon, north wind. T. & C. iv. 5

Arabian bird, phoenix, unique specimen. A. & C. iii. 2; Cym. i. 6

arch, chief master. Lear ii. 1; pre-eminent. Oth. iv. 1; heaven. Cym. i. 6

*argal,argo,*corruptions of 'ergo' = therefore. Ham. v. 1; &c.

arm, take in one's arms. Cym. iv. 2

arm-gaunt, lean from bearing arms or from much service, gaunt. A. & C. i. 5

aroint, avaunt, begone. Mac. i. 3; Lear iii. 4

arras, tapestry placed round the walls of apartments, often at such a distance from them as to allow of people being concealed between. Ham. ii. 2

arrearages, arrears. Cym. ii. 4

arrivance, people arriving. Oth. ii. 1

article, importance. Ham. v. 2

articulate, come to terms. Cor. i. 9

artificial, skilful, cunning. Per. v. 1

artist, scholar. T. & C. i. 3; Per. ii. 3

artless, unskilful. Ham. iv. 5

aspect, influence attributed to the positions of the heavenly bodies. T. & C. i. 3; Lear ii. 2; look, glance. A. & C. i. 5

aspic, asp, venomous serpent. Oth. iii. 3; A. & C. v. 2

assign, appurtenance. Ham.v.2

assinego, ass. T. & C. ii. 1

assist, attend. Cor. v. 5

assistance, body of associates. Cor. iv. 6

assubjugate, reduce to subjection. T. & C. ii. 3

atone, agree, unite, reconcile. Cor. iv. 6; Tim. v. 4; Oth. iv. 1

attach, affect. T. & C. v. 2

attaint, stain on honour, disgrace. T. & C. i. 2

attask, take to task, blame. Lear i. 4

attent, attentive. Ham. i. 2; Per. iii. Gower 11

a-twain, in two. Lear ii. 2

augur, prophesy. A. & C. ii. 1

augur, augurer, religious official whose duty was to foretell future events from the observation of omens. Cor. ii. 1; J.C. ii. 2; Mac. iii. 4

augury, art of the augur, divination. Ham. v. 2

axletree, used of the axis of revolution of the heavens. T. & C. i. 3.

bait, harass, worry. Mac. v. 7

baked meats, meat pies. R. & J. iv. 4; Ham. i. 2

bale, have, get the worst of it. Cor. i. 1

ballow, cudgel. Lear iv. 6

band, obligation, bond.Ham.iii. 2

bandy, contend, fight. T.A. i. 1; R. & J. iii. 1; impel (as a ball). R. & J. ii. 5; give and take. Lear i. 4; ii. 4

bane, cause of death. T.A. v. 3; murder, destruction. Mac. v. 3

banquet, course of sweetmeats, fruit, and wine; dessert. R. & J. i. 5; Tim. i. 2

Basan, cf. Ps. xxii. 12. A. & C. iii. 11

bases, pleated skirt, appended to the doublet, and reaching

from the waist to the knee. Per. ii. 1

batch, quantity of bread produced at one baking. T. & C. v. 1

bate, in hawking, to beat the wings impatiently and flutter on the perch. R. & J. iii. 2; reduce, weaken. Tim. iii. 3; deduct. Ham. v. 2; Cym. iii. 2

batten, grow fat. Cor. iv. 5; Ham. iii. 4

bauble, toy. T. & C. i. 3; stick carried by a court fool. T.A. v. 1; Cym. iii. 1; foolish person, trifler. Oth. iv. 1

bawd, hare. R. & J. ii. 4

bear, carry as a consequence. Tim. i. 1; move. J.C. iii. 2; the constellation Ursa Major. Oth. ii. 1; contain. A. & C. 1. 2

bear a brain, have remembrance. R. & J. i. 3

bear hard, bear ill-will to. J.C. i. 2

bear it, carry the day. T. & C. ii. 3; Oth. i. 3

bear it out, have the upper hand. Oth. ii. 1

beat, think or ponder laboriously. Ham. iii. 1; Lear iii. 4

beaver, face-guard of a helmet. Ham. i. 2

becomed, becoming, befitting. R. & J. iv. 2

Bedlam, madman. Lear iii. 7

behave, control. Tim. iii. 5

beholding, sight. Cor. i. 3; Lear iii. 7; looks, aspect. Per. v. 1

beldam, old woman, hag. Mac. iii. 5

be-leed, in such a position that the wind is intercepted. Oth. i. 1

belie, calumniate. Oth. iv. 1; fill with lies. Cym. iii. 4

bellman, crier who announced deaths, and acted as night watchman. Mac. ii. 2

belonging,? caparison (of a horse). Cor. i. 9

bench, senators collectively. Cor. iii. 1; sit as a judge. Lear iii. 6

bend, look, glance. J.C. i. 2; A. & C. ii. 2; direct one's course, turn, proceed. Ham. i. 2; Lear ii. 1

bent for, turned in direction of. Ham. iv. 3

berattle, fill with din. Ham. ii. 2

besort, befit. Lear i. 4; suitable company. Oth. i. 3

bestride, stand over so as to defend. Mac. iv. 3

beteem, allow. Ham. i. 2

bewray, reveal. Cor. v. 3; T.A. ii. 4

beyond beyond, surpassing everything. Cym. iii. 2

bias, awry. T. & C. i. 3; swollen. T. & C. iv. 5

bias, assays of, indirect attempts. Ham. ii. 1

bias-drawing, indirect dealing. T. & C. iv. 5

bilboes, shackles sliding on an iron bar locked to the floor. Ham. v. 2

bill, brown, halberd browned to preserve from rust. Lear iv. 6

bird, young bird. T.A. ii. 3; term of endearment. Ham. i. 5

birth-child, Thetis', child born at sea. Per. iv. 4

bisson, purblind. Cor. ii. 1; blinding. Ham. ii. 2

bite the thumb, an insulting gesture. R. & J. i. 1

bitumed, pitched as with bitumen. Per. iii. 1; iii. 2

bladder, boil. T. & C. v. 1

blank, centre of a target; any-

thing aimed at. T. & C. iii. 3; &c.; blank in a lottery. Cor. v. 2; make pale. Ham. iii. 2

blazon, proclaim. T.A. iv. 4; describe fitly, publish the praises of. R. & J. ii. 6; Oth. ii. 1; revelation. Ham. i. v

blench, start aside, flinch. T. & C. i. 1; Ham. ii. 2

blood-boltered, having the hair matted with blood. Mac. iv. 1

blow, deposit eggs upon and so make foul. Oth. iv. 2; inflate, puff up. A. & C. iv. 6

blown, blossomed. T. & C. i. 3; A. & C. iii. 11; swollen. Cor. v. 4; Lear iv. 4; whispered, hinted. Oth. iii. 3

blowse, ruddy-faced fat wench. T. A. iv. 2

blurt at, ridicule. Per. iv. 6

bob, thump. T. & C. ii. 1; cheat. T. & C. iii. 1; filch. Oth. v. 1

bodkin, dagger. Ham. iii. 1

boggler, waverer. A. & C. iii. 11

boiled, with an allusion to the sweating-tub. Cym. i. 6

bolin, bowline. Per. iii. 1

bolster, lie together. Oth. iii. 3

bombast, turgid. Oth. i. 1

bones, young, unborn child. Lear ii. 4

bonnet, take off the bonnet in token of respect. Cor. ii. 2

boot, something into the bargain. T. & C. iv. 5; enrich. A. & C. ii. 5

boot of, profit by. A. & C. iv. 1

bore, small hole. Cor. iv. 6; Cym. iii. 2; calibre. Ham. iv. 6

botch, flaw resulting from unskilful workmanship. Mac. iii. 1; patch unskilfully. Ham. iv. 5

botcher, cobbler. Cor. ii. 1

bound, enclose, restrict. T. & C. i. 3; iv. 5; intending to go. Cor. iii. 1; ready, prepared. Ham. i. 5; iii. 3; Lear iii. 7; certain. Cym. iv. 3

bounds, territory, district. Tim. v. 4

bourn, boundary, limit. Ham. iii. 1; Lear iv. 6; A. & C. i. 1; brook. Lear iii. 6

boy my greatness, female parts were taken by boys on the Elizabethan stage. A. & C. v. 2

boy-queller, boy-killer. T. & C. v. 5

brabble, quarrel, brawl. T.A. ii. 1

brace, state of defence. Oth. i. 3; (?) coat of armour. Per. ii. 1

brach, bitch-hound. Lear i. 4; hound that hunts by scent. Lear iii. 6

braid, upbraid. Per. i. 1

brain, conceive in the brain. Cym. v. 4

brainish, headstrong. Ham. iv. 1

brand, Cupid's torch. Cym. ii. 4

brave, defiant threat. T. ' ii. 1

brawn, fleshy part of the body. T. & C. i. 3; Cym. iv. 2

break the parle, open negotiations. T.A. v. 3

breath, breathing-space. T. & C. ii. 3; speech, language. Lear i. 1

breathe, speak. Ham. ii. 1

breathed, inured. Tim. i. 1; exercised, trained. A. & C. iii. 11

breese, gadfly. T. & C. i. 3; A. & C. iii. 8

Briareus, a giant with a hundred hands. T. & C. i. 2

brinded, marked with streaks of a different colour from the body-colour. Mac. iv. 1

bring, be with . . . to, get the upper hand of. T. & C. i. 2

bring out, give birth to. Tim. iv. 3

broach, stick as on a spit. T.A. iv. 2; tap. Tim. ii. 2; introduce

in conversation. A. & C. i. 2

broad, arrogant. T. & C. i. 3; free, -ly, unrestrained, -ly. Tim. iii. 4; Mac. iii. 6; Ham. iii. 4; widely diffused. Mac. iii. 4; fully, full. Ham. iii. 3

brogue, rude kind of shoe, generally made of untanned hide. Cym. iv. 2

broken, interrupted with sobs. T. & C. iv. 4; bankrupt. Cym. v. 4.

broken music, music arranged for parts. T. & C. iii. 1

broker, agent, go-between. Ham. i. 3

brooched, adorned as with a jewel. A. & C. iv. 13

brood, on, brooding like a hen. Ham. iii. 1

bug, bogey. Ham.v.2; Cym.v.3

bulk, body. T. & C. iv. 4; Ham. ii. 1; framework projecting from the front of a shop. Cor. ii. 1; Oth. v. 1

burgonet, steel cap. A. & C. i. 5

buss, kiss. T. & C. iv. 5; Cor. iii. 2

but being, if we are not. A. & C. iv. 10

button, bud. Ham. i. 3; knob on the top of a cap. Ham. ii. 2

button, butcher of a silk, expert fencer. R. & J. ii. 4

butt-shaft, unbarbed arrow used in shooting at the butts. R. & J. ii. 4

buzzer, one who whispers tales in the ear. Ham. iv. 5

by-dependances, secondary circumstances. Cym. v. 5

cabin, lodge. T.A. iv. 2; shut up in narrow bounds. Mac. iii. 4

cadent, falling. Lear i. 4

caduceus, wand having two serpents twined about it. T. & C. ii. 3

caitiff, wretch. Oth. iv. 1

callat, lewd woman. Oth. iv. 2

call on, impeach. A. & C. i. 4

canakin, small can or drinking vessel. Oth. ii. 3

candidatus, candidate for office (lit. one clothed in white). T.A. i. 1

cankered, (1) worm-eaten, (2) malignant. R. & J.i.1; infected with evil, corrupt. Cor. iv. 5

canon, law. Ham. i. 2

canopy, firmament. Cor. iv. 5; Ham. ii. 2

cantle, segment of a sphere. A. & C. iii. 8

capitulate, draw up articles of agreement. Cor. v. 3

capon, as a type of dullness. Cym. ii. 1

carbonado, meat scored across and broiled. Cor. iv. 5; cut, hack, slash. Lear ii. 2

card, guide, directory. Ham.v.2

card, by the, exact to a point. Ham. v. 1

card, shipman's, mariner's compass. Mac. i. 3

carl, peasant. Cym. v. 2

carouse, full bumper, toast. A. & C. iv. 8

carrack, large ship of burden. Oth. i. 2

carriage, execution, management. T. & C. ii. 3; power of or capacity for carrying. R. & J. i. 4; moral conduct. Tim. iii. 2; import, bearing. Ham. i. 1; conveyance. Cym. iii. 4

carry, obtain, conquer. Cor. ii. 1; iv. 7; endure, put up with. R. & J. iv. 5; Lear iii. 2; manage. Lear v. 3

carry out my side, win the game. Lear v. 1

cart, chariot. Ham. iii. 2

carve for, indulge. Ham. i. 3; Oth. ii. 3

case, shut up, surround. T. & C. iii. 3; Mac. iii. 4; mask, covering. R. & J. i. 4; A. & C. iv. 12; iv. 13; cause or suit. Lear iii. 2; sockets of the eyes. Lear iv. 6; question. Cym. i. 6; encase. Cym. v. 3; Per. v. 1

'casion, occasion. Lear iv. 6

Cassibelan, Cassivelaunus, king of the Britons in Caesar's time. Cym. i. 1

cast, throw in wrestling. Mac.ii. 3; casting of cannon. Ham. i. 1; reckon, calculate. Ham.ii.1; A. & C. iii. 2; shade of colour, tinge. Ham.iii.1; throw off,get rid of. Oth. i. 1; v. 2; drive away. Cym.v.4; vomit. Per.ii.1

cataplasm, poultice, plaster. Ham. iv. 7

catastrophe, that which produces the conclusion or final event of a dramatic piece. Lear i. 2

catling, catgut. T. & C. iii. 3

cause, disease. Cor. iii. 1; term in duelling. R. & J. ii. 4; charge, accusation. Lear iv. 6

cautel, crafty device, deceit. Ham. i. 3

*cautelous,*crafty,deceitful. Cor. iv. 1; J. C. ii. 1

censure, form or give an opinion. Cor.ii.1; &c.; judicial sentence. Cor. iii. 3; v. 5; Oth. v. 2; judgment, opinion. Ham. i. 3; adverse judgment, unfavourable opinion. Lear i. 4; pass sentence upon. Lear v. 3

centre, earth, as supposed centre of universe. T. & C. i. 3; soul, as centre of the body. R. & J. ii. 1; middle point of the earth. Ham. ii. 2

cerements, waxed wrapping for the dead, grave-cloths. Ham. i. 4

challenger, stood, claimed superiority. Ham. iv. 7

chamberer, frequenter of ladies' chambers, gallant. Oth. iii. 3

chamberlain, valet. Tim. iv. 3

champain, flat, open country. Lear i. 1

champion, fighting man, man of valour. T. A. i. 1; challenge. Mac. iii. 1; one who fights for his own or another's cause in single combat. Lear v. 1; Per. i. 1

chance, piece of good fortune, luck. A. & C. ii. 3; unfortunate event. R. & J. v. 3; Mac. ii. 3; Ham. v. 2

change, exchange. T. & C. iii. 3; &c.; change colour. Cym. i. 6; changefulness, caprice. Cym. i. 6

changeling, fickle or inconstant person. Cor. iv. 7

chanson, song. Ham. ii. 2

chapless, lacking the lower jaw. R. & J. iv. 1; Ham. v. 1

chaps, cracks in the skin. T. A. v. 3; jaws. Mac. i. 2

charactery, writing. J.C. ii. 1

chare, turn of work, job, household work. A. & C. iv. 13; v. 2

charge, military post, troops under an officer's command. Cor. iv. 3; J.C. iv. 2; A. & C. iii. 7; expense, cost. Cor. v. 5; importance. R. & J. v. 2; load, burden. J.C. iii. 3; Mac. v. 1; Ham. v. 2

chaudron, entrails. Mac. iv. 1

che, I. Lear iv. 6

cheapen, bid for. Per. iv. 6

cheater, escheator, officer of the exchequer (who would have

opportunities for fraud). T.A. v. 1

chequin, sequin, Italian or Turkish gold coin worth from 7/- to 9/6. Per. iv. 2

cheveril, kid-leather. R. & J. ii. 4

child, youth of noble birth. Lear iii. 4

chill, I will. Lear iv. 6

chopine, shoe raised by means of a cork sole or the like. Ham. ii. 2

chop-logic, contentious, sophistical arguer. R. & J. iii. 5

choppy, chapped. Mac. i. 3

chud, I would. Lear iv. 6

Cimmerian, Moor. T.A. ii. 3

civil, of or belonging to citizens. R. & J. prol. 4; well-governed, orderly. A. & C. v. 1

clapper-claw, maul, thrash. T. & C. v. 4

clear, set free from debt. Tim. ii. 2; serenely, cheerfully. Mac. i. 5; unspotted, innocent. Mac. i. 7; &c.; glorious, illustrious. Lear iv. 6

clearness, freedom from suspicion. Mac. iii. 1

clepe, clept, call, called. Mac. iii. 1; Ham. i. 4

clerk, man of learning, scholar. Per. v. Gower 5

cliff, clef, key. T. & C. v. 2

climate, climature, region, country. J.C. i. 3; Ham. i. 1

cling, pinch with hunger. Mac. v. 5

clip, embrace, surround. Oth. iii. 3; A. & C. v. 2; Cym. ii. 3; curtail, abbreviate. Lear iv. 7; cut. Per. v. 3

close, join. R. & J. ii. 6; shut up, enclosed. R. & J. iii. 2; v. 3; Oth. v. 2; secret, concealed from observation. Tim. iv. 3; Mac. v. 1; Ham. ii. 1; come to terms, agree. J.C. iii. 1; Ham. ii. 1; re-unite. Mac. iii. 2; secret, uncommunicative. Mac. iii. 5; Cym. iii. 5

closet, private apartment. J.C. ii. 1; private cabinet for papers. J.C. iii. 2; Mac. v. 1; Lear iii. 3

clotpole, clotpoll, blockhead, dolt. T. & C. ii. 1; Lear i. 4

clout, piece of cloth, rag. R. & J. ii. 4; Ham. ii. 2; A. & C. iv. 7; square piece of canvas, the marks at the archery butts. Lear iv. 6

clouted, patched; or studded with nails. Cym. iv. 2

cloy, claw. Cym. v. 4

clubs, a call to summon assistance. T.A. ii. 1; R. & J. i. 1

coals, carry, submit to insult. R. & J. i. 1

coasting, accosting, or hesitating. T. & C. iv. 5

cobloaf, little loaf with a round head. T. & C. ii. 1

cock, spout or pipe to let out liquor, tap. Tim. ii. 2; perversion of the word 'God.' Ham. iv. 5; weather-cock. Lear iii. 2; small ship's boat. Lear iv. 6

cock-a-hoop, set, give the rein to disorder. R. & J. i. 5

cockatrice, basilisk, supposed to kill by its look. R. & J. iii. 2

cockney, squeamish woman. Lear ii. 4

Cocytus, river of the infernal regions. T.A. ii. 3

codding, (?) lustful. T.A. v. 1

coffin, pie-crust. T.A. v. 2

cog, wheedle. Cor. iii. 2; cheat. Tim. v. 1; Oth. iv. 2

cognizance, device worn by retainers. J.C. ii. 2; token. Cym. ii. 4

coign, corner-stone. Cor. v. 4; Per. iii. Gower 17

coil, mortal, turmoil of mortal life. Ham. iii. 1

collection, inference, deduction. Ham. iv. 5; v. 2; Cym. v. 5

collied, darkened. Oth. ii. 3

Colmekill, Iona. Mac. ii. 4

coloquintida, the bitter-apple which furnishes a purgative drug. Oth. i. 3

come tardy off, falling short. Ham. iii. 2

comfort, relieve. T.A. ii.3; Lear iii. 5; cheer. A. & C. iii. 6

comfortable, affording comfort, consolation, help. R. & J. v. 3; Lear i. 4; ii. 2

command, lay commands. Mac. iii. 1

commend, commit to the care or attention of. Cor. iv. 5; deliver, commit. Mac. i. 7; Lear ii. 4; commendation. Per. ii. 2

comment, mental observation. Ham. iii. 2

commodity, advantage, profit. Lear iv. 1

commoner, prostitute. Oth. iv.2

compact, composed. T. A. v. 3; confirm, strengthen. Lear. 1. 4

companion, fellow, a contemptuous term. J.C. iv. 3; Oth. iv. 2; make a companion. A. & C. i. 2

companionship, one party. Tim. i. 1

comparison, advantages appearing upon comparison. A. & C. iii. 11

compass, bound, range. T.A. v. 1; Oth. iii. 4; circular course, circuit. J.C. v. 3; Oth. iii. 4

compassed window, small circular bay-window. T. & C. i. 2

compeer, equal. Lear v. 3

competitor, associate, partner. A. & C. v. 1

compliment, observance of ceremony, formal civility. R. & J. ii. 2; &c.

complimental, courteous. T. & C. iii. 1

comply, observe the formalities of courtesy. Ham. ii. 2; fulfil, accomplish. Oth. i. 3

composture, manure, compost. Tim. iv. 3

composure, combination. T. & C. ii. 3; temperament, disposition. T. & C. ii. 3; A. & C. i. 4

compt, account, reckoning. Tim. ii. 1; Mac. i. 6; Oth. v. 2

concealed, secretly married. R. & J. iii. 3

conceit, apprehension, understanding. T. & C. i. 3; Per. iii. 1; fanciful design, intention. T. A. iv. 2; Ham. v. 2; form an opinion of. J.C. i. 3; iii. 1; Oth. iii. 3; imagination, fancy. Ham. iii. 4; Lear iv. 6; conception, idea, thought. Ham. iv. 5; Oth. iii. 3

conceptious, fruitful. Tim. iv.3

concern, be of importance to. Oth. i. 3

concernancy, import, meaning. Ham. v. 2

conclusion, experiment. Oth. i. 3; &c.; problem, riddle. Per.i.1

condemn shadows, cast discredit on unsubstantial things. A. & C. v. 2

condition, on condition that. T. & C. i. 2; mental disposition, temper, character. Cor. ii. 3; Tim. iv. 3; mode or state of being. J.C. ii. 1; Oth. i. 2; ii. 3

confection, compounded preparation of drugs. Cym.i.5; prepared poison. Cym. v. 5

confidence, ? misuse for 'conference.' R. & J. ii. 4

confiner, inhabitant. Cym. iv 2

confound, waste, consume, spend. Cor. i. 6; &c.
conjunct, closely joined or connected. Lear ii. 2
conscience, sound judgment. Tim. ii. 2; conscientiousness. Oth. iii. 3; inward knowledge, inmost thought. Cym. i. 6
conscionable, conscientiousness. Oth. ii. 1
consider, requite, recompense. Cym. ii. 3
considered, suitable for deliberate thought. Ham. ii. 2
consigned, added by way of ratification. T. & C. iv. 4
consist, insist. Per. i. 4
conspectuity, sight. Cor. ii. 1
constantly, confidently. T. & C. iv. 1; fixedly, resolutely, faithfully. J.C.v.1; Ham.i.2; Cym. iii. 5
constringe, compress, constrict. T. & C. v. 2
con thanks, be grateful. Tim.iv. 3
continent, restraining, self-restraining. Mac. iv. 3; Lear i.2; cover, enclosure. Ham. iv. 4; Lear iii.2; A. & C. iv.12; summary, sum. Ham. v. 2
continue, come as a sequel. Tim. ii. 2
control, overmaster. Cor. iii. 1
controller, critic, detractor.T.A. ii. 3
controversy, courage. J.C. i. 2
conveniency, advantage. Oth. iv. 2
*convent,*summon,convene.Cor. ii. 2
convey, manage with secrecy. Mac. iv. 3; Lear i. 2; stolen. Cym. i. 1
conveyance, channel for conveying liquor. Cor. v.1; escort, conduct, convoy. Ham. iv. 4; Oth. i. 3; document by which transference of property is effected. Ham. v. 1
convince, prove guilty. T. & C. ii. 2; overcome. Mac. i. 7; &c.
convive, feast. T. & C. iv. 5
convoy, means of conveyance. R. & J. ii. 4; Ham. i. 3
cope, meet, encounter. T. & C. i. 2; Lear v. 3; Oth. iv.1; come into contact with. Ham. iii. 2
copped, peaked. Per. i. 1
copy, pattern, example. Tim.iii. 3; copyhold. Mac. iii. 2
Corinth, house of ill-fame. Tim. ii. 2
corky, withered. Lear iii. 7
cormorant, ravenous,rapacious. T. & C. ii. 2; Cor. i. 1
corporal, bodily, material. Mac. i. 3; i. 7
corrigible, correcting. Oth. i. 3; submissive. A. & C. iv. 12
costard, large kind of apple; hence, head. Lear iv. 6
cote, pass beyond, outstrip. Ham. ii. 2
cot-quean, man that busies himself with matters belonging to the wife's province. R. & J.iv.4
couch, lie hidden, in ambush. T.A. v. 2; &c.
counsel, counsel-keeping, secret. Cor. i. 2; T.A. ii. 3; Ham. iv. 2
countenance, favour, patronage. Cor. v. 5; Ham. i. 3; be in keeping with. Mac. ii. 3; bearing, demeanour. Lear i. 2
counter, debased coin. J.C. iv. 3; following the trail in the wrong direction. Ham. iv. 5
counter-caster, arithmetician. Oth. i. 1
countervail, equal, counter-balance. R. & J. ii. 6; Per. ii. 3
course, pursue. Mac. i. 6; Lear

iii. 4; A. & C. iii. 11; one of a series of attacks in bear-baiting. Mac. v. 7; Lear iii. 7; line of action. Lear i. 3; regular order. Lear iii. 7; Oth. i. 2; customary procedure, habit. Oth. iv. 1

court-cupboard, movable sideboard or cabinet. R. & J. i. 5

cowish, cowardly. Lear iv. 2

coy, disdain. Cor. v. 1

coystril, base fellow. Per. iv. 6.

coz, cousin. R. & J. i. 5

cozen, cheat. Lear v.3; Oth.iv.2

crack, lively, pert little boy. Cor. i. 3; breach. Oth. ii. 3; utter loudly. Cym. v. 5

crank, winding path. Cor. i. 1

crants, garland, wreath. Ham. v. 1

crare, small trading-vessel. Cym. iv. 2

creek, winding part of a rivulet. Cym. iv. 2

cringe, distort. A. & C. iii. 11

crow, crowbar. R. & J. v. 2

crow-keeper, one employed to keep crows away, scare-crow. R. & J. i. 4; Lear iv. 6

crowner, coroner. Ham. v. 1

crownet, coronet. A. & C. v. 2

crush, discuss, drink. R. & J. i.2

cruzado, Portuguese coin, stamped with a cross. Oth. iii. 4

cry on, invoke with outcry. T. & C. v. 5

curb, bow. Ham. iii. 4; restrain. Cym. ii. 3

curiosity, nicety, delicacy, fastidiousness. Tim. iv. 3; &c.

curious, causing or involving care. T. & C. iii. 2; observant. R. & J. i. 4; made with care, skilfully wrought. Lear i. 4; &c.; anxious, Cym. i. 6

curstness, malignancy, ill-humour. A. & C. ii. 2

customer, harlot. Oth. iv. 1

Cynthia, the moon-goddess. R. & J. iii. 5

daff, put off. Oth. iv. 2; A. & C. iv. 4

dainty, make, be chary or loth. R. & J. i. 5

damask, blush-red colour. Cor. ii. 1

dancing-rapier, sword worn only for ornament in dancing. T.A. ii. 1

danger, range, harm. J.C. ii. 1; Mac. iii. 2; Ham. i. 3

Dansker, Dane. Ham. ii. 1

dash, daunt. Oth. iii. 3

date, duration, term of existence. R. & J. i. 4

dateless, endless. R. & J. v. 3

daw, type of foolishness. Cor. iv. 5

dealt on lieutenantry, fought by proxy. A. & C. iii. 9

dear, zealous. T. & C. v. 3; precious, valuable. Cor. i. 6; ii. 3; Lear i. 4; rare, ? loving. R. & J. iii. 3; important. R. & J. v. 2; Lear iii. 1; hard, dire. Tim. iv. 3; v. 1; Oth. i. 3

dearly, richly, finely. T. & C. iii. 3; Cym. ii. 2; deeply. Ham. iv. 3

death-practised, whose death is plotted. Lear iv. 6

death-token, plague-spot betokening the approach of death. T. & C. ii. 3

debile, weak. Cor. i. 9

deboshed, debauched. Lear i. 4

decline, go through in order. T. & C. ii. 3; decay. T. & C. iii. 3; &c.; fall, sink. T. & C.iv.5; &c.

deem, thought. T. & C. iv. 4

deer, objects of chase. Lear iii.4

defence, arms, armour. R. & J.

iii. 3; A. & C. iv. 4; art of defending oneself. J.C. iv. 3

defend, forbid. Oth. i. 3; A. & C. iii. 3

defunct, discharged, laid aside. Oth. i. 3

delated, expressly stated, conveyed. Ham. i. 2

delighted, affording delight, delightful. Oth. i. 3; Cym. v.4

deliver, speak. Cor. i. 1; present, exhibit. Cor. v. 3; v. 5; declare, report. J.C.iii. 1; Mac. i. 5; Ham. i. 2; bring forth. Oth. i. 3; Per. v. 1

demerit, merit, desert. Cor. i. 1; Oth. i. 2; offences, sins. Mac. iv. 3

denounce, proclaim. A. & C. iii. 7

depart, separate. Tim. i. 1; Cym. i. 1; quit. Lear iii. 5

depend, to be in a position of dependence. T. & C. iii. 1; Lear i. 4; impend, be imminent. R. & J. iii. 1; lean. Cym. ii. 4; remain in suspense. Cym. iv. 3

depravation, defamation, detraction. T. & C. v. 2

deprave, vilify, detract. Tim. i. 2

deputation, office of deputy. T. & C. i. 3; A. & C. iii. 11

deracinate, uproot. T. & C. i. 3

dern, dark, wild, drear. Lear iii. 7; Per. iii. Gower 15

derogate, debased. Lear i. 4; act in a way derogatory to one's position. Cym. ii. 1; degenerate. Cym. ii. 1

deserved, deserving, meritorious. Cor. iii. 1

design, thing in view, project, enterprise. T. & C. ii. 2; Mac. ii. 1; A. & C. v. 1; draw up. Ham. i. 1

designment, enterprise, undertaking. Cor. v. 5; Oth. ii. 1

determinate, decisive. Oth. iv. 2

determine, come to an end. Cor. iii. 3; &c.

devest, undress. Oth. ii. 3

dich, do it. Tim. i. 2

diet, feed. Cor. i. 9; &c.; prescribed course of food, regimen. Tim. iv. 3; victuals, board. Oth. iii. 3

difference, passions of some, conflicting emotions. J.C. i. 2

difficult, i.e. to be estimated. Oth. iii. 3

diffidence, distrust, suspicion. Lear i. 2

diffuse, render indistinguishable. Lear i. 4

digress, depart, deviate. T.A. v. 3; R. & J. iii. 3

dilate, relate at length. Oth. i. 3

dilated, spread far and wide. T. & C. ii. 3

directitude, direction. Cor. iv. 5

directive, subject to direction. T. & C. i. 3

disappointed, unprepared. Ham. i. 5

disaster, ill-luck. Mac. iii. 1; ruin. A. & C. ii. 7; unfavourable aspect of a star. Ham. i. 1

disbench, cause a person to leave his seat. Cor. ii. 2

discandy, dissolve. A. & C. iii. 11; iv. 10

discharge, emission. T. & C. iv. 4; perform. Cor. iii. 2; unburden, deliver. R. & J. v. 1; pay, payment. Tim. ii. 2; Cym. v. 4

discourse, conversational power. T. & C. i. 2; process or faculty of reasoning. T. & C. ii. 2; Ham. i. 2; reasoning, thought, reflection. T. & C. v. 2; Ham. iv. 4; narrate. T.A. v. 3; give forth. Ham. iii. 2; talk, converse, conversation. J.C. iii. 1; Oth. i. 3; ii. 3; familiar in-

tercourse. Ham. iii. 1; pass (the time) in talk. Cym. iii.3

discover, distinguish, discern. Cor. ii. 1; J.C. ii. 1; spy out, reconnoitre. A. & C. iv. 10; Tim. v. 2; show, exhibit. J.C. i. 2; divulge, make known. J. C. iii. 1; betray. Lear ii. 1

discovery, bringing to view, showing. Tim. v. 1; exploration, reconnoitring. Mac. v. 4; Lear v. 1; disclosure of a secret. Ham. ii. 2

disdain, indignation, vexation. T. & C. i. 2

disease, disturb, trouble. Cor. i. 3; trouble, grievance, vexation. Tim. iii. 1; Lear i. 1

disedged, satiated. Cym. iii. 4

disfurnish, deprive. Tim. iii. 2; Per. iv. 6

disguise, drunkenness, intoxication. A. & C. ii. 7

dislike, disagreement, discord. T. & C. ii. 3; Lear i. 4; displeased. R. & J. ii. 2; Oth. ii.3

dislimn, obliterate the outlines of. A. & C. iv. 12

dismal, disastrous, calamitous. R. & J. iv. 3

disme, tenth man sacrificed. T. & C. ii. 2

disnatured, unnatural. Lear i. 4

disorbed, removed from its sphere. T. & C. ii. 2

dispatch, dismissal, leave to go, congé. Cor. v. 3; Lear ii. 1; conduct, management. Mac. i. 5; deprive. Ham. i. 5; putting away hastily. Lear i. 2; make away with, kill. Lear ii.1; iv.5; speed, expedition. Oth. i. 3; settle, conclude. A. & C. v. 2; settle. A. & C. iii. 2

disponge, pour down as from a squeezed sponge. A. & C. iv. 9

dispose, temperament. T. & C. ii. 3; distribute. T. & C. iv. 5; put or stow away, deposit. T. A. iv.2; external manner. Oth. i. 3; come to terms. A. & C. iv. 12; direct one's action. Per.i.2

disproperty, alienate a possession. Cor. ii. 1

disquantity, diminish. Lear i. 4

dissolve, loosen, undo. T. & C. v. 2; separate. Cor. i. 1; destroy, put an end to. Lear iv. 4; shed tears. Lear v. 3; melt. A. & C. iii. 11

distain, defile, sully, dishonour. T. & C. i. 3; Per. iv. 3

distance, definite interval of space to be kept between fencers. R. & J. ii. 4; disagreement. Mac.iii.1; reverse of intimacy or familiarity. Oth. ii.3

distaste, disrelish, dislike. T. & C. ii. 2; Lear i. 3; render distasteful. T. & C. ii. 2; offend the taste, cause disgust. T. & C. iv. 4; Oth. iii. 3

distemper, deranged condition of body or mind. T. & C. ii. 2; Mac. v. 2; Ham. ii. 2; ill-humour, ill-temper. Ham. iii. 2; iii. 4

distemperature, disturbance of mind. R. & J. ii. 3; Per. v. 1

dividable, that divides. T. & C. i. 3

dividant, divided, separate. Tim. iv. 3

division, execution of a rapid passage of melody. R. & J. iii. 5; variation, modulation. Mac. iv. 3; definite portion of a battalion or squadron. Oth. i. 1

do, go on. T. & C. ii. 1

document, instruction. Ham. iv. 5

dog-fox, male fox, bloody-minded fellow. T. & C. v. 4

doit, former Dutch coin, equiv-

alent to half a farthing. Cor. iv. 4

dole, sorrow. Ham. i. 2

doom, judge. Cym. v. 5

dotant, dotard. Cor. v. 2

doubt, suspect, apprehend, fear. Cor. iii. 1; &c.

dout, put out, extinguish. Ham. iv. 7

down-gyved, hanging down like fetters. Ham. ii. 1

draught, cesspool, privy, sewer. T. & C. v. 1; Tim. v. 1

draw, gather, collect, assemble. T. & C. ii. 3; Cor. ii. 3; J.C. i. 3; displace so much water. T. & C. ii. 3; act in concert. T. & C. v. 5; Oth. iv. 1; pull back an arrow on the string. T.A. iv. 3; receive money, win a stake. Ham. iv. 5; Lear i. 1; bring. Lear iii. 3; Cym. iii. 3; withdraw. Cym. iv. 3

drawer, tapster. R. & J. iii. 1

drawn, emptied. Cym. v. 4

dregs, worthless part, impurity, corrupt matter. T. & C. iii. 2; Tim.i.2; last remains. Cor.v.2

drift, aim, tendency, what one is driving at. T. & C. iii. 3; &c.

drink (some one) *dead drunk*, *drink* (some one) *to bed*, said of the seasoned toper who sees his companions succumb to the effects of alcohol. Oth. ii. 3; A. & C. ii. 5

dropping, tearful. Ham. i. 2; dripping wet. Per. iv. 1

drossy, frivolous. Ham. v. 2

dry-beat, to beat soundly. R. & J. iii. 1; iv. 5

dudgeon, hilt of a dagger of wood of the same name (?box-wood). Mac. ii. 1

due, debt. Tim. ii. 2; straight. Oth. i. 3

dump, tune. R. & J. iv. 5

dup, do up, open. Ham. iv. 5

eager, keen, biting. Ham. i. 4

eaning time, time of bearing. Per. iii. 4

earing, ploughing. A. & C. i. 2

eat swords, be stabbed. T. & C. ii. 3

eche, eke out. Per.iii. Gower 13

effect, practical reality, fact. T. & C. v. 3; give effect to. T. & C.v. 10; practical purpose, result, end. T.A. iv. 3; Lear iii. 1; Oth. i. 3; drift, tenor. J.C. i. 2; Ham. i. 3; v. 2; execution. Mac. i. 5; outward sign, manifestation. Mac. v. 1; Lear i. 1; accomplishment. Lear iv. 2; A. & C. v. 2

effectually, with the due or intended result. T.A. iv. 4

eftsoons, soon. Per. v. 1

egal, equal. T.A. iv. 4

egg, applied contemptuously to a young person. Mac. iv. 2

eisel, vinegar. Ham. v. 1

elbow, move. Lear iv. 3

eld, old age. T. & C. ii. 2

element, general name for earth, water, air, and fire; constituent part of a whole, material or immaterial. T. & C. i. 3; &c.; atmospheric agencies or powers, sometimes = heavens. Cor. i. 10; &c.; air, atmosphere, or sky. J.C. i. 3; Lear iii. 1; sphere. Lear ii. 4; ?the celestial spheres of ancient astronomy. Oth. iii. 3

elf, twist, tangle. Lear ii. 3

elf-locks, tangled mass of hair supposed to be due to the agency of elves. R. & J. i. 4

embarquement, laying under embargo, hindrance, impediment. Cor. i. 10

ember-eves, vigil of an Ember-day. Per 1. Gower 6

embossed, foaming at the mouth from exhaustion. Tim. v. 1; A. & C. iv. 11; swollen, tumid. Lear ii. 4

embrace, welcome as a friend, companion, or the like. Cor. iv. 7; &c.; devote oneself to. A. & C. iii. 11

embrasure, embrace. T. & C. iv. 4

embrewed, stained or dyed with blood. T.A. ii. 3

empale, shut or hem in. T. & C. v. 7

emperial, blunder for 'emperor.' T.A. iv. 3; blunder for 'imperial.' T.A. iv. 4

empery, absolute dominion. T. A. i. 1; status of emperor. T.A. i. 1; empire. Cym. i. 6

empiricutic, empirical, quackish. Cor. ii. 1

emulate, ambitious. Ham. i. 1

emulation, grudge against the superiority of others. T. & C. i. 3; ambitious or jealous rivalry. T. & C. ii. 2; J.C. ii. 3; ambition to excel. Cor. i. 10

emulous, envious. T. & C. ii. 3; iii. 3; ambitious. T. & C. iv. 1

enact, purpose, resolution. T.A. iv. 2; act the part of. Ham. iii. 2

enacture, performance, fulfilment. Ham. iii. 2

encompassment, roundabout talk. Ham. ii. 1

encounter, behaviour. Ham. v. 2; light upon. Cym. i. 6

encounterer, 'forward' person. T. & C. iv. 5

encumbered, folded. Ham. i. 5

end, get a crop in. Cor. v. 5

end-all, that which ends all. Mac. i. 7

endart, shoot as a dart. R. & J. i. 3

endeared, bound by obligation. Tim. i. 2; iii. 2

endue, supply. Cor. ii. 3

enforced, ravished, violated. T. A. v. 3; Cym. iv. 1; constrained, forced. J.C. iv. 2; compelled. Lear i. 2

enfranched, enfranchised. A. & C. iii. 11

enfranchise, release from confinement. T.A. iv. 2; liberate. A. & C. i. 1

engage, enlist, embark on an enterprise. T. & C. ii. 2; A. & C. iv. 7; to bind by a promise or undertaking. T. & C. v. 3; pledge, pawn, mortgage. Tim. ii. 2; pledge. J.C. ii. 1; Oth. iii. 3; entangle. Ham. iii. 3

engine, instrument of warfare. T. & C. i. 3; &c.; artifice, contrivance, machine, implement. T.A. ii. 1; Oth. iv. 2; instrument of torture. Lear i. 4

englut, swallow up. Oth. i. 3

engraffed, engrafted, implanted, firmly fixed. J.C. ii. 1; Lear i. 1

engross, gain exclusive possession of, monopolize. R. & J. v. 3

enlard, fatten. T. & C. ii. 3

enlarge, give free scope to, extend. T. & C. v. 2; Ham. v. 1

enlargement, freedom of action. Cym. ii. 3

enormous, disordered, irregular. Lear ii. 2

enridged, thrown into ridges. Lear iv. 6

enseamed, loaded with grease, greased. Ham. iii. 4

ensear, dry up. Tim. iv. 3

ensteeped, lying under water. Oth. ii. 1

entertain, receive, reception. Tim. i. 2; Per. i. 1; take into one's service. J.C. v. 5; treat. Lear i. 4

entertainment, maintaining a

person in one's service. Cor.iv. 3; Oth. iii. 3; manner of reception, treatment. Cor. iv.5; &c.; meal. Tim. i. 2; accommodation, provision for the table. Lear ii. 4; employment. A. & C. iv. 6

entranced, in a swoon. Per. iii.2

entreat, treat. T. & C. iv. 4; entreaty. T.A. i. 1; beguile, pass the time. R. & J. iv. 1

entreatment, conversation, interview. Ham. i. 3

envious, malicious. Ham. iv. 7

envy, envy against, show malice towards. Cor. iii. 3

enwheel, encircle. Oth. ii. 1

Epicurean, suited to the taste of an epicure. A. & C. ii. 1

escape, outrageous transgression. T.A. iv. 2; Oth. i. 3

escot, pay a reckoning for, maintain. Ham. ii. 2

espial, spy. Ham. iii. 1

estate, state, condition. Cor. ii. 1; Lear v. 3; status, rank, dignity. Mac. i. 4; Ham. iii. 2; v. 1; administration of government. Ham. iii. 3; property, fortune. Cym. i. 4

estridge, ostrich. A. & C. iii. 11

eterne, eternal. Mac.iii.2; Ham. ii. 2

event, outcome, issue. Cor. ii. 1; Ham. iv. 4

evil, ill-boding. T. & C. i. 3; misfortune, calamity. J. C. ii. 2; Oth. i. 1; the king's evil, scrofula. Mac. iv. 3

exceed, excel. Per. ii. 3

except, object to, take exception to. J.C. ii. 1

exception, disapproval, dislike. Ham. v. 2

exception, take, find fault. Oth. iv. 2

exchange, thing offered or given in exchange. R. & J. ii. 6; Lear iv. 6; v. 3; pass in fencing. Ham. v. 2

excitement, incentive, encouragement. T.&C.i.3; Ham. iv.4

exclaim, outcry. T. & C. v. 3; protest, rail. Ham. ii. 2; Oth. ii. 3

excrement, growth of hair. Ham. iii. 4

exempt, debarred, excluded. Tim. iv. 2

exercise, acquired skill.Ham.iv. 7; religious devotion or act of worship. Oth. iii. 4

exhalation, meteor. J.C. ii. 1

exhale, draw forth, esp. of the sun drawing up vapours and thereby producing meteors. R. & J. iii. 5

exhaust, draw forth. Tim. iv. 3

exhibition, allowance of money for a person's support. Lear i. 2; Oth. i. 3; gift, present. Oth. iv. 3

exigent, state of pressing need, emergency. J.C. v. 1; A. & C. iv. 12

exorcist, exorciser, one who calls up spirits. J.C. ii. 1; Cym. iv. 2

expectancy, source of hope. Ham. iii. 1; expectation. Oth. ii. 1

expedience, expedition. A. & C. i. 2

expense, spending. Lear ii. 1

exposture, exposure. Cor. iv. 1

express, manifest, reveal, betoken. Cor. i. 3; &c.; well-framed, fitted to its purpose. Ham. ii. 2

expressure, expression. T. & C. iii. 3

exsufflicate, (?) puffed up, inflated. Oth. iii. 3

extant, present. T. & C. iv. 5

extend, prolong in duration. Mac. iii. 4; seize upon. A. & C. i. 2; magnify in representation, give high praise to. Cym. i. 1; i. 4

extent, showing or exercising of. T.A. iv. 4; welcome. Ham. ii. 2

extenuate, depreciate, disparage. J.C. iii. 2

extern, external. Oth. i. 1

extinct, extincted, extinguished. Oth. ii. 1

extravagant, straying, roaming. Ham. i. 1; Oth. i. 1

eyas, young hawk, whose training is incomplete; used fig. of children. Ham. ii. 2

eyestrings, muscles, nerves, or tendons of the eye. Cym. i. 3

fact, deed, crime. Mac. iii. 6

faction, class, set. T. & C. ii. 1; party strife, quarrel, dissension. T. & C. iii. 3; Tim. iii. 5; A. & C. i. 3

factionary, active as a partisan. Cor. v. 2

factor, agent. A. & C. ii. 6

faculty, quality. J.C.i.3; power. Mac. i. 7

fail, be at fault, err. Cor. iv. 7; fault, offence. Tim. v. 1; Cym. iii. 4; leave undone, omit. Mac.iii.6; Lear ii.4; Cym.iii.4

fair, auspiciously, favourably. T. & C. i. 3; still. T. & C. iv. 5; becomingly, fittingly. Cor. iv. 6; a phrase for a beautiful woman. R. & J. ii. prol.

faith'd, believed. Lear ii. 1

fall, happen, come to pass. J.C. iii. 1; Ham. iv. 7; downward stroke of a sword. Oth. ii. 3; befall. A. & C. iii. 7

fallible, blunderingly used. A. & C. v. 2

falling-sickness, epilepsy. J.C.i. 2

fame, common talk or report. A. & C. ii. 2

familiar, plain, easily understood. T. & C. iii. 3; current, habitual, ordinary. J.C. iii. 1; household, domestic. Oth. ii.3

fancy, love, fall in love. T. & C. v. 2; fantasticalness. Ham. i. 3; amorous inclination, love. Oth. iii. 4

fang, seize. Tim. iv. 3

fangled, fond of finery or foppery. Cym. v. 4

fantastical, imaginary. Mac.i.3; fanciful. Oth. ii. 1

fantastico, absurd, irrational person. R. & J. ii. 4

fantasy, imagination. J.C. ii. 1; iii. 3; caprice, whim. Ham. iv. 4; Oth. iii. 3; fanciful image, fancy. J.C. ii. 1; hallucination. Ham. i. 1

fardel, bundle, pack. Ham. iii.1

farm, rent. Ham. iv. 4

farrow, litter of pigs. Mac. iv. 1

fashion-monger, one who studies and follows the fashion. R. & J. ii. 4

fat, gross. Ham. i. 5

fatigate, fatigued. Cor. ii. 2

fault, lack, want. R. & J. ii. 4; misfortune. Per. iv. 2

favour, countenance, face. T. & C.i.2; Ham. v. 1; appearance, aspect. J.C. i. 3; Lear i. 4; pardon. Mac.i.3; leave. Ham.i.2; attraction, charm. Ham. iv. 5; Oth. iv. 3; features. Lear iii. 7

fay, faith. Ham. ii. 2

fear, be fearful for. Cor. iii. 2; Ham. iv. 5; formidableness, dreadfulness. J.C. ii. 1; Cym. iii. 4; frighten. Lear iii. 5

feat, ? constrain to propriety. Cym. i. 1; adroit. Cym. v. 5

feathered, winged. Oth. i. 3, Per. v. 2

feature, shape or form of body. Ham. iii. 1

fee, worth. Ham. i. 4; payment, recompense. Ham. ii. 2; absolute possession. Ham.iv.4; remuneration paid professionally. Lear i. 1

feeder, one dependent on another for food, servant. Tim.ii. 2; A. & C. iii. 11

fee-farm, kind of tenure by which land is held in fee-simple subject to a perpetual fixed rent. T. & C. iii. 2

fee-grief, grief that has a particular owner. Mac. iv. 3

fee-simple, estate belonging to the owners and his heirs for ever, absolute possession. R. & J. iii. 1

felicitate, made happy. Lear i.1

fell, fierce, cruel. T.A. ii. 3; &c.; came to be. J.C. iv. 3; skin, covering of hair or wool. Mac. v. 5; Lear v. 3

fellow, mode of address to a servant. R. & J. i. 2; equal, match. J.C. v. 3; Mac. ii. 3

fellowship, companionship, company. Cor. v.3; Oth. ii. 1; participation, sharing. Tim. v. 2; intercourse. Ham.ii.2; partnership, membership. Ham. iii. 2

fence, defend, protect. Tim.iv.1

feodary, accomplice. Cym. iii.2

fere, spouse. T.A. iv. 1; Per. i. Gower 21

festinate, hasty. Lear iii. 7

fetch, dodge, trick. Ham. ii. 1; Lear ii. 4; derive. Oth. i. 2; take. Cym. i. 1; deal a blow at. Per. ii. 1

fetch in, close in upon, surround. A. & C. iv. 1; Cym. iv.2

fettle, make ready, prepare. R. & J. iii. 5

few, in, in short. Ham. i. 3

fidiused, jocular formation on the name Aufidius. Cor. ii. 1

fielded, engaged in battle. Cor. i. 4

figure, written character. Tim. v. 1; v. 3; Oth. i. 1; imaginary form, phantasm. J.C. ii. 1; rhetorical form of expression. Ham. ii. 2

file, body of persons. Cor. ii. 1; Cym. v. 3; numbers, army. Cor. v. 5; Tim. v. 2; A. & C. i. 1; iv. 1; polish, refine. T.A. ii. 1; defile. Mac. iii. 1; list, roll. Mac. iii. 1

fill, thill or shaft of a cart. T. & C.iii.2; satiate, satisfy. Tim.i.1

find, experience, feel. Cor. v. 3

fine, penalty, punishment. Cor. v. 5; exquisitely fashioned, beautiful. R. & J. ii. 1; Ham.ii. 2; highly accomplished, skilful. J.C. i. 1; A. & C. ii. 6; end. Ham. v. 1; amicable agreement of a fictitious suit for the possession of lands. Ham. v. 1; consummate. Oth. iv. 1

fineless, infinite. Oth. iii. 3

fit, strain of music. T. & C. iii. 1; prepared, ready. Cor. i. 3; Oth. iii.4; paroxysm of lunacy, sometimes applied to critical times. Cor. iii. 2; &c.; agree or harmonize. T.A. iii. 1; Lear iii. 2; be fitting. R. & J. i. 5; of the right measure, well-fitting. Ham. iv. 5; Lear i. 2; Cym. iv. 1; furnish. Cym. v. 5

fitchew, polecat. T. & C. v. 1; Lear iv. 6; Oth. iv. 1

fitment, preparation. Cym. v. 5; duty. Per. iv. 6

fixure, fixedness, stability. T. & C. i. 3

flake, lock of hair. Lear iv. 7
flamen, priest. Cor. ii. 1; Tim. iv. 3
flat, stupid, dull. T. & C. iv. 1; level ground. Ham. v. 1
flaw, sudden burst or squall of wind. Cor. v. 3; Ham. v. 1; Per. iii. 1; outburst of feeling or passion. Mac. iii. 4; fragment. Lear ii. 4; damage. Lear v. 3; crack, fissure. A. & C. iii. 10
flecked, dappled. R. & J. ii. 3
fleer, sneer, gibe. R. & J. i. 5; J. C. i. 3
fleet, be afloat. A. & C. iii. 11
flesh, human nature. Ham.iii.1; initiate in, or inure to, bloodshed. Lear ii. 2; visible surface of the body. A. & C. i. 2
fleshment, excitement resulting from a first success. Lear ii. 2
flight, flock. T.A. v.3; company. Ham. v. 2
flighty, swift. Mac. iv. 1
flirt-gill, woman of light or loose behaviour. R. & J. ii. 4
flourish, brandish. T.A. i. 1; J. C. iii. 2; embellishment. Ham. ii. 2
flush, full. Tim. v. 4; vigorous. Ham. iii. 3; A. & C. i. 4
flushing, redness. Ham. i. 2
fly, cause a hawk to fly at game. Ham. ii. 2
fob, delude. Oth. iv. 2
fob off, set aside by a trick. Cor. i. 1
foil, defeat, overcome, frustrate. T. & C. i. 3; &c.; light fencing sword. Ham. ii. 2; &c.; setting which shows the jewel off to advantage. Ham. v. 2
foin, thrust in fencing. Lear iv.6
foison, resource. Mac. iv. 3; plentiful harvest. A. & C. ii. 7
folly, lewdness, wantonness. T. & C. v. 2; Oth. ii. 1; v. 2
fond, eager, desirous. Cor. v. 3; Cym. i. 1; trifling, foolish. Ham. i. 5
fool, kind of custard or dish of whipped cream. T. & C. v. 1; used as a term of endearment or pity. R. & J. i. 3; Lear v. 3; dupe, sport. R. & J. iii. 1; &c.; make a fool of. Lear ii. 4
foot, tread. Lear iii. 4; settle, establish. Lear iii. 7; kick. Cym. iii. 5; clutch. Cym. v. 4
footed, on foot. Lear iii. 3
fop, foppery, foppish, fool, folly, foolish. Lear i. 2; i. 4
for, as a precaution against, for fear of. T. & C. i. 2; Per. i. 1; to represent. Cor. v. 4; in place of. Ham. v. 1; as. Lear iii. 4
forbid, banned, cursed. Mac.i.3
force, stuff. T. & C. ii. 3; v. 1; press home, urge. Cor. iii. 2; necessity. J.C. iv. 3; reinforce. Mac. v. 5
fordo, kill, put an end to. Ham. ii. 1; &c.
forehand, vanguard, mainstay. T. & C. i. 3
foresay, decree. Cym. iv. 2
forespent, previously bestowed. Cym. ii. 3
forked, two-legged. Lear iii. 4; cleft at the summit. A. & C. iv. 12
forlorn, of wretched appearance, meagre. T.A. ii. 3; ?used as in 'forlorn hope.' Cym. v. 5
formal, dignified. J.C. ii.1; ceremonious, precise. Ham. iv.5; normal in intellect. A. & C. ii.5
former, front, forward. J.C. v.1
forsook, refused. Oth. iv. 2
forspoke, spoke against. A. & C. iii. 7

forthright, straight path. T.&C. iii. 3

fortune, chance, accident. Oth. i. 3; possession. Oth. v. 2; regulate the fortunes of. A. & C. i. 2; random. Oth. iii. 3; chance. Oth. v. 2

fosset, kind of tap for drawing liquor from a barrel. Cor. ii. 1

foulness, moral impurity, wickedness. Lear i. 1

fox, type of ingratitude. Lear i. 4; iii. 6

fracted, broken. Tim. ii. 1

fraction, discord, dissension. T. & C. ii. 3; fragment. T. & C. v. 2; Tim. ii. 2

frame, structure, form. Tim. i. 1; Ham. ii. 2; v. 1; order, plan. Mac. iii. 2; Ham. iii. 2; direct their steps. Per. i. Gower 32

franchise, liberty, privilege. Cor. iv. 6; free exercise. Cym. iii. 1

franchised, free. Mac. ii. 1

frank, liberal, bounteous. Cor. iii. 1; Oth. iii. 4; open. Oth. i. 3; iii. 3

franklin, landowner of free but not noble birth, ranking next below the gentry. Cym. iii. 2

fraught, laden, loaded. T. & C. prol. 4; freight, cargo. T.A. i. 1; Lear i. 4; load. Oth. iii. 3

frayed, frightened. T & C. iii. 2

free, of noble character, generous. T. & C.i.3; &c.; clear from blame, absolve. Cor. iv. 7; Ham. v. 2; get rid of, banish. Mac. iii. 6; Cym. iii. 6; guiltless, innocent. Ham. ii. 2; iii.2; Oth. iii. 3

fret, chequer. J.C. ii. 1; adorn. Ham. ii. 2; Cym. ii. 4; furnish a guitar with the ring or bar which regulated the fingering. Ham. iii. 2; make or form by wearing away. Lear i. 4

frize, kind of coarse woollen cloth with a nap. Oth. ii. 1

front, foremost line of battle. Cor. i.6; A. & C. v.1; forehead, face. Mac. iv. 3; Oth. iii. 1

frontier, frontier fortress. Ham. iv. 4

frontlet, band on the forehead, frown. Lear i. 4

frush, smash, batter. T. & C. v.6

fulsome, morally foul, filthy. Oth. iv. 1

furrow weed, growth in ploughed land. Lear iv. 4

fustian, rant, gibberish. Oth.ii.3

gad, sharp spike, as on a stylus. T.A. iv. 1; sudden. Lear i. 2

gage, pledge, stake, risk. Ham. i. 1

gain-giving, misgiving. Ham.v. 2

gait, proceeding. Ham.i.2; way. Lear iv. 6

gall, graze with a weapon, wound, hurt. T.A. iv. 3; Ham. iv. 7; spirit to resent injury or insult. Oth. iv. 3

Gallian, French. Cym. i. 6

gallow, frighten. Lear iii. 2

gallowglasses, soldiers or retainers maintained by Irish chiefs. Mac. i. 2

gamester, lewd person. Per.iv.6

garb, style, manner, fashion. Cor. iv. 7; &c.

garboil, brawl, commotion. A. & C. i. 3; ii. 2

gasted, terrified. Lear ii. 1

gastness, terror. Oth. v. 1

gaze, that which is gazed at. Mac. v. 7

gear, matter, affair, business. T. & C. i. 1; R. & J. ii. 4; stuff. T. & C. iii. 2; R. & J. v. 1

geck, fool. Cym. v. 4
gender, kind, sort, class. Ham. iv. 7; Oth. i. 3
general, that which is common to all. T. & C. i. 3; all, whole. T. & C. v. 2; &c.; multitude. J.C. ii. 1; Ham. ii. 2; common, public. J.C. iii. 2; Ham. ii. 2; all respects. Per. v. 1
generation, offspring. T. & C.iii. 1; Lear i. 1; breed, race, kind. Tim. i. 1
generous, of noble lineage, high-born. Ham. i. 3; Oth. iii. 3
genius, tutelary god or spirit allotted to every man at birth. T. & C. iv. 4; J.C. ii. 1; Mac. iii. 1
gennet, jennet, small Spanish horse. Oth. i. 1
gentry, rank by birth. Cor. iii.1; courtesy. Ham. ii. 2; good-breeding. Ham. v. 2
german, closely-related, akin. Tim. iv. 3; appropriate. Ham. v. 2; near relative. Oth. i. 1
germen, germ. Mac. iv. 1; Lear iii. 2
gest, deeds. A. & C. iv. 8
ghostly, spiritual. R. & J. iii. 3
gib, tom-cat. Ham. iii. 4
giglot, lewd, wanton. Cym. iii.1
gild, smear with blood. Mac. ii. 2; give a specious lustre to. A. & C. i. 5
'gin, begin. Mac. i. 2
gird, make sharp or biting remarks on. Cor. i. 1
Gis, Jesus. Ham. iv. 5
give, represent, report. Cor. i. 9; A. & C. i. 4; attribute, assign. R. & J. iv. 5; be tearful. Tim. iv. 3; dedicate, surrender. A. & C. iii. 2
giving out, assertion, declaration. Ham. i. 5; Oth. iv. 1
glance at, allude to, reflect upon. J.C. i. 2
glass, eyeball. Cor. iii. 2; magic mirror or crystal. Mac. iv. 1
glass-faced, reflecting, like a mirror, the looks of another. Tim. i. 1
gleek, gibe, jest. R. & J. iv. 5
glimpse, faint appearance, tinge, trace. T. & C. i. 2
glorious, eager for glory. Cym. i. 6; Per. i. Gower 9
gloze, comment. T. & C. ii. 2; talk smoothly and speciously. T.A. iv. 4; Per. i. 1
go, walk. Lear i. 4
goatish, lustful. Lear i. 2
god, deify, idolize. Cor. v. 3
God-a-mercy, used in response to a respectful salutation. T. & C. v. 4; Ham. ii. 2
God 'eyld, 'ild, lit. 'God yield,' used in returning thanks. Mac. i. 6; Ham. iv. 5
gone through, done my utmost. Per. iv. 2
good, able to fulfil his engagements, financially sound. Cor. i. 1, comely. Per. iv. 2
gorge, what has been swallowed. Tim. iv. 3
gorget, piece of armour for the throat. T. & C. i. 3
gospelled, imbued with the principles of the gospel. Mac. iii. 1
gossip, applied to a woman's female friends invited to be present at a birth. T.A. iv. 2; R. & J. iii. 5; friend. R. & J. ii. 1
goujeres, used for some undefined malefic power. Lear v. 3
gout, drop. Mac. ii. 1
government, control, management. R. & J. iv. 1; Cym. ii. 4; demeanour, discretion. Oth. iii.

3; command of an army. Oth. iv. 1

governor, military commander. Oth. ii. 1

grace, favour. Mac. 1. 6; Ham. i. 1; fortune, luck. Ham. i. 3; mercy, pardon. Lear iii.2; virtue, efficacy. R. & J. ii. 3; Mac. iv. 3; God. Mac. v. 7

graced, endued with graces. Mac. iii. 4; dignified, honourable. Lear i. 4

graceful, favourable. A. & C. ii. 2

gracious, godly, righteous. T. & C. ii. 2; J.C. iii. 2; Ham. v. 2; acceptable, popular. T.A. i. 1

graciously, through divine grace. Per. iv. 6.

graff, graft, scion. Per. v. 1

graft, fix grafts upon. Cor. ii. 1; fix, attach, as one does a graft. Mac. iv. 3

grain, arrangement of veins and fibres in wood; hence, natural inclination. T. & C. i. 3; Cor. ii. 3; ingrain. Ham. iii. 4

grammercy, thanks. T.A.i.1; &c.

grandsire, ancient. R. & J. i. 4

grange, farm-house, country-house. Oth. i. 1

grate, wear away. T. & C. iii. 2; harass, irritate. Ham. iii. 1; A. & C. i. 1

gratulate, express joy. T.A. i. 1; greet, salute. Tim. i. 2

grave, bury. Tim. iv. 3

Graymalkin, properly: 'grey cat'; used as name of a fiend. Mac. i. 1

Greek, merry, boon companion, roysterer. T. & C. i. 2; iv. 4

green, pale, sickly. R. & J. ii. 2; Mac. i. 7; fresh, late. R. & J. iv. 3; youthful. Tim. iv. 1; raw, inexperienced. Ham. i. 3; grassy turf or sod. Per. iv. 1

greenly, foolishly, unskilfully. Ham. iv. 5

green-sickness, a kind of anaemia. A. & C. iii. 2; Per. iv. 6

grievance, trouble, distress, suffering. R. & J. i. 1; oppression, annoyance. Oth. i. 2

gripe, grasp. Mac. iii. 1; Cym. iii. 1; Per. i. 1

grize, step. Tim. iv. 3; Oth. i. 3

grizzled, grey. Ham. i. 2; A. & C. iii. 11

groom, fellow. T.A. iv. 2; bridegroom. Oth. ii. 3; Cym. iii. 6

gross, general drift. Ham. i. 1; palpable, plain. Ham. iv. 4; &c.; big. Lear iv. 6; dull, stupid. Oth. iii. 3

grossly, ? in a state of gross sinfulness. Ham. iii. 3; stupidly. Oth. iii. 3; flagrantly. A. & C. iii. 8

grossness, bulkiness. T. & C. i. 3

ground, plainsong or bass on which a descant is 'raised.' T. A. ii. 1; motive, reason. R. & J. v. 3

groundling, frequenter of the pit of the theatre. Ham. iii. 2

grow, become. Cor. iv. 4

grunt, groan. Ham. iii. 1

guardage, guardianship. Oth. i. 2

guardant, guardian, protector. Cor. v. 2

guinea-hen, strumpet. Oth. i. 3

gules, heraldic name for red. Tim. iv. 3; Ham. ii. 2

gulf, voracious belly. Mac. iv.1

gull, unfledged bird. Tim. ii. 1; dupe, fool. Oth. v. 2

gust, taste, liking. Tim. iii. 5

gyve, fetter, shackle, chain. Ham. iv. 7; Oth. ii. 1

haggard, wild and intractable. Oth. iii. 3

halcyon, it was believed that a dried specimen of this bird hung up so as to move freely, would turn in the direction of the wind. Lear ii. 2

half-blooded, of superior blood by one parent only. Lear v. 3

half-cap, half-courteous salute. Tim. ii. 2

halidom, by my, an asseveration. R. & J. i. 3

hall, a, a cry to make room, e.g. for a dance. R. & J. i. 5

hand, at, at the start. J.C. iv. 2

hand, bear in, delude with false hopes, deceive with professions. Mac. iii. 1; Ham. ii. 2

handfast, marriage-contract. Cym. i. 5

hand, in, led or held by the hand. Cor. v. 3; T.A. v. 3

hand, made fair, done well. Cor. iv. 6

hand, will to, call for execution. Mac. iii. 4

handy-dandy, words used in the children's game, 'Which hand will you have?' = choose which you please. Lear iv. 6

hanger, strap on a sword-belt from which the sword hung. Ham. v. 2

hap, dear, good fortune. R. & J. ii. 2

haply, happily, perchance. T.A. iv. 3; &c.

happiness, propriety, felicity. Ham. ii. 2

happy, appropriate, felicitous. Tim. i. 1; apt, skilful. Cym. iii. 4

hardiment, bold exploit. T. & C. iv. 5; Cym. v. 4

hardly, harshly. Cym. iii. 3

harlot, lewd person. Cor. iii. 2; R. & J. ii. 4

harlotry, silly wench. R. & J. iv. 2; courtesan. Oth. iv. 2

harp, hit upon, guess. Mac. iv. 1

harper, ? error for 'harpy.' Mac. iv. 1

hatch, half-door, wicket with an open space beneath. Lear iii. 6; trapdoor in a ship's deck covering an opening for cargo. Per. iii. 1

hatched, inlaid with strips of silver, fig. of hair streaked with white. T. & C. i. 3; closed with a hatch. Per. iv. 2

hatchment, square or diamond-shaped tablet displaying the armorial bearings of a deceased person. Ham. iv. 5

have, understand. Ham. ii. 1

have at, I will attack, begin. R. & J. iv. 5; Cym. v. 5

have with, I'll go along with. Oth. i. 2

having, endowments, gifts. T. & C. iii. 3; allowance of expense. Oth. iv. 3; possession, property. Cym. i. 2

haviour, behaviour. Ham. i. 2; Cym. iii. 4

havoc, give an army the signal for pillaging. Cor. iii. 1; J.C. iii. 1; slaughter. Ham. v. 2

hay, home-thrust. R. & J. ii. 4

hazarded to, depending for its fate on. A. & C. iii. 10

hazard, on, at stake. T. & C. prol. 22; J.C. v. 1

head, ears. T. & C. iv. 5; Per. ii. 3; antlers of a deer. T. & C. iv. 5; category. Tim. iii. 5; origin. Ham. i. 1; hostile advance. Ham. iv. 5; headland. A. & C. iii. 7; armed force. Cym. iii. 5

head, make, raise troops. J.C iv. 1; Cym. iv. 2

heap, mass. Tim. v. 1; Per. i. 1
heap, on a, on heaps, prostrate, in ruins, in a fallen or prostrate mass. T. & C. iii. 2; &c.
hearse, coffin. J.C. iii. 2
hearsed, coffined, buried. Ham. i. 4
hearted, fixed in the heart. Oth. i. 3; iii. 3
heart's ease, name of a popular Elizabethan tune. R. & J. iv.5
heave, deep sigh. Ham. iv. 1; sigh. Lear iv. 3
heavy, grievous, wicked. Ham. iv. 1; weighty, important. Lear v. 1; dull, stupid. Oth. ii. 1; slow, sluggish. A. & C. iii. 7
hebona, ?yew. Ham. i. 5
hectic, hectic or wasting fever. Ham. iv. 3
hedge, shut. T. & C. iii. 1; go, turn. T. & C. iii. 3
hedge-pig, hedgehog. Mac. iv. 1
hence, in the next world. Ham. iii. 2; henceforward. Oth. iii. 3
hent, ?clutch, or ?intention. Ham. iii. 3
heraldry, heraldic practice or regulation. Ham. i. 1; device, armorial bearings. Ham. ii. 2
hereto, hitherto. Cor. ii. 2
hermit, ?friar. T.A.iii. 2; beadsman. Mac. i. 6
hey-day, exclamation of annoyance. T. & C. v. 1; excitement. Ham. iii. 4
hide fox, &c., old signal cry in the game of hide-and-seek. Ham. iv. 2
high-battled, having a lofty command. A. & C. iii. 11
high lone, quite alone.R.&J.i.3
high-sighted, supercilious, arrogant. J.C. ii. 1
hilding, jade, baggage. R. & J. iii. 5
hint, occasion, opportunity. Cor. iii. 3; &c.
hip, berry of the wild rose. Tim. iv. 3
hip, on the, at a disadvantage. Oth. ii. 1
his, that one's. Mac. iv. 3
history, historical play or drama. Ham. ii. 2; Oth. ii. 1; narrative, tale, story. Ham. iii. 2; Oth. i. 3; Cym. iii. 5
hit, fall in suitably or exactly. Tim. iii. 1; agree. Lear i. 1
hoar, mouldy, become mouldy. R.&J.ii.4; to smite with white leprosy. Tim. iv. 3; greyish-white. Ham. iv. 7
hoar leprosy, white leprosy. Tim. iv. 3
Hob, used as a name for a rustic. Cor. ii. 3
Hobbididance, used as the name of a fiend. Lear iv. 1
hobby-horse, figure of a dance used in the morris-dance. Ham. iii. 2; light woman. Oth. iv. 1
hold, endue, bear. Cor. iii. 2; Tim. i. 2; Ham. v. 1; have, keep, be. R. & J. ii. 2; &c.; continue steadfast. Tim. ii. 1; J.C. i. 2; Ham. v. 2; detain. J.C. i. 2; ii. 1; Mac. iii. 6; entertain, esteem. Ham. i. 2; iv.3
holding, burden of a song. A. & C. ii. 7
holy-ale, church-ale, festival in connexion with a church. Per. 1. Gower 6
home, to the point aimed at, thoroughly, plainly. Cor. ii. 2; &c.
honest, chaste. Ham. iii. 1, Oth. iii. 3
honesty, generosity. Tim. iii. 1; uprightness. J.C. ii. 1; honour. J.C. iv. 3; chastity. Ham. iii. 1;

decency, decorum. Oth. iv. 1; truth. Cym. iii. 6

honoured, honourable. Lear v. 1; A. & C. iv. 8

hoodman-blind, blind-man's-buff. Ham. iii. 4

hood-wink, blindfold. R. & J. i. 4; Cym. v. 2

hope, thing hoped for. T.A. ii. 1; expectation. Oth. i. 3; expect, suppose. A. & C. ii. 1

horn, attributed to cuckolds, who were said to wear horns on the brow. A. & C. i. 2

horologe, clock. Oth. ii. 3

horse-drench, draught of medicine for a horse. Cor. ii. 1

hose, French, large, wide breeches. Mac. ii. 3

housekeeper, one who stays at home. Cor. i. 3; dog kept to guard the house. Mac. iii. 1

howlet, owl. Mac. iv. 1

hugger-mugger, in, secretly. Ham. iv. 5

hulk, large ship of burden or transport. T. & C. ii. 3

humane, befitting a man, kindly; courteous. Oth. ii. 1

humorous, capricious, fanciful. T. & C. ii. 3; Cor. ii. 1; Ham. ii. 2; moist, damp. R. & J. ii. 1

humour, temper, quality. T. & C. i. 2; R. & J. iv. 1; Oth. iii. 4; fancy, whim. T.A. v. 2; comply with my humour, indulge. J.C. i. 2; mental disposition, temperament. J.C. iv. 3; Ham. ii. 2; temporary state of mind, mood, temper. Oth. iii. 4

hundred-pound, contemptuous epithet for a pretender to the title of gentleman. Lear ii. 2

hunts-up, early morning sun. R. & J. iii. 5

hurlyburly, commotion, tumult. Mac. i. 1

hurricano, waterspout. T. & C. v. 2; Lear iii. 2

hurtle, clatter, crash. J.C. ii. 2

husbandry, profitable, careful management. T. & C. i. 2; &c.

Hyperion, sun-god. Ham. i. 2

Hyrcan, Hyrcanian, of the country south of the Caspian Sea. Mac. iii. 4; Ham. ii. 2

ice-brooks' temper, tempered in icy-cold water. Oth. v. 2

idle, move lazily or uselessly. R. & J. ii. 6; ineffective, worthless, trifling. Tim. i. 2; iv. 3; Oth. i.2; foolish, crazy. Ham. iii. 2; Lear i. 2; i. 3; serving no useful purpose. Oth. i. 3

ignorant, resulting from ignorance. Oth. iv. 2; uninformed, unskilled. Cym. iii. 2

ill-favoured, ill-looking. T.A. iii. 2

ill-tempered, badly-mixed, said of the humours that compose the blood. J.C. iv. 3

illustrous, the negative of lustrous. Cym. i. 6

imagined, having its seat in the mind. R. & J. ii. 6

imbecility, weakness. T.&C.i.3

immediacy, direct relation in a position of authority. Lear v.3

imminence, impending evil. T. & C. v. 10

immoment, of no moment. A. & C. v. 2

immure, wall. T. & C. prol. 8

impart, communicate, tell. Ham. i. 2; iii. 2

impartment, communication. Ham. i. 4

imperceiverant, undiscerning. Cym. iv. 1

implorator, solicitor. Ham. i. 3

impone, ?intended to suggest an affected pronunciation of 'impawn.' Ham. v. 2

import, be important, matter, concern. T. & C. iv. 2; Oth. i. 3; A. & C. i. 2; imply, indicate, express. R. & J. v. 1; &c.; involve. Lear iv. 3; A. & C. ii. 2

importance, matter, affair. Cym. i. 4

importancy, significance. Oth. i. 3

importless, unimportant. T. & C. i. 3

imposthume, abscess. T. & C. v. 1; Ham. iv. 4

impress, enforced levy. T. & C. ii. 1; Ham. i. 1; A. & C. iii. 7; mark. Cor. v. 5; Mac. v. 7; compel into service. Mac. iv. 1; Lear v. 3

imputation, repute, reputation. T. & C. i. 3; Oth. iii. 3

incapable, not admitting. Cor. iv. 6; insensible. Ham. iv. 7

incarnadine, tinge with red. Mac. ii. 2

incense, instigate or incite. J.C. i. 3; Lear ii. 4

inch, small island. Mac. i. 2

inclining, party, following. Oth. i. 2; compliant. Oth. ii. 3

inclip, enclose, embrace. A. & C. ii. 7

include, ?resolve itself into. T. & C. i. 3

incontinent, -ly, forthwith, at once. Oth. i. 3; Oth. iv. 3

incorpsed, of one body with. Ham. iv. 7

incorrect, unchastened. Ham. i. 2

indenture, contract, mutual agreement. Ham. v. 1

index, table of contents, argument, preface. T. & C. i. 3; Ham. iii. 4; Oth. ii. 1

India, used as of a country fabulously rich. T. & C. i. 1

indifferent, neither good nor bad, ordinary. Tim. i. 1; Ham. ii. 2; tolerably, fairly. Ham. iii. 1

indifferently, neutrally. Cor. ii. 2; unconcernedly. J.C. i. 2; moderately, tolerably. Ham. iii. 2

indign, unworthy, shameful. Oth. i. 3

indirect, wrong, unjust. Oth. i. 3

indirection, malpractice. J.C. iv. 3; devious course. Ham. ii. 1

indite, misused for 'invite.' R. & J. ii. 4

individable, 'where the unity of place is observed.' Ham. ii. 2

indue, customed. Ham. iv. 7; bring to a certain condition. Oth. iii. 4

influence, supposed flowing of an ethereal fluid acting on the destiny of men. Ham. i. 1

inform, report. Cor. i. 6; instruct, teach. Cor. iii. 3; Cym. i. 1; imbue. Cor. v. 3; give information. Mac. i. 5; take shape. Mac. ii. 1

infusion, infused temperament. Ham. v. 2

ingener, inventor. Oth. ii. 1

ingraft, implanted. Oth. ii. 3

ingredient, chief component. Oth. ii. 3

inhabit, ? continue, ? remain at home. Mac. iii. 4.

inhibited, forbidden, as by ecclesiastical law. Oth. i. 2

inhibition, formal prohibition. Ham. ii. 2

inhooped, enclosed in a hoop in which cocks were kept fighting close together. A. & C. ii. 3

initiate, of a novice. Mac. iii. 4

injoint, join, unite. Oth. i. 3

injurious, contumelious, insulting. Cor. iii. 3; Cym. iv. 2; malicious or insolent in wrongdoing. Cym. iii. 1

inkle, linen, or yarn from which it is made. Per. v. Gower 8

innocent, idiot, half-wit. Lear iii. 6; Per. iv. 3

insculpture, carved inscription. Tim. v. 4

insisture, steady continuance, regularity. T. & C. i. 3

instance, motive, cause. Ham. iii. 2

instant, present, existing. T. & C. iii. 3; Cor. v. 1; immediate, -ly. Tim. ii. 2; Ham. i. 5; Lear i. 4

instrumental, serviceable. Ham. i. 2

insult, exult, triumph. T.A. iii.2

insultment, contemptuous triumph. Cym. iii. 5

intelligence, communication, intercourse. Cym. iv. 2

intelligent, bearing intelligence, communicative. Lear iii. 1; iii. 5; iii. 7

intend, mean. A. & C. ii. 2; purpose making. A. & C. v. 2; Per. i. 2

intendment, purpose, intent. Oth. iv. 2

intentively, intently. Oth. i. 3

*interc*pt,* interrupt. T.A. iii. 1

interessed, be, have a right or share. Lear i. 1

interest, legal concern, right, title. T.A. iii. 1; Lear i. 1; concern, part. R. & J. iii. 1; Cym. iv. 2; advantage, profit. Mac. i. 2

inter'gatory, question formally put. Cym. v. 5

interlude, stage-play of a popular kind. Lear v. 3

intermission, delay. Mac. iv. 3; Lear ii. 4

intil, into. Ham. v. 1

intrenchant, incapable of being cut. Mac. v. 7

intrinse, entangled. Lear ii. 2

intrinsicate, intricate. A. & C. v. 2

inurned, interred. Ham. i. 4

investment, clothes. Ham. i. 3

irregulous, lawless. Cym. iv. 2

ise, I shall. Lear iv. 6

issue, outcome, product. T.&C. ii. 2; Lear i. 1; decision, matter ripe for decision. R.&J. iv. 1; Mac. v.4; action, deed. J.C. iii. 1; Cym. ii. 1; conclusion. Oth. iii. 3; fortune. A.&C. i. 2

iterance, iteration. Oth. v. 2

I wis, certainly. Per.ii. Gower 2

Jack, low-bred fellow. R. & J. ii. 4; &c.; figure of a man which strikes the bell on the outside of a clock. Tim. iii. 6; in bowls, a small bowl placed as a mark to aim at. Cym. ii. 1; contemptuous use. Cym. ii. 1

jackanapes, pert, conceited fellow. Cym. ii. 1

jade, vicious or ill-conditioned horse. T. & C. ii. 1; Ham. iii. 2; make a jade of, exhaust. A. & C. iii. 1

jaunce, jauncing, trotting or trudging up and down. R. & J. ii. 5

jay, flashy or light woman. Cym. iii. 4

jealous-hood, ? jealous spy. R. & J. iv. 4

jerkin, close-fitting jacket, often made of leather. T. & C. iii. 3

jesses, short straps of leather, silk, or other material fastened round the legs of a trained hawk. Oth. iii. 3

jet, encroach. T.A. ii. 1; walk pompously, strut. Cym. iii. 3; Per. i. 4

jig, lively or farcical performance given at the end or in an interval of a play. Ham. ii. 2; move with a rapid jerky motion. Ham. iii. 1

John-a-dreams, dreamy fellow. Ham. ii. 2

jointress, widow who holds a jointure, dowager. Ham. i. 2

joint-ring, finger-ring made in separate halves. Oth. iv. 3

joint-stool, kind of folding-chair. R. & J. i. 5

journal, daily. Cym. iv. 2

jowl, dash, knock. Ham. v. 1

judicious, judicial. Cor. v. 5

Jug, familiar substitute for the name Joan, applied to a homely woman. Lear i. 4

jump, apply a desperate remedy to. Cor. iii. 1; hazard, venture. Mac. i. 7; A. & C. iii. 8; Cym. v. 4; exactly, precisely. Ham. i. 1; v. 2; Oth. ii. 3; agree. Oth. i. 3

justicer, magistrate. Lear iii. 6; &c.

jutty, projecting part of a wall or building. Mac. i. 6

kam, clean, quite wrong. Cor. iii. 1

keeper, sick nurse. R. & J. v. 3

ken, recognize. T. & C. iv. 5; distance that bounds the vision. Cym. iii. 6

kerchief, wear a, be ill. J.C. ii.1

kern, light-armed Irish foot-soldier. Mac. i. 2

kettle, kettle-drum. Ham. v. 2

kibe, chilblain on the heel. Ham. v. 1

kind, race, class. T.&C.v.4; J.C. ii.1; nature. T.A. ii.1; A.&C.v. 2; fond. Ham. iv.5; manner. Lear iv. 6; family. Per. v. 1

kindless, unnatural. Ham. ii. 2

kindly, exactly. R. & J. ii. 4; innate. Tim. ii. 2; benign. A. & C. ii. 5

kingdomed, that is a kingdom in himself. T. & C. ii. 3

knap, give a smart blow to. Lear ii. 4

knave, boy, servant, sometimes in familiar use. J.C. iv. 3; &c.

knit, bind, unite. R. & J. iv. 2

knoll, ring, toll. Mac. v. 7

knot, lump, knob. T. & C. v. 3; folded arms. T.A. iii. 2; company. J.C. iii. 1; gather into a knot. Oth. iv. 2

laboured, highly wrought. Per. ii. 3

laboursome, laborious, elaborate. Ham. i. 2; Cym. iii. 4

lace, streak or stripe with colour. R. & J. iii. 5; Mac. ii. 3; Cym. ii. 2

lag, lowest class. Tim. iii. 6

lag of, behind. Lear i. 2

Lammas-eve, July 31. R.&J. i. 3

Lammas-tide, Aug. 1. R. & J.i.3

land carrack, ?coasting-vessel. Oth. i. 2

lank, become shrunken. A. & C. i. 4

lanthorn, window-turret. R. & J. v. 3

lap, wrap. Mac. i. 2; Cym. v. 5

lapse, fall into sin. Cor. v. 2; Cym. iii. 6

lard, intersperse, garnish. T. & C. v. 1; Ham. iv. 5; v. 2; fatten. Tim. iv. 3

large, licentious, gross. R. & J. ii. 4; A. & C. iii. 6; unrestrained. Mac. iii. 4; liberal.

Lear i. 1; pompous. Lear i. 1

'larum, battle-cry. Cor. i. 4; tumultuous noise. T.A. i. 1

latch, catch, hold. Mac. iv. 3

lated, belated. Mac. iii. 3; A. & C. iii. 9

lavolt, lively dance for two persons. T. & C. iv. 4

law-day, day for the sitting of a court of law. Oth. iii. 3

lay, wager, stake. T. & C. iii. 1; &c.; bury. Cym. iv. 2

lazar, poor and diseased person, esp. a leper. T. & C. ii. 3; v. 1; Ham. i. 5

leading, direction. Cor. iv. 5

leap, pass over. T. & C. prol.27; be eager. A. & C. iii. 11

leaping-time, youth. Cym. iv. 2

leasing, lying. Cor. v. 2

leave, abandon, give, stop. Cor. ii. 3; &c.; used as a phrase of dismissal. R. & J. i. 3; leave-taking. Mac. iv. 3; Ham. i. 3

leaven on, lay the, taint. Cym. iii. 4

leer, complexion. T.A. iv. 2

leet, special court which the lords of certain manors were empowered to hold yearly or half-yearly. Oth. iii. 3

leg, obeisance, bow. Cor. ii. 1; Tim. i. 2

leiger, ambassador, agent. Cym. i. 5

leisure, time. Mac. i. 3; iii. 2

leisure, by, barely, not at all. T. A. i. 1

lend, hold out. T.A. iii. 1

lendings, non-essential appurtenances. Lear iii. 4

length, reach, range. Mac. iv. 3; Ham. i. 2; Per. i. 1; prolixity, lengthiness. A. & C. iv. 12

lenten, containing no meat. R. & J.ii.4; meagre, scanty. Ham. ii. 2

leperous, causing leprosy. Ham. i. 5

let, let go. T. & C. i. 1; Cym. iv. 2; caused. Ham. iv. 6

Lethe, a river in Hades, to drink the waters of which caused oblivion of the past. Ham. i. 5; A. & C. ii. 7

Lethe'd, oblivious. A. & C. ii. 1

letter, literal meaning. Oth. i. 3; Cym. v. 5; learning. Per. iv. Gower 8

level, range of a missile, weapon. R. & J. iii. 3; with direct aim. Ham.iv.1; iv.5; be on a par. Oth.i.3; guess. A.&C.v.2

liable, subject. J.C. i. 2; ii. 2; Per. iv. 6

liberal, gross, licentious. Ham. iv. 7; Oth. ii. 1; refined, tasteful. Ham. v. 2; free in speaking. Oth. v. 2

lie, be in a posture of defence. T. & C. i. 2; be asleep in bed. T. & C. iv. 1; Mac. ii. 3; sojourn. Cor. i. 9; be still. Per. iii. 1

lie on, lie upon, depend upon. T. & C. iv. 4; A & C. iii. 8; rests as an obligation upon. Cor. iii. 2

lieutenantry, on, by deputy. A. & C. iii. 9

lifter, thief. T. & C. i. 2

light, shine through. T. & C. i. 1; swift. R. & J. ii. 2; full of levity. R. & J. ii. 2; Lear iii. 4; of little value. Oth.ii.3; cheerful. Oth.iv.1; delirious. Oth. iv.1; enlightenment. Per.i.3

limbeck, alembic, still. Mac. i.7

limb-meal, limb from limb. Cym. ii. 4

limbo, abode of the just who

died before Christ's coming, or of infants who have died unbaptized, used vaguely for Hell. T.A. iii. 1

lime, catch with birdlime. Ham. iii. 3

lime-kiln, burning sensation. T. & C. v. 1

limitation, allotted time. Cor. ii. 3

line, fortify. Mac. i. 3; contour, lineament. Cym. iv. 1

lion-sick, sick like a lion with pride. T. & C. ii. 3

lip, contemptuous face. Cor. ii. 1; kiss. Oth. iv. 1; A. & C. ii. 5

list, limit, bound, esp. a space set apart for tilting. Mac. iii. 1; Ham. iv. 5; Oth. iv. 1; catalogue of soldiers. Ham. i. 1; &c.; please. Ham. i. 5; Oth. ii. 3; desire. Oth. ii. 1

lively, living, animate. T.A. iii. 1; v. 3; life-like. Tim. i. 1; to the life. Tim. v. 1

lockram, linen fabric. Cor. ii. 1

locust, (*a*) locust-bean, (*b*) honeysuckle, (*c*) sugar-stick. Oth. i. 3

loggats, game in which thick sticks were thrown to lie near a stake fixed in the ground. Ham. v. 1

'long, on account. Cor. v. 4

'loo, cry to incite a dog to the chase. T. & C. v. 7; Lear iii. 4

loof, luff, to bring the head of a ship nearer to the wind. A. & C. iii. 8

look, tend or promise. Cor. iii. 3; take care. Oth. iv. 3

loon, stupid fellow. Mac. v. 3

loop, part of a hinge. Oth. iii. 3

looped, having loopholes. Lear iii. 4

lose, destroy, ruin. Ham. iii. 2; Lear i. 1; Cym. ii. 4; cause the loss of. Lear i. 2; lose one's wits. A. & C. i. 2; miss. A. & C. iv. 12

loss, brought to destruction. Mac. i. 3; bewildered. Mac. ii. 2; Ham. iv. 7; perdition, ruin. Lear iii. 6; A. & C. iv. 10

lots to blanks, a thousand to one. Cor. v. 2

lottery, decision by casting lots. T. & C. ii. 1; what falls to one by lot. A. & C. ii. 2

love-day, day appointed for a meeting to settle a dispute. T. A. i. 1

love's sake, for, phrase of strong entreaty. Oth. iii. 1

lown, stupid fellow. Oth. ii. 3; man of low birth. Per. iv. 6

lubber, clumsy stupid fellow, lout. Lear i. 4

Lucina, goddess of child birth. Cym. v. 4; Per. i. 1

Lud's town, London. Cym. iii. 1

lunacies, lunes, fits of frenzy, mad freaks. T. & C. ii. 3; Ham. iii. 3

Lupercal, Roman festival in honour of Pan. J.C. iii. 2

lurch, cheat, rob. Cor. ii. 2

lure, recall a hawk to the lure. R. & J. ii. 2

lust-dieted, feeding gluttonously. Lear iv. 1

lustihood, bodily vigour. T. & C. ii. 2

luxuriously, lustfully. A. & C. iii. 11

luxury, lasciviousness, lust. Ham. i. 5

lym, bloodhound. Lear iii. 6

machine, bodily frame. Ham. ii. 2

maculation, stain of impurity. T. & C. iv. 4

made-up, consummate, accomplished. Tim. v. 1

maggot-pie, magpie. Mac. iii.4

magnanimous, great in courage. T. & C. ii. 2

magnifico, title given to the magnates of Venice. Oth. i. 2

Mahu, name of a fiend. Lear iii. 4; iv. 1

mail, piece of mail-armour. T. & C. iii. 3

main, principal, chief. Cor. iv. 3; &c.; general. J.C. ii. 1; Ham. i. 3; chief or main part. Ham. iv. 4; mainland. Lear iii. 1; ocean. Oth. ii. 1

make, have to do. T. & C. i. 1; represent, regard. Cor. i. 1; get together. Cor. v. 1; go. Lear i. 1; mate, husband or wife. Lear iv. 3; do. Oth. iii. 4

malkin, untidy female servant, slut. Cor. ii. 1; Per. iv. 3

mammer, stammer, waver. Oth. iii. 3

mammet, doll. R. & J. iii. 5

mammock, break into fragments. Cor. i. 3

manage, management. T. & C. iii. 3; handle, wield. R. & J. i. 1; Lear i. 3; contrive, contrivance. R. & J. iii. 1; Oth. ii. 3; training of a horse in its paces. Per. iv. 6

mandragora, mandrake. Oth.iii. 3

mandrake, poisonous plant, supposed to utter a shriek when pulled out of the ground. R. & J. iv. 3

man-entered, initiated into manhood. Cor. ii. 2

manner, custom, usage. Ham. i. 4; moral character. Ham. i. 4

mantle, cover, envelope. Cor. i. 6; vegetable coating on the surface of stagnant water. Lear iii. 4

manure, till, cultivate. Oth. i. 3

mappery, contemptuous word for map-making. T. & C. i. 3

marchpane, marzipan. R. & J. i. 5

margent, margin, commentary. R. & J. i. 3; Ham. v. 2

mark, target, reach. Cor. ii. 2; A. & C. iii. 6; attention, notice. Oth. ii. 3

mark, God bless the, an expression of apology for the mention of something disagreeable, or of scorn. R. & J. iii. 2; Oth. i. 1

marry, unite, join closely. R. & J. i. 3; orig. the name of the Blessed Virgin used as an exclamation or asseveration. R. & J. ii. 5; &c.

mart, traffic, buy and sell. J.C. iv. 3; Cym. i. 6; buying and selling. Ham. i.1; market. Per. iv. 2

Martial, like that of the war-god, Mars. Cym. iv. 2

martlet, swallow or house-martin. Mac. i. 6

Mary bud, bud of a marigold. Cym. ii. 3

mast, fruit of the beech, oak, or chestnut, serving as food for swine. Tim. iv. 3

mastick, massive. T. & C. i. 3

match, agreement. T. & C. iv. 5; Cym. iii. 6; equal contest. T. & C. iv. 5; v. 4; Ham. ii. 2; place in competition with. R. & J. ii. chor. 4; oppose with equal power. Ham.iv.7; Cym. ii. 1

mate, stupefy, confound. Mac. v. 1

matin, morning. Ham. i. 5

maugre, in spite of. Lear v. 3
mazzard, head. Ham. v.1; Oth. ii. 3
mealy, covered with fine powder. T. & C. iii. 3
mean, opportunity to approach. Ham. iv. 6; medium. A. & C. ii. 7; something interposed or intervening. A. & C. iii. 2
meddle, have dealings, concern oneself. R. & J. i. 2
medicinable, healing, medicinal. T. & C. i. 3; Oth. v. 2; Cym. iii. 2
medicine, doctor. Mac. v. 2; poison. Lear v. 3; Oth. iv. 1; philtre. Oth. i. 3; bring by medicinal means. Oth. iii. 3; philosopher's stone or elixir. A. & C. i. 5; heal. Cym. iv. 2
medlar, fruit like a small brown-skinned apple. R. & J. ii. 1; Tim. iv. 3
meed, gift. Tim. i. 1; merit, worth. Ham. v. 2
meet, experience. Lear iii. 7
meiny, body of retainers. Lear ii. 4
memory, memorial. Cor. iv. 5; J.C. iii. 2; Lear iv. 7
mend, improve, reform. Cor. i. 4; &c.; make amends for. Cor. iii. 2; increase the value of. Tim. i. 1; A. & C. i. 5; abate. Tim. v. 1; adjust. A. & C. v. 2
mends, means of reparation, remedy. T. & C. i. 1
merchant, fellow. R. & J. ii. 4
mercy, by, ?by a merciful condition. Tim. iii. 5
mercy, cry, beg pardon. Lear iii. 6
mere, absolute, sheer. Mac. iv. 3; Oth. ii. 2; Cym. iv. 2
mered, (*a*) sole ground of dispute, (*b*) matter to which the dispute is limited. A. & C. iii. 11
merely, absolutely, entirely. Cor. iii. 1; Ham. i. 2
mess, dish, course of dishes. Tim. iv. 3; Lear i. 1; one of the groups of persons, normally four, into which the company at a banquet was divided. Ham. v. 2
metal, character. Lear i. 1
metaphysical, supernatural. Mac. i. 5
mettle, disposition, spirit, courage. J.C. i. 2; ii. 1; Oth. iv. 2
mew, coop up, shut up. R. & J. iii. 4
miching mallecho, ?skulking mischief. Ham. iii. 2
mickle, great. R. & J. ii. 3
milch, give milk, weep. Ham. ii. 2
milk-livered, white-livered, cowardly. Lear iv. 2
mince, affect mincingly. Lear iv. 6; extenuate. Oth. ii. 3; report euphemistically. A. & C. i. 2
mind, remind. Cor. v. 1; purpose, desire. T.A. v. 3; J.C. i. 2; attend to. R. & J. iv. 1; disposition. Tim. iii. 3; Lear i. 3; way of thinking and feeling. J.C. v. 1; intend. Per. ii. 4
mine, subterranean cavity. Oth. iv. 2
mineral, mine. Ham. iv. 1; mineral medicine or poison. Oth. i. 2; ii. 1; Cym. v. 5
mingle, look into each other's. A. & C. iii. 11; put together so as to make one. Cym. i. 6
minikin, shrill. Lear iii. 6
minim, musical note. R. & J. ii.4
minion, hussy, jade. T.A. ii. 3; Oth. v. 1
minister, apply, administer,

render aid. R. & J. iv. 3; Mac. v. 3; Per. iii. 2; agent. Ham. i. 4; iii. 4; furnish, supply. Oth. ii. 1

minute-jack, one who changes his mind every minute. Tim. iii. 6

minutely, happening every minute. Mac. v. 2

mirable, marvellous. T. & C. iv. 5

mirth, object of merriment. J.C. iv. 3; jest. A. & C. i. 4

mis-dread, dread of evil. Per. i. 2

misery, (*a*) miserable nobility, (*b*) wretchedness in noble estate. Cym. v. 3

misprise, despise. T. & C. iv. 5

missive, messenger. Mac. i. 5; A. & C. ii. 2

mistake, go astray. R. & J. v. 3; misdoubt. Tim. iii. 2

mis-tempered, tempered for an evil purpose. R. & J. i. 1

mistress, woman having a protective or guiding influence. Lear ii. 1

misuse, evil conduct. Oth. iv. 2

mobled, muffled. Ham. ii. 2

model, likeness, image. Ham. v. 2; Per. ii. 2

modern, everyday, ordinary. Mac. iv. 3

modest, moderate, becoming. Cor. iii. 1; Lear ii. 4; iv. 7

Modo, name of a fiend. Lear iii. 4; iv. 1

moiety, share, portion. Ham. i. 1

monster, point at as something wonderful. Cor. ii. 2; make monstrous. Lear i. 1

monument, place of burial, sepulchre. T.A. ii. 3; R. & J. iii. 5; A. & C. iv. 11; statue. Cym. ii. 2

monumental, like a monument. T. & C. iii. 3; sepulchral. Oth. v. 2

mood, anger, displeasure. R. & J. iii. 1; Oth. ii. 3

moon, symbolical of Diana, the virgin-goddess. Cor. i. 1

moonshine, month. Lear i. 2

mop, grimace. Lear iv. 1

mope, be in bewilderment. Ham. iii. 4

moral, allegorical. Tim. i. 1; moralizing. Lear iv. 2

moraler, moralizer. Oth. ii. 3

mortality, life. Mac. ii. 3

mortified, deadened. J.C. ii. 1; Lear ii. 3

moth, parasite. Cor. i. 3; Oth. i. 3

mother, hysteria. Lear ii. 4; source of attraction. Cym. iii. 4

motion, reason. Cor. ii. 1; influence. Cor. ii. 2; proposal. T.A. i. 1; power of movement. R. & J. iii. 2; inward prompting, desire. J.C. ii. 1; &c.; movement of body acquired by training. Ham. iv. 7; bodily exertion. Ham. iv. 7

motive, moving limb, organ. T. & C. iv. 5; mover, prompter. Tim. v. 4; Oth. iv. 2; A. & C. ii. 2

mountebank, win with tricks. Cor. iii. 2

mouse-hunt, woman-hunter. R. & J. iv. 4

mouth, spokesman. Cor. iii. 1; take into the mouth. Ham. iv. 2

move, make angry. R. & J. i. 1; J.C. iv. 3; propose, suggest. Ham. iii. 2; Oth. iii. 4

mow, grimace. Ham. ii. 2; Lear iv. 1; Cym. i. 6

muddy-mettled, dull-spirited. Ham. ii. 2

mulled, dispirited, dull. Cor. iv. 5

mummy, medicinal or magical preparation of the flesh of dead bodies. Mac. iv. 1; Oth. iii. 4

muniments, furnishings. Cor.i.1

murdering-piece, small cannon or mortar. Ham. iv. 5

murrain, plague, used as an imprecation. T. & C. ii. 1

mute, silent spectator. Ham. v. 2; dumb servant. Cym. iii. 5

mutine, rebel. Ham. iii. 4; mutineer. Ham. v. 2

mutiny, discord. R. & J. i. 5; contend, quarrel. Oth. ii. 1; A. & C. iii. 9

Myrmidon, warlike race of Thessaly. T. & C. v. 5

mystery, craft, trade. Tim. iv. 1; iv. 3; Oth. iv. 2; personal secret. Ham. iii. 2

naked, unarmed. Cor. i. 10; Oth. v. 2

native, natural. R. & J. iv. 1; Ham. iii. 1; Oth. ii. 1; related. Ham. i. 2

natural, related by blood. Tim. iv. 3; Cym. iii. 3; having natural feeling or kindness. Lear ii. 1; by birth. Lear iv. 6

nature, natural feeling. Mac. i. 5; Ham. i. 5; iii. 2

naught, lost, ruined. Cor. iii. 1; A. & C. iii. 8; wicked, naughty. R. & J. iii. 2; &c.

naughty, bad, nasty. Lear iii. 4

nave, navel. Mac. i. 2; hub of a wheel. Ham. ii. 2

ne, nor. Per. ii. Gower 36

Neopolitan bone-ache, venereal disease. T. & C. ii. 3

near, intimately, deeply, closely affecting. Tim. i. 2; iii. 6; Oth. iv. 1; nearer. Mac. ii. 3

neat, dandiacal. Lear ii. 2; dainty. Cym. iv. 2

needly, of necessity. R. & J. iii.2

needy, necessary. Per. i. 4

neglection, negligence. T. & C. i. 3; Per. iii. 3

neighbourhood, friendly relations. Tim. iv. 1

nephew, cousin. T. & C. i. 2; grandson. Oth. i. 1

nerve, sinew, hence strength. Cor. i.1; Ham. i.4; Cym. iii.3

nervy, vigorous, sinewy. Cor. ii. 1

nether, committed here below. Lear iv. 2

nice, accurate, precise. T. & C. iv. 5; Mac. iv. 3; unimportant, trivial. R. & J. iii. 1; v. 2; J.C. iv. 3; slender. Oth. iii. 3; wanton, lascivious. A. & C. iii. 11

nicely, elegantly. Cor. ii. 1; scrupulously. Lear ii. 2; v. 3; Per. iv. 1; with exact correspondence. Cym. ii. 4

niceness, coyness. Cym. iii. 4

nick, cut short. A. & C. iii. 11

nighted, dark or black as night. Ham. i. 2; Lear iv. 5

nill, will not. Ham. v. 1; Per. iii. Gower 55

nip, arrest the attention. Per. v. 1

noise, rumour, report. T. & C. i. 2; &c.; clamour. A. & C. iii. 6

nonpareil, one that has no equal. Mac. iii. 4; A. & C. iii.2

nose, by the, to the, under the eyes. Cor. iv. 6; T.A. ii. 1

nose, down with, speak i' the, referring to the effects of venereal disease. Tim. iv.3; Oth. iii. 1

not, not only. Cor. iii. 2; iii. 3; Per. iii. 2

note, set music to. T. & C. v. 2; R. & J. iv. 5; sign, token. Tim. i. 2; Cym. ii. 2; bill. Tim. ii. 2; brand. J. C. iv. 3; kind. Mac. iii. 2; Cym. i. 4; ii. 3; knowledge, intimation. Lear ii. 1;

Cym. iv. 3; tune. Cym. iv. 2
nothing-gift, worthless gift. Cym. iii. 6
notion, understanding, mind. Cor. v. 5; Mac. iii. 1; Lear i. 4
nousle, train. Per. i. 4
noyance, harm. Ham. iii. 3
number, multitude, populace. Cor. iii. 1; celebrate in 'numbers' or verse. A. & C. iii. 2
nuncle, uncle, the customary appellation of the jester to his superiors. Lear i. 4; &c.
nursery, nursing. Lear i. 1

O, lament. R. & J. iii. 3; cipher. Lear i. 4; circle. A. & C. v. 2
oak, leaves used as a garland. Cor. i. 3; ii. 2; wood of the tree. Oth. iii. 3
oathable, fit to take an oath. Tim. iv. 3
Obidicut, name of a fiend. Lear iv. 1
object, presentation of something to the eye or perception. T. & C. ii. 2; Cor. i. 1; one that excites love or pity or their opposites. T. & C. iv. 5; Tim. iv. 3
oblivious, causing forgetfulness. Mac. v. 3
obsequious, dutiful in regard for the dead. T.A. v. 3; Ham. i. 2
observance, observancy, reverence. T. & C. i. 3; observant care. Ham. iii. 2; Oth. iii. 4; observation. Oth. iii. 3; A. & C. iii. 3
observant, obsequious attendant. Lear ii. 2
observe, pay court to, attend. Tim. iv. 3; Ham. iii. 1
observing, compliant, obsequious. T. & C. ii. 3
occasion, need. Tim. iii. 2; Cym. v. 5; cause, reason. Tim. iii. 6
occupation, handicraft, business. Cor. iv. 1; &c.
occurrent, event, incident. Ham. v. 2
odd, at variance. T. & C. iv. 5; extra. Ham. v. 2
odd-even, ? about midnight. Oth. i. 1
odds, balance of advantage, superiority. Cor. iii. 1; T.A. v. 2; Ham. v. 2; variance, strife. Tim. iv. 3; Oth. ii. 3; chance, balance of probability. Cym. v. 2
odds, at the, with advantage. Ham. v. 2; A. & C. ii. 3
œillade, amorous glance. Lear iv. 5
o'ercount, outnumber. A. & C. ii. 6
o'er-crow, overpower. Ham. v. 2
o'er-eaten, nibbled away on all sides. T. & C. v. 2
o'ergrown, covered with hair. Cym. iv. 4
o'erlook, examine. Per. i. 2
o'er-office, lord it over, by virtue of one's office. Ham. v. 1
o'erperch, fly over. R. & J. ii. 2
o'er-raught, overtook. Ham. iii. 1
o'er-sized, cover over with something like size. Ham. ii. 2
o'er-teemed, exhausted by excessive production. Ham. ii. 2
o'er-watched, wearied with much watching. J.C. iv. 3; Lear ii. 2
o'er-wrested, strained. T. & C. i. 3
offer, dare. T. & C. ii. 3
office, drive by virtue of office. Cor. v. 2; parts of house-buildings devoted to household matters. Tim. ii. 2; people holding official position. Ham. iii. 1; proper function or action. Oth. iii. 4

officed, appointed to a particular office. Oth. i. 3

officer, agent. J.C. iv. 2; A. & C. iii. 1; household servant. Mac. i. 7; Cym. iii. 1

officious, zealous in one's duty. T.A. v. 2

old, great, abundant. Mac. ii. 3; belonging to old age. Lear i. 1; early form of 'wold.' Lear iii. 4; long ago. Per. i. Gower 1

omen, ominous event. Ham. i. 1

omit, disregard. Cor. iii. 1; forbear to exercise. Oth. ii. 1

once, once for all. Cor. ii. 3

operant, potent. Tim. iv. 3; active. Ham. iii. 2

opinion, self-confidence. T.&C. i. 3; A. & C. ii. 1; self-conceit. T. & C. iii. 3; public opinion. Oth. i. 3; reputation. Oth. ii. 3; censure. Oth. iv. 2

oppress, trouble, harass. Ham. i. 2; Lear v. 3; Cym. v. 4; suppress. Per. iii. Gower 29

oppugnancy, conflict. T.&C.i.3

orb, concentric sphere which carries planets and stars with it in its revolution. R. & J. ii. 2; A. & C. iii. 11; earth, world. Ham. ii. 2; A. & C. v. 2; heavenly body. Lear i. 1; Cym. i. 6; sphere of action. Per. i. 2

order, plan, arrangement. T. & C. iv. 5; Mac. v. 6; way in which something takes place. J.C. i. 2; course. J.C. iii. 1

ordinance, rank. Cor. iii. 2; practice, usage. J.C. i. 3; decree of providence or destiny. Lear iv. 1; Cym. iv. 2

ordinant, directing. Ham. v. 2

ordinary, meal in an eating-house, used vaguely for meal. A. & C. ii. 2

orgulous, proud. T. & C. prol. 2

orient, applied to pearls as coming from the East. A. & C. i. 5

ort, fragment. T.&C.v.2; Tim. iv. 3

ostent, show, display. Per. i. 2

ostentation, show, exhibition. Cor. i. 6; Ham. iv. 5; A. & C. iii. 6

other, each preceding. J.C. i. 2

Ottomite, Ottoman, Turk. Oth. i. 3

out, outright. Cor. iv. 5; outside. Cor. v. 2; Tim. iv. 1; at variance. J.C. i. 1; out at heel. J.C. i. 1; finished. Ham. v. 2; A. & C. iv. 9

out-crafty, excel in craft. Cym. iii. 4

outprize, exceed in value. Cym. i. 4

outrage, fury. R. & J. v. 3

overcome, take by surprise. Mac. iii. 4

overhold, over-estimate. T. & C. ii. 3

overture, disclosure. Lear iii. 7

overwhelm, overhang. R. & J. v. 1

owe, possess, have. Mac. i. 3; Oth. i. 1

oyes, call of the public crier. T. & C. iv. 5

pace, train a horse in its paces. A. & C. ii. 2; Per. iv. 6

pack, conspire. T.A. iv. 2; take oneself off, depart. Tim. v. 1; &c.; confederacy. Lear v. 3

pack cards, make fraudulent agreement. A. & C. iv. 12

packing, plotting. Lear iii. 1

Paddock, ? familiar spirit in the shape of a toad. Mac. i. 1; toad. Ham. iii. 4

pageant, mimic. T. & C. i. 3; show, spectacle. T. & C. iii. 3; Oth. i. 3

pain, trouble, labour. Lear iii. 1

painted, specious, unreal. T.A. ii. 3; Ham. iii. 1

pale, fence, paling. T. & C. ii. 3; Ham. i. 4; make pale. Ham. i.5; enclose. A.&C. ii.7; Cym. iii. 1

pall, cover as with a pall. Mac. i. 5; fail. Ham. v. 2

palled, impaired. A. & C. ii. 7

palliament, white gown of a candidate for the Roman consulship. T.A. i. 1

palm, applied to a conspicuous person. Tim. v. 1

palmer, pilgrim from the Holy Land. R. & J. i. 5

palter, shuffle. Cor. iii. 1

pantler, servant who had charge of the pantry. Cym. ii. 3

paragon, surpass. Oth. ii. 1; compare. A. & C. i. 5

parcel, part. Cor. i. 2; Oth. i. 3; make up into a mass, specify. A. & C. v. 2

pardon, permission. Ham. iv. 7; A. & C. iii. 6; remit a penalty. Lear iv. 6

parlous, dreadful. R. & J. i. 3

part, depart. T.A. i. 1; party, side. R. & J. i. 1; Cym. v. 1; die. Mac. v. 7; act, conduct. Ham. iii. 2; Oth. i. 2; i. 3; quality, attribute. Ham. v. 2; behalf. Oth. i. 3; depart from. Per. v. 3

partake, impart. Per. i. 1

parted, endowed, gifted. T.&C. iii. 3

partially, with undue favour. Oth. ii. 3

particular, personal interest or concern. T. & C. ii. 2; &c.; detail. Cor. ii. 3; Ham. ii. 2; private, personal. Cor. iv. 5; Lear v. 1; intimacy. Cor. v. 1

particularly, individually. Cor. iv. 5; Tim. i. 1

partisan, a long-handled spear with a blade having lateral cutting projections. R. & J. i. 1; Ham. i. 1

party, faction. Cor. iii. 1; partner, ally. Cor. v. 5; Lear iii. 5; side. Lear ii. 1

pash, strike violently, smash. T. & C. ii. 3; v. 5

pass, beggar description. T. & C. i. 2; go through. T. & C. ii. 2; Oth. i. 3; Per. ii. Gower 6; neglect. Cor. ii. 2; receive the approval of. Cor. iii. 1; pledge. T.A. i.1; passage. Ham. ii.2; lunge, thrust in fencing. Ham. v.2; predicament. Lear iii.4; give judgment. Lear iii.7; die. Lear iv.6; v.3

passable, current like coin. Cor. v. 2; affording passage. Cym. i. 2

passado, forward thrust with the sword, one foot advanced at the same time. R. & J. ii. 4; iii. 1

passage, procedure. T. & C. ii. 3; R. & J. i. prol. 9; death. Ham. iii. 3; v. 2; occurrence, incident. Ham. iv. 7; Cym. iii. 4; passing of people. Oth. v. 1

passion, sorrowful emotion. T. A. i. 1; desire of love. T.A. ii. 1; painful affection or disorder of the body. Mac. iii. 4

passionate, express with passion. T.A. iii. 2

past proportion, immeasurableness. T. & C. ii. 2

pastry, place where pastry is made. R. & J. iv. 4

patch, fool, dolt. Mac. v. 3

patchery, roguery. T. & C. ii. 3; Tim. v. 1

path, go about. J.C. ii. 1

patience, indulgence, leave. T. A. ii. 3; Ham. iii. 2
pause, hesitation, suspense. T. & C. iv. 4; Ham. iv. 3; cause to hesitate. Ham. iii. 1
peak, waste away. Mac. i. 3; mope about. Ham. ii. 2
peculiar, private. Ham. iii. 3
peevish, silly. J.C. v. 1; perverse, refractory. Ham. i. 2; Cym. i. 6
pelf, property. Tim. i. 2; Per. ii. Gower 35
pelleted, falling in pellets. A. & C. iii. 11
pelting, paltry, petty. T. & C. iv. 5; Lear ii. 3
pencilled, painted. Tim. i. 1
pendulous, hanging overhead. Lear iii. 4
perch, measure of land. Per. iii. Gower 15
perdition, loss. Ham. v. 2; destruction. Oth. ii. 2
perdu, soldier placed in a position of special danger. Lear iv. 7
perdy, 'by God!', certainly. Ham. iii. 2
peremptory, determined. Cor. iii. 1
perfect, satisfied. Tim. i. 2; Mac. iii. 4; accurate, correct, certain. Mac. i. 5; &c.; full. Lear i. 2; sane. Lear iv. 7; fully prepared. Oth. i. 2; instruct. Per. iii. 2
perfection, accomplishment, execution. T. & C. iii. 2
period, bring to an end. Tim. i. 1; conclusion. Oth. v. 2; highest point. A. & C. iv. 12
perjure, make perjured. A. & C. iii. 10
persuade, urge something upon a person. Ham. iv. 5; plead with, advise strongly. Lear ii. 4
pervert, divert. Cym. ii. 4
pester, infest. Cor. iv. 6
petar, small engine of war. Ham. iii. 4
phantasma, nightmare. J.C. ii. 1
pheeze, do for, settle the business of. T. & C. ii. 3
Philippan, sword that triumphed at Philippi. A. & C. ii. 5
phrase, word. Ham. ii. 2
physic, medical faculty. R. & J. ii. 3; keep in health or vigour. Cym. iii. 2; physicians. Cym. iv. 2; healing art. Per. iii. 2
physical, curative, remedial, beneficial. Cor. i. 5; J.C. ii. 1
pia mater, brain. T. & C. ii. 1
pick, pitch, throw. Cor. i. 1
picked, refined, exquisite, fastidious. Ham. v. 1
piece, add to, eke out, augment. T. & C. iii. 1; J.C. ii. 1; Lear iii. 6; cask of liquor. T. & C. iv. 1; applied to a woman or girl. T.A. i. 1; Per. iv. 2
pight, pitched. T.&C.v. 10; determined, resolved. Lear ii. 1
pilcher, scabbard. R. & J. iii. 1
pill, plunder. Tim. iv. 1
pin, type of something insignificant. T. & C. v. 2; stud fixed in the centre of a target. R.&J. ii. 4; disease of the eye. Lear iii. 4
pinch, pang of remorse. Cym. i. 1
pink, winking, half-shut. A. & C. ii. 7
pioner, digger, miner. Ham. i.5
pittikins, diminutive of 'pity.' Cym. iv. 2
place, pitch attained by a falcon before swooping down on her quarry. Mac. ii. 4; residence, dwelling. Oth. i. 3
placket, wearer of a petticoat.

T. & C. ii. 3; petticoat, or slit in petticoat or skirt. Lear iii. 4

plain, flat, level. T.A. iv. 1; complain. Lear iii. 1; explain. Per. iii. Gower 14

plant, sole of the foot. A. & C. ii. 7

plantage, plants. T. & C. iii. 2

plate, clothe in armour. Lear iv. 6; A.&C. i. 1; piece of money. A. & C. v. 2

platform, level place constructed for mounting guns in a fort. Ham. i. 2; Oth. ii. 3

pleached, folded. A. & C. iv. 12

pleasance, delight, joy. Oth. ii. 3

plot, this single, my own person. Cor. iii. 2

plume up, glorify. Oth. i. 3

plurisy, excess. Ham. iv. 7

point, point of the sword. R. & J. iii. 1; Ham. iv. 7; direct. Ham. i. 5; tagged lace, used in place of buttons. A. & C. iii. 11

*point,at,at,a,*in readiness. Mac. iv. 3; Lear i. 4; just about. Cor. iii. 1; Lear iii. 1; Cym. iii. 1

point, at ample, to the full. T. & C. iii. 3

poise, heavy fall. T. & C. i. 3; weigh, estimate. T. & C. i. 3; R. & J. i. 2; counterbalance. Oth. i. 3; weight. Oth. iii. 3

Polack, Pole. Ham. i. 1; ii. 2; &c.

pole, polestar. Ham. i. 1; Oth. ii. 1; lode-star, guiding star. A. & C. iv. 13

policy, conduct of public affairs, administration of government. T. & C. i. 3; contrivance, crafty device, stratagem. T. & C. iv. 1; Cor. iii. 2; form of government. Lear i. 2

poll, number of persons. Cor. iii. 1; strip. Cor. iv. 5; head. Ham. iv. 5

pomp, triumphal or ceremonial procession, pageant. T.A. i. 1; Tim. i. 2

Pontic Sea, Black Sea. Oth. iii. 3

poop, deceive, befool. Per. iv. 2

poor-john, salted hake (a type of poor fare). R. & J. i. 1

poperin, variety of pear; from Poperinghe, a town in West Flanders. R. & J. ii. 1

popular, plebeian, vulgar. Cor. ii. 1; &c.

populous, numerous. A. & C. iii. 6

porpentine, porcupine. T. & C. ii. 1; Ham. i. 5

port, gate. Cor. v. 5; bearing, carriage, demeanour. A. & C. iv. 12

portable, bearable, endurable. Mac. iv. 3; Lear iii. 6

portage, port dues. Per. iii. 1

portance, behaviour. Cor. ii. 3; Oth. i. 3

portly, stately, dignified, majestic. T. & C. iv. 5; R. & J. i. 5; Per. i. 4

position, affirmation, affirmative assertion. T. & C. iii. 3; Oth. ii. 1; iii. 3

possess, inform, acquaint. T. & C. iv. 4; seize, take possession of. Cor. iii. 2; T.A. ii. 3; R. & J. iii. 2; put in possession. A. & C. iii. 9; to be in occupation. Cym. i. 5

posset, drink of hot milk curdled with ale, wine, &c., formerly used as a delicacy and as a remedy. Mac. ii. 2; curdle. Ham. i. 5

post, post-horses. R. & J. v. 1; courier. Mac. i. 3; convey swiftly. Cym. ii. 4

posy, motto on inside of finger-ring. Ham. iii. 2

pot, the, destruction. Cor. i. 4

potch, thrust at. Cor. i. 10

potential, powerful. Oth. i. 2

pother, disturbance. Cor. ii. 1; Lear iii. 2

potting, tippling. Oth. ii. 3

pottle, two quarts. Oth. ii. 3

power, fighting force. J.C. iv. 1

practice, stratagem, trickery. Ham. iv. 7; Lear ii. 4

precedence, something said before. A. & C. ii. 5

precept, instruction, direction. Ham. ii. 2

precurse, heralding. Ham. i. 1

prefer, put forward, present. J. C. iii. 1; Oth. i. 3; introduce, recommend. J.C. v. 5

pregnant, resourceful, ready, apt. Ham. ii. 2; disposed, inclined. Ham. iii. 2; clear, obvious. Oth. ii. 1; A. & C. ii. 1; Cym. iv. 2

presence, presence-chamber. R. & J. v. 3; assembly, company. Ham. v. 2

presentment, dedication of a book. Tim. i. 1; portrait. Ham. iii. 4

press-money, money paid to soldier or sailor on his being pressed into the service. Lear iv. 6

prest, ready. Per. iv. Gower 45

pretence, pretend, intention, intend, purpose. Mac. ii. 3; ii. 4; Lear i. 2

prick, point. T. & C. i. 3; remove by a prick. R. & J. i. 4; minute-marks on a clock. R. & J. ii. 4; mark or tick off. J.C. iii. 1; iv. 1; skewer. Lear ii. 3; urge, incite. Oth. iii. 3

prick-song, accompanying melody to a plainsong. R. & J. ii. 4

prime, sexually excited. Oth. iii. 3

primogenitive, right of succession belonging to the first-born. T. & C. i. 3

primy, that is in its prime. Ham. i. 3

principal, principal rafter of a house. Per. iii. 2; employer. Per. iv. 6

princox, pert saucy boy. R. & J. i. 5

private, alone. R. & J. i. 1; intimate, favourite. Ham. ii. 2

probal, probable. Oth. ii. 3

probation, proof. Mac. iii. 1; Ham. i. 1

procure, get a person to do something. R. & J. ii. 2; bring. R. & J. iii. 5; cause, bring about. Lear ii. 4

prodigy, omen, portent. J.C. i.3

project, exhibit. A. & C. v. 2

Promethean heat, that which inspires or infuses life. Oth. v. 2

promulgate, publish. Oth. i. 2

prone, ready, eager. Cym. v. 4

proof, test, trial, experiment. T. & C. i. 2; Tim. ii. 2; Ham. iv. 7; tested strength of armour or arms. R. & J. i. 1; Ham. ii. 2; A.&C. iv.8; experience. Ham. iii. 2; Cym. iii. 3

propend, propension, incline. inclination. T. & C. ii. 2

proper, appropriately. Tim. i. 2; belonging distinctively or exclusively to. J.C. i. 2; excellent, capital, fine. Mac. iii. 4; own. Ham. v. 2

properly, for oneself. Cor. v. 2

propertied, possessed of qualities. A. & C. v. 2

property, appropriate. Tim. i. 1; mere means to an end. J.C. iv. 1

Propontic, Sea of Marmora. Oth. iii. 3

propriety, proper state or condition. Oth. ii. 3

propugnation, defence. T. & C. ii. 2

prorogue, defer. R. & J. ii. 2; iv. 1; prolong. A. & C. ii. 1; Per. v. 1

provand, provender. Cor. ii. 1

Provincial rose, rosette imitating the damask rose. Ham. iii. 2

prune, preen (a bird's feather). Cym. v. 4

pudency, modesty. Cym. ii. 5

pun, early form of pound. T. & C. ii. 1

punto reverso, back-handed thrust. R. & J. ii. 4

purple, the early purple orchis. Ham. iv. 7

pursy, short-winded. Tim. v. 4; fat, corpulent. Ham. iii. 4

purveyor, domestic officer who provided lodging and necessaries in advance for a great personage. Mac. i. 6

push, attack, onset. J.C. v. 2; effort, attempt. Mac. v. 3

put, assert. Tim. v. 1; lay the guilt or blame of something on a person. Mac. i. 7; ii. 4; Ham. ii. 1; thrust. Oth. v. 1; wagered. Cym. i. 4; compel. Cym. ii. 3

put in, advance one's claim. Tim. iii. 4

put on, upon, urge forward, incite to, impel. Cor. ii. 1; &c.; set to work, or to perform an office. Mac. iv. 3; Ham. iv. 7; v. 2; impart to. Ham. i. 3; assume. Ham. i. 5; promote an evil state of things. Ham. iii. 1; &c.

puttock, bird of prey of the kite kind. T. & C. v. 1; Cym. i. 1

pyramis, pyramid. A. & C. ii. 7

quail, courtesan. T. & C. v. 1; overpower. A. & C. v. 2

quaintly, skilfully, ingeniously. Ham. ii. 1

qualification, mitigation, appeasement, condition. Oth. ii. 1

qualify, control, regulate. T. & C. ii. 2; abate, diminish. Ham. iv. 7; moderate. Lear i. 2; dilute. Oth. ii. 3

quality, cause, occasion. T.&C. iv. 1; Tim. iii. 6; natural gifts. T. & C. iv. 4; accomplishment, attainment. Tim. i. 1; Per. iv. 2; profession, occupation, business. Ham. ii. 2; manner, style. Lear ii. 4; high rank. Lear v. 3; rank, position. Lear v. 3

quarry, heap of dead men. Cor. i. 1; Ham. v. 2; heap of dead deer. Mac. iv. 3

quartered, slaughtered. Cor. i. 1; J.C. iii. 1; belonging to military quarters. Cym. iv. 4

quat, pimple, applied in contempt to a young person. Oth. v. 1

queasy, disgusted. A. & C. iii. 6

quell, murder. Mac. i. 7

quench, cool down. Cym. i. 5; deprive. Cym. v. 5

quest, inquest. Ham. v. 1; persons sent out to search. Oth. i. 2

question, speak to. Ham. i. 1; conversation. Ham. iii. 1; Oth. i. 3; trial. Oth. i. 3; doubt. Oth. iv. 3; debate. Cym. ii. 4

questionable, inviting conversation. Ham. i. 4

questrist, one who goes in quest. Lear iii. 7

quick, living, alive. Tim. iv. 3; Ham. v. 1; sharp, piercing. Per. iv. 1

quiddity, subtlety, quibble. Ham. v. 1

quietus, discharge or release from life. Ham. iii. 1

quillet, verbal nicety, subtle distinction. Ham. v. 1

quirk, conceit. Oth. ii. 1; verbal subtlety, quibble. Per. iv. 6

quittance, return, requital. Tim. i. 1

quote, notice, observe, mark. T. & C. iv. 5; &c.

quoth-a, said he. Per. ii. 1

race, natural or inherited disposition. A. & C. i. 3

rack, strain oneself, make exhausting efforts. Cor. v. 1; mass of cloud driven before the wind in the upper air. Ham. ii. 2; A. & C. iv. 12

rage, sexual passion. Ham. iii. 3; madness. Lear iv. 7; behave wantonly or riotously. Oth. i. 3

rake, very lean person. Cor. i. 1; cover. Lear iv. 6

ramp, rude girl. Cym. i. 6

rampired, fortified against attack. Tim. v. 4

range, to have a clearly recognized position. Cor. iii. 1; rank. A. & C. iii. 11

ranged, ordered. A. & C. i. 1

rank, abundantly, excessively. T. & C. i. 3; coarsely luxuriant. T. & C. i. 3; Ham. iii. 4; puffed up, swollen. J.C. iii. 1; of offensively strong smell. Ham. iii. 3; A. & C. v. 2; foul. Ham. iii. 4; excessive in amount. Ham. iv. 4; lascivious. Oth. ii. 1; Cym. ii. 5

rap, affect with rapture, transport. Cym. i. 6

rapture, fit. Cor. ii. 1; plundering. Per. ii. 1

rascal, young, lean, or inferior deer of a herd. Cor. i. 1

rash, urgent, pressing. T. & C. iv. 2

rate, allot. A. & C. iii. 6; equal in value. A. & C. iii. 9

raught, laid hold of. A. & C. iv. 9

ravel, become entangled. Mac. ii. 2

ravel out, disentangle. Ham. iii. 4

raven, ravin up, devour voraciously. Mac. ii. 4; Cym. i. 6

ravined, glutted. Mac. iv. 1

ravish, carry away by force. T. & C. prol. 9; pull out. Lear iii. 7

rawness, unpreparedness, hastiness. Mac. iv. 3

raze, erase, blot out. T.A. i. 1; Mac. v. 3; Cym. v. 5

razed, slashed. Ham. iii. 2

reach, capacity, ability. Ham. ii. 1

reap, to get knowledge of. Cym. ii. 4

receive, believe. Mac. i. 7; Ham. ii. 2; hear. Lear v. 3; Per. i. 1

reck, care for, heed. T. & C. v. 6; Ham. i. 3

reclaim, reduce to obedience, subdue. R. & J. iv. 2

recognizance, admission of debt. Ham. v. 1; token, badge. Oth. v. 2

recoil, fall away, degenerate. Mac. iv. 3; Cym. i. 6

recollect, gather up. Per. ii. 1

recomforted, consoled. Cor. v. 4

record, memory, recollection. Cor. iv. 6; bear witness. T.A. i. 1; take to witness. Tim. iv. 2; sing, warble. Per. iv. Gower 27

recordation, remembrance, recollection. T. & C. v. 2

recorder, wind instrument of the flute or flageolet kind. Ham. iii. 2

recourse, flowing. T. & C. v. 3

rectorship, rule. Cor. ii. 3

rede, counsel. Ham. i. 3

reechy, dirty, filthy. Cor. ii. 1

re-edify, rebuild. T.A. i. 1

reeky, full of rank moisture. R. & J. iv. 1

refer, hand over, transfer. Cym. i. 1

reference, assignment. Oth. i. 3; submitting a matter to some one for consideration. A. & C. v. 2

reflect, shine. T.A. i. 1; bestow attention. Cym. i. 6

reflection, shining; return. Mac. i. 2

reform, put a stop to. Ham. iii. 2

refuge, resource. Cor. v. 3

refuse, decline to hear. R. & J. ii. 2; decline to meet. A. & C. iii. 7

regard, repute, account, estimation. T. & C. iii. 3; look, glance. T. & C. iii. 3; hold in respect or honour. Cor. v. 5; J.C. v. 3; heed. Tim. i. 2; Mac. iii. 2; intention, design. J.C. iii. 1; condition. Ham. ii. 2; consideration. Ham. iii. 1; Lear i. 1; object of sight. Oth. ii. 1

regent, ruler, governor. Per. v. 1

regiment, rule, government. A. & C. iii. 6

region, air, heaven. R. & J. ii. 2; Ham. ii. 2; one of the successive sections into which the air is theoretically divided. Cym. v. 4

rein, haughty manner. T. & C. i. 3; Lear iii. 1; restrain. T. & C. v. 3

re-inforce, obtain reinforcements. Cym. v. 2

rejoindure, reunion. T.&C. iv. 4

rejourn, put off. Cor. ii. 1

relume, rekindle. Oth. v. 2

remember thy courtesy, be covered. Ham. v. 2

remembrancer, one who reminds another. Mac. iii. 4; Cym. i. 5

remotion, keeping away or aloof. Tim. iv. 3; Lear ii. 4

remove, raising of a siege. Cor. i. 2; move to another place. Ham. i. 5; removal of a person by death. Ham. iv. 5; departure from a place. Lear ii. 4; A. & C. i. 2

render, give an image by reflection. T.&C. iii. 3; pay as a due. T.A. i. 1; rendering of an account, statement, confession. Tim. v. 1; Cym. iv. 4; v. 4; declare, state. Cym. ii. 4; v. 5; describe. Cym. iii. 4

rent, rend. Mac. iv. 3

repair, return. Tim. iii. 4; going or coming to a place. Ham. v. 2; remedy. Lear iv. 1; Per. iv. 2; restore, renew. Oth. ii. 3; Cym. ii. 2; restoration. Cym. iii. 1

replication, reverberation. J.C. i. 1; reply. Ham. iv. 2

report, describe. Ham. v. 2; Cym. ii. 4; rumour, common talk. A. & C. ii. 2; Per. i. 1

reproof, disproof, refutation. T. & C. i. 3; Cor. ii. 2; disgrace. Tim. v. 4

repugnancy, opposition, resistance. Tim. iii. 5

repugnant, offering resistance. Ham. ii. 2

request off, beg to come away. A. & C. ii. 7

require, request. Cor. ii. 2

required, requisite. Lear iv. 3
requit, requite, repay. Cor. iv. 5; Oth. iv. 2; Per. iii. 2
rescue, forcible taking of a person out of legal custody. Cor. iii. 1; A. & C. iii. 9
reserve, keep in one's possession. Oth. iii. 3; keep safe, preserve. Cym. i. 1; i. 4; Per. iv. 1
resist, repel. Per. ii. 3
resolute, desperado. Ham. i. 1
resolution, conviction, certainty. Lear i. 2
resolve, answer. T.A. v. 3; Per. i. 1; dissolve, melt. Tim. iv. 3; Ham. i.2; free one from doubt, satisfy curiosity, allay anxiety. J.C. iii. 1; &c.; make up one's mind. Mac. iii. 1
resort, visitation. Tim. i.1; Ham. ii. 2
resorter, frequenter. Per. iv. 6
respect, reflection. Cor. iii. 1; consider as, take for. Cor. iii. 1; esteem. J.C. i. 2; v. 5; Per. ii. 2; consideration. Ham. iii. 2; Lear i. 1; care for. Cym. i. 6; care. Per. iii. 3
respective, partial. R. & J. iii. 1
respectively, particularly. Tim. iii. 1
responsive, corresponding. Ham. v. 2
rest, repose. T.A. iv. 2; R. & J. v. 3; Lear i. 1; may God give rest to, may God keep you. R. & J. i. 2; &c; restored vigour. J.C. iv. 3; remain. Mac. i. 6; Ham. iii. 3; stay. Ham. ii. 2
re-stem, steer again. Oth. i. 3
resty, inactive. Cym. iii. 6
retention, detention, confinement. Lear v. 3
retentive, holding, confining. Tim. iii. 4; J.C. i. 3
retire, return. T. & C. i. 3; Oth. iii. 3; retreat. Cor. i. 6; withdraw. Oth. ii. 3
retort, reflect. T. & C. iii. 3
retrograde, contrary, repugnant. Ham. i. 2
return, pay. Lear i. 1; answer. Per. ii. 2
reverb, re-echo. Lear i. 1
revolt, rebel. Cym. iv. 4
re-word, repeat in words. Ham. iii. 4
Rhenish, Rhine wine. Ham. i. 4; v. 1
rheum, morbid defluxion of humours, catarrh. T. & C. v. 3; A. & C. iii. 2; tears. Cor. v. 5; Ham. ii. 2
rheumy, causing rheumatism. J.C. ii. 1
ribaudred, lewd, wanton. A. & C. iii. 8
riggish, wanton. A. & C. ii. 2
right-hand file, aristocratic party. Cor. ii. 1
ring, cracked within the, having the circle broken that surrounds the sovereign's head. Ham. ii. 2
ripe, red and full. Lear iv. 3
rival, partner. Ham. i. 1; compete. Lear i. 1.
rivality, partnership, equality. A. & C. iii. 5
rive, cleave, split. T. & C. i. 1; i. 3; J.C. i. 3
rivelled, wrinkled. T. & C. v. 1
road, raid. Cor. iii. 1
robustious, violent, boisterous. Ham. iii. 2
roguing, roguish, vagrant. Lear iii. 7; Per. iv. 1
roisting, bullying. T. & C. ii. 2
ronyon, abusive term applied to a woman. Mac. i. 3

roofed, under one's roof. Mac. iii. 4

rooky, full of rooks. Mac. iii. 2

ropery, trickery, knavery. R. & J. ii. 4

roses, cake of, preparation of rose petals in the form of a cake, used as a perfume. R. & J. v. 1

rother, ox. Tim. iv. 3

round, hem in. T. & C. i. 3; circle, circlet. Mac. i. 5; circular dance. Mac. iv. 1; straightforwardly. Ham. ii. 2; plain-spoken. Ham. iii. 1; Lear i. 4; plain. Oth. i. 3

rout, rabble. J.C. i. 2; riot, uproar. Oth. ii. 3

row, stanza. Ham. ii. 2

rub, encounter an obstacle. T. & C. iii. 2; obstacle. Cor. iii. 1; Ham. iii. 1; unevenness, inequality. Mac. iii. 1

ruddock, robin. Cym. iv. 2

ruffle, swagger, bully. T.A. i. 1; stir to indignation. J.C. iii. 2; bluster. Lear ii. 4

rule, law. T. & C. v. 2; good order, discipline. Mac. v. 2; natural law. Oth. i. 3

rump-fed, fed on offal; fat-rumped; fed on best joints, pampered. Mac. i. 3

runagate, vagabond. R. & J. iii. 5; Cym. iv. 2; deserter. Cym. i. 6

rush, emblem of fragility. Cor. i. 4; Oth. v. 2; strewn on floor for reception of visitors. R. & J. i. 4

rush aside, brush aside. R. & J. iii. 3

rutting, fornication. Per. iv. 5

sackbut, brass trumpet with slide like that of a trombone. Cor. v. 4

sacrificial, as a sacrifice or act of worship. Tim. i. 1

sad, sadly, sadness, grave, gravely, seriousness. R. & J. i. 1; &c.

safe, sound, sane. Cor. ii. 3; &c.; sure, trustworthy. Oth. ii. 3; make safe. A. & C. i. 3; A. & C. iv. 6

safe-guard, on, relying on a pledge of safe conduct. Cor. iii. 1

safe toward, with a sure regard to. Mac. i. 4

safety, safe custody. R. & J. v. 3; means of safety, safeguard. Mac. iv. 3

Sagittary, centaur who fought in Trojan army against the Greeks. T. & C. v. 5; name of an inn. Oth. i. 1

sallet, something tasty. Ham. ii. 2

salt, bitter. T. & C. i. 3; salt tears. Cor. v. 5; Lear iv. 6; lecherous, wanton. Tim. iv. 3; &c.

sanctimony, sacred thing. T. & C. v. 2; sanctity. T. & C. v. 2

sanguine, red. T.A. iv. 2; Cym. v. 5

sans, without. Ham. iii. 4

sarcenet, fine, soft, silk material. T. & C. v. 1

Saturn, as having a cold, sluggish, gloomy temper. T.A. ii. 3; Cym. ii. 5

saucy, rashly venturing, presumptuous. T. & C. i. 3; wanton, lascivious. Cym. i. 6

savour, care for, like. Lear iv. 2; have a particular smell. Per. iv. 6

say, flavour. Lear v. 3; assay, try. Per. i. 1

scab, 'scurvy' fellow. T. & C. ii. 1; Cor. i. 1

scaffoldage, theatrical stage. T. & C. i. 3

scald, scurvy. A. & C. v. 2

scale, ? stale, i.e. make stale. Cor. i. 1; weigh as in scales. Cor. ii. 3; equal, just balance. Ham. i. 2; graduation. A. & C. ii. 7

scaled, scattered. T & C. v. 5

scant, stint. T. & C. iv. 4; scarcely. R. & J. i. 1; chary. Ham. i. 3; withhold, Lear i. 1; ii. 4; reduce, diminish amount of. Lear ii. 4; A. & C. iv. 2; neglect. Oth. i. 3

scantling, specimen, sample. T. & C. i. 3

scarf, blindfold. Mac. iii. 2; wrap round. Ham. v. 2

school, discipline, control. Mac. iv. 2; university. Ham. i. 2

sconce, head. Cor. iii. 2; Ham. v. 1

scotch, cut, gash. Cor. iv. 5; Mac. iii. 2; A. & C. iv. 7

scouring, hurrying along. Tim. v. 2

scrimer, fencer. Ham. iv. 7

scripture, writings. Cym. iii. 4

scrowl, scrawl; write down. T. A. ii. 4

scull, school or shoal of fish. T. & C. v. 5

'sdeath, an oath (God's death). Cor. i. 1

sea-like, likely to keep the sea; in sea-going trim. A. & C. iii. 11

seamy, worst. Oth. iv. 2

search, probe. T. & C. ii. 2; T. A. ii. 3; penetrate. J.C. v. 3; search-party. Oth. i. 1

season, give a spice, relish, or zest to. T. & C. i. 2; R. & J. ii. 3; Cym. i. 6; mature. Cor. iii. 3; &c.; preservative. Mac. iii. 4; moderate. Ham. i. 2; spell of bad weather. Lear iii. 4; age. Cym. iii. 4

secret feet in, landed secretly at. Lear iii. 1

sect, party. Tim. iii. 5; cutting. Oth. i. 3

sectary astronomical, student of astrology. Lear i. 2

security, confidence, want of caution. J.C. ii. 3; Mac. iii. 5

seeded, arrived at maturity. T. & C. i. 3

seel, blind. Mac. iii. 2; &c.

segregation, dispersal. Oth. ii. 1

seized, possessed. Ham. i. 1

seld, seldom. T.&C. iv. 5; Cor. ii. 1

self-admission, self-approbation. T. & C. ii. 3

self-covered, with real self concealed. Lear iv. 2

sennet, notes played on a trumpet as a signal for the approach and departure of processions. Cor. ii. 1; Mac. iii. 1; Lear i. 1 (stage directions).

se'nnight, week. Mac. i. 3; Oth. ii. 1

sense, mind. Oth. iii.3; Cym. ii. 2; quick. Oth. v.1; sensual nature. Per. v. 3

sentence, sententious, saying, maxim. Oth. i. 3

sere, tickle o' the, ready to go off, as a gun at cock, at any time. Ham. ii. 2

sergeant, sheriff's officer. Ham. v. 2

serpigo, skin eruption. T. & C. ii. 3

servanted, subject. Cor. v. 2

sessa, interj. of doubtful import. Lear iii. 4; iii. 6

set, stake. T. & C. prol. 22; J. C. v. 1; Lear i. 4; definite

number of games. T.A. v. 1; regard, esteem. R. & J. v. 3; Ham. i. 4; iv. 3; bestow. Tim. i. 2; party. Lear v. 3

set, double, two rounds of the clock. Oth. ii. 3

set down the pegs, lower the pitch of the strings. Oth. ii. 1

severals, individual qualities. T. & C. i. 3

sewer, drain. T. & C. v. 1; Per. iv. 6; servant who carried in and arranged dishes for a banquet. Mac. i. 7 (stage direction).

'sfoot, God's foot, an oath. T. & C. ii. 3

shadow, shelter, protection. Tim. v. 4; reflection. J.C. i. 2; conceal. Mac. v. 4; corpse. A. & C. iv. 2

shadowing, intensifying itself with gloom. Oth. iv. 1

shag-eared, hairy-eared. Mac. iv. 2

shake one's beard, defy one. Lear iii. 7

shape, conceive, imagine. Tim. i. 1; &c.; suit, agree. Cym. v. 5

shard, wings of a beetle. Mac. iii. 2; A. & C. iii. 2; Cym. iii. 3; potsherd. Ham. v. 1

sharked up, got together at haphazard. Ham. i. 1

shealed, shelled out. Lear i. 4

shent, reproved. T. & C. ii. 3; Cor. v. 2; Ham. iii. 2

shield, forbid. R. & J. iv. 1

shive, slice. T.A. ii. 1

shoeing-horn, shoe-horn, i. e. a subservient tool. T. & C. v. 1

shoon, shoes. Ham. iv. 5

short, inadequate. Tim. i.1; cut short. Cym. i.6; under control. Ham. iv.1

shot, tavern-reckoning. Cym.v. 4

shough, shaggy-haired kind of dog. Mac. iii. 1

shoulder of, in the, behind. Ham. i. 3

show, appear, seem. Cor. iv. 5; &c.; vision, sight. Lear iii. 6; Cym. v. 5; exhibit as a show. A. & C. iv. 10

'shrew, beshrew. Cym. ii. 3

shrewd, malicious, ill-natured. J.C. ii. 1; bad, grievous. Oth. iii. 3; A. & C. iv. 9

shrewdly, grievously, very much. T. & C. iii. 3; J.C. iii. 1; sharply. Ham. i. 4

shrift, confession and absolution. R. & J. i. 1; confessional. Oth. iii. 3

shrill-gorged, high-voiced. Lear iv. 6

shrive, hear confession and give absolution. R. & J. ii. 4

shroud, shelter, protection. A. & C. iii. 11

shuffle, practise trickery. Ham. iv. 7; Cym. v. 5

Sibyl's leaves, prophecies of the Sybil. T.A. iv. 1

sick, envious. T. & C. i. 3; of a sickly hue, pale. R. & J. ii. 2; oppressed with faintness. Ham. i. 1

side, take sides with. Cor. i. 1

side-piercing, heart-rending. Lear iv. 6

siege, rank. Ham. iv.7; Oth. i.2

sign, mark. J.C. iii. 1; ensign, banner. J.C. v. 1; Oth. i. 1; signal. J.C. v. 1; mere appearance. Oth. i. 1; bode. A. & C. iv. 3; ? constellation. Cym. i.2

signiory, governing body of Venice. Oth. i. 2

silly, deserving of pity, 'poor.'

Lear ii. 2; plain, simple. Cym. v. 3

simple, medicinal herb. R. & J. v. 1; Lear iv. 4; ingredient. Ham.iv. 7; of poor or humble condition. A. & C. v. 2

simular, counterfeit. Lear iii. 2; Cym. v. 5

single, poor, feeble. Cor. ii. 1; Mac. i. 3; i. 6; select an animal out of a herd to be hunted. T.A. ii. 1

singleness, simplicity, silliness. R. & J. ii. 4

single-soled, contemptible, mean. R. & J. ii. 4

sinister, left. T. & C. iv. 5

sirrah, familiar style of address. R. & J. i. 5; A. & C. v. 2

sister, be near akin to. Per. v. Gower 7

sithence, since. Cor. iii. 1

size, allowance. Lear ii. 4

skeins-mate, ? knavish companion. R. & J. ii. 4

skillet, small saucepan. Oth. i.3

skirr, scour. Mac. v. 3

slab, semi-solid. Mac. iv. 1

slaver, be befouled (with unclean lips). Cym. i. 6

sleave silk, raw or floss silk. T. & C. v. 1; Mac. ii. 2

sledded, ? like a sled or sledge-hammer. Ham. i. 1

sleeveless, futile. T. & C. v. 4

sleided, raw, unwrought. Per. iv. Gower 21

slip, scion. T.A. v. 1; counterfeit coin. R. & J. ii. 4; allow dogs to go from the leash. Cor. i. 6; J.C. iii. 1; let go free. Cym. iv. 3

slipper, slippery. Oth. ii. 1

slop, loose breeches. R. & J. ii. 4

slubber, sully. Oth. i. 3

small, thin, shrill. Cor. iii. 2; thin, fine. R. & J. i. 4; Per. iv. Gower 22

smatch, smack, taste. J.C. v. 5

smatter, chatter. R. & J. iii. 5

smilet, little smile. Lear iv. 3

smoke, have a warm time. T.A. iv. 2; mist, mere talk. Tim. iii. 6; iv. 3; fumigate. Cym. v. 5

smooth, flatter, humour. T.A. v. 2; Lear ii. 2; mild, bland. Tim. iii. 6; pleasant. A. & C. i. 3

Smulkin, name of a fiend. Lear iii. 4

snipe, fool. Oth. i. 3

snort, snore. Oth. i. 1

snuff, huff, resentment. Lear iii. 1

soho, hunting-cry used when a hare was descried. R. & J. ii. 4

soiled, high-fed. Lear iv. 6

soilure, defilement. T. & C. iv. 1

solace, be happy, delight. R. & J. iv. 5; Cym. i. 6

solidare, small coin. Tim. iii. 1

Solon, reputed to have uttered the saying 'Call no man happy till he is dead.' T.A. i. 1

something, at some distance. Mac. iii. 1

sooth, truth. Mac. i. 2; flattery. Per. i. 2

sop, cake or wafer put in a prepared drink to float on the top. T. & C. i. 3

sophisticated, adulterated. Lear iii. 4

sorrow-wreathen, folded in grief. T.A. iii. 2

sot, fool. Lear iv. 2

sottish, stupid. A. & C. iv. 13

soundpost, part of a violin, used as a musician's name, R. & J. iv. 5

sowle, pull. Cor. iv. 5

space, time, period of time. Lear v. 3; A. & C. ii. 1

spanieled, followed subserviently like spaniels. A. & C. iv. 10

specialty of rule, particular rights of supreme authority. T. & C. i. 3

spectacles, organs of sight. Cym. i. 6

speculation, power of seeing, sight. T. & C. iii. 3; Mac. iii. 4; scout. Lear iii. 1

speculative, having the power of vision, seeing. Oth. i. 3

speken, speak. Per. ii. Gower 12

sperr, shut. T. & C. prol. 19

sphere, orbit of a planet, or of the eyes. R. & J. ii. 2; &c.; planet, star. Tim. i. 1

spice, touch. Cor. iv. 7

spill, destroy. Ham. iv. 5; Lear iii. 2

spilth, spilling. Tim. ii. 2

spinner, long-legged spider. R. & J. i. 4

spirit, anger. Tim. iii. 5; vital energy, life. A. & C. iv. 13

spital-house, hospital. Tim. iv.3

splenetive, spleenful, passionate, impetuous. T.A. ii. 3; Ham. v. 1

splinter, mend as with splints. Oth. ii. 3

spongy, drunken. Mac. i. 7; wet, moist. Cym. iv. 2

spot, ? embroidered pattern. Cor. i. 3; stain, disgrace. A. & C. iv. 10

sprawl, struggle in the death-agony. T.A. v. 1

springe, snare for birds. Ham. i. 3

square, take the measure of. T. & C. v. 2; regulate. T.A. iii. 2; suitable, proper. Tim. v. 4; corresponding faithfully. A. & C. ii. 2; due proportion. A. & C. ii. 3; squadron. A. & C. iii. 9; quarrel. A. & C. iii. 11

square of sense, (*a*) feeling in its perfection, (*b*) most delicately sensitive part of my nature. Lear i. 1

squiny, look peeringly. Lear iv. 6

'stablishment, settled occupation. A. & C. iii. 6

stale, make cheap. T. & C. ii. 3; J.C. i. 2; make stale. A. & C. ii. 2; laughing-stock. T.A. i. 1; urine. A. & C. i. 4

stall, dwell. A. & C. v. 1

stanch, satiate. T.A. iii. 1; firm, firmly united. A. & C. ii. 2

stanchless, unsatiable. Mac. iv. 3

stand on, stand upon, insist upon. T.A. iv; 4; be particular about. R. & J. ii. 3; Mac. iii. 4; A. & C. iv. 4; trouble about. J. C. iii. 1; be incumbent on. Ham. v. 2; Lear v. 1

stands on the thought, is expected. Lear iv. 6

star, position or condition in which one is placed by fortune. Ham. i. 4; ii. 2

stare, stand on end. J.C. iv. 3

star, moist, the moon. Ham. i. 1

starve, disable, paralyse. Tim. i. 1; die of cold. Cym. i. 4

station, manner of standing. Ham. iii. 4; A. & C. iii. 3

statist, statesman. Ham. v. 2; Cym. ii. 4

statute, bond, by virtue of which a creditor may have execution immediately. Ham. v. 1

stead, be of use to. Oth. i. 3

steepy, difficult to ascend. Tim. i. 1

stelled, starry. Lear iii. 7

sticking-place, degree at which it remains firm. Mac. i. 7

stickler-like, like an umpire. T. & C. v. 8

stithy, anvil, smithy. Ham. iii. 2

stithied, forged. T. & C. iv. 5

stomach, inclination. T. & C. iii. 3; J.C. v. 1; A. & C. ii. 2; resentment. T.A. iii. 1; Lear v. 3; courage. Ham. i. 1; resent. A. & C. ii. 2; iii. 4

stone, typical of hardness or insensibility. Lear v. 3; of dumbness. A. & C. ii. 2; mirror of polished stone or crystal. Lear v. 3; harden. Oth. v. 2

stoop, said of a hawk bending to strike its prey. Cym. v. 3; v. 4

stoup, measure for liquor, two quarts. Ham. v. 1; Oth. ii. 3

stout, proud. Cor. iii. 2; strong. Tim. iv. 3

straight-pight, erect. Cym. v. 5

strait, exacting. Tim. i. 1; narrow. Cym. v. 3

strangered, estranged. Lear i. 1

stratagem, deed of great violence. R. & J. iii. 5

stray, make a, go far away. Lear i. 1

strewings, strewments, flowers strewn on a grave. Ham. v. 1; Cym. iv. 2

strict, strained. Tim. iii. 5; restricted. Cym. v. 4; harsh, cruel. Per. iii. 3

stride a limit, overpass his bound. Cym. iii. 3

stuck, hesitated. Cor. ii. 3; stoccado, a thrust in fencing. Ham. iv. 7

Stygian, belonging to the river Styx which flowed through the infernal regions. T. & C. iii. 2

sub-contracted, betrothed for the second time. Lear v. 3

subdue, make subject to punishment. Cor. i. 1

suborn, procure to do an evil action. Mac. ii. 4

suburbs, women of bad character lived in the suburbs of London. J.C. ii. 1

successantly, ? in sequence, or successfully. T.A. iv. 4

sulphur, lightning. Cor. v. 3

summer-seeming, transitory, like summer. Mac. iv. 3

summoner, officer who brought offenders before the ecclesiastical courts. Lear iii. 2

sumpter, pack-horse, drudge. Lear ii. 4

superflux, superfluity. Lear iii. 4

supervise, on the, at the first perusal. Ham. v. 2

supervisor, looker-on. Oth. iii. 3

suppliance of, diversion to fill up. Ham. i. 3

supplyant, auxiliary. Cym. iii. 7

supplyment, continuance of supply. Cym. iii. 4

sur-addition, additional title or name. Cym. i. 1

surance, assurance. T.A. v. 2

swag-bellied, pendulous-paunched. Oth. ii. 3

swarth, dark-complexioned. T. A. ii. 3

swashing, ? dashing, swinging. R. & J. i. 1

swathing clothes, swaddling-clothes. Cym. i. 1

sweeting, sweet kind of apple. R. & J. ii. 4; term of endearment. Oth. ii. 3

sweltered, caused to exude. Mac. iv. 1

Swithold, St. Vitalis, invoked in

cases of nightmare. Lear iii. 4

Switzers, Swiss guards. Ham. iv. 5

swoopstake, indiscriminately. Ham. iv. 5

swounds, God's wounds. Ham. ii. 2; v. 1

synod, assembly of the gods. Cor. v. 2; A. & C. iii. 8

table, writing tablet, memorandum-book. T. & C. iv. 5

table-book, note-book. Ham. ii. 2

tabled, set down in a list. Cym. i. 4

tabourine, military drum. T. & C. iv. 5; A. & C. iv. 8

tackled stair, rope ladder. R. & J. ii. 4

tag, tag-rag, rabble. Cor. iii. 1; J.C. i. 2

take in, overcome, subdue. Cor. i. 2; &c.

take it off who will, prov. phrase indicating excess. T. & C. i. 2

take me with you, let me understand you. R. & J. iii. 5

take off, relieve one of. Cor. iii. 3; Oth. v. 2; dissuade, disincline. Mac. ii. 3; make away with, destroy. Mac. v. 7; Cym. v. 5; Per. iv. 6

take out, take a copy of. Oth. iii. 3; iii. 4

take up, cope with. Cor. iii. 1; fill, obstruct. Cor. iii. 2; settle, arrange. T.A. iv. 3; Oth. i. 3; trip up. Mac. ii. 3; rebuke. Cym. ii. 1

take upon, make believe, pretend, pretend to know. T. & C. i. 2; Lear v. 3; Cym. v. 4

taking, pernicious. Lear ii. 4; blasting, malignant influence. Lear iii. 4

talent, evil inclination, passion. Cym. i. 6

tamed, broached. T. & C. iv. 1

tame, make, familiarize with. T. & C. iii. 3; subject. Lear iv. 6

tanling, one tanned by the sun's rays. Cym. iv. 4

tarre, provoke, incite, hound. T. & C. i. 3; Ham. ii. 2

tassel-gentle, tercel, male of the peregrine falcon. R. & J. ii. 2

tax, blame. Ham. i. 4

techy, fretful, peevish. T. & C. i. 1

teeth, from his, not from the heart. A. & C. iii. 4

tell, count. Tim. iii. 4; &c.

Tellus, the earth personified. Ham. iii. 2; Per. iv. 1

temper, work upon. T.A. iv. 4; moisten with fluid. T.A. v. 2; Lear i. 4; modify. R. & J. ii. chor. 14; compound. R. & J. iii. 5; Ham. v. 2; Cym. v. 5; self-restraint. Lear i.5; A. & C. i. 1; degree of hardness and elasticity imparted to steel. Oth. v. 2

tenable, kept. Ham. i. 2

tendance, attention, care. Tim. i. 1; Cym. v. 5; people in attendance. Tim. i. 1

tender-hefted, gentle, womanly. Lear ii. 4

tent, probe. T. & C. ii. 2; Ham. ii. 2; Cym. iii. 4; cure. Cor. i. 9; iii. 1; lodge. Cor. iii. 2

tercel, male of the peregrine falcon. T. & C. iii. 2

Termagant, imaginary Mohammedan deity; violent overbearing person. Ham. iii. 2

terrene, terrestrial. A. & C. iii. 11

tetchy, fretful, peevish. R. & J. i. 3

tetter, skin eruption. T. & C. v. 1; Ham. i. 5; affect with tetter Cor. iii. 1

thane, Scottish title about equivalent to 'earl.' Mac. i. 2; &c.

thereabouts, are you, is that what you mean? A. & C. iii. 8

Thetis, used for the sea, or a sea-goddess. T.&C. i.3; A.&C. iii. 7; Per. iv. 4; a sea-nymph, mother of Achilles. T. & C. i. 3; iii. 3

thews, sinews, bodily strength. J.C. i. 3; Ham. i. 3

thick, fast, quick. T. & C. iii. 2; &c.; dim. J.C. v. 3; heavy. Per. v. 1

thicken, become dim. Mac. iii. 2; A. & C. ii. 3

think, have melancholy thoughts. A. & C. iii. 11

thought, care, anxiety, sorrow, melancholy. T. & C. iv. 2; &c.; borne in mind. Mac. iii. 1

thoughten, be you, think. Per. iv. 6

thought-executing, doing execution with the rapidity of thought. Lear iii. 2

thought-sick, sick with anxiety or sadness. Ham. iii. 4

three-nooked, three-cornered. A. & C. iv. 6

three-suited, having a servant's allowance of three suits of clothes a year. Lear ii. 2

thrice-driven, of finest down. Oth. i. 3

throe, bring. A. & C. iii. 7

throng, oppress, overwhelm. Per. i. 1; ii. 1

throw, direct. Cym. v. 5

throw, tumbled past the, gone beyond the mark. Cor. v. 2

thrusting on, impulse. Lear i. 2

thunder-bearer, thunder-darter, thunderer, thunder-master, appellations of Jove. T. & C. ii. 3; &c.

thunder-stone, thunderbolt. J. C. i. 3

thwart, crosswise. T. & C. i. 3; perverse. Lear i. 4; cross. Per. iv. 4

'tice, entice. T.A. ii. 3

tickling, wanton, prurient. T. & C. iv. 5

tight, able, deft. A. & C. iv. 4

tike, small dog, cur. Lear iii. 6

timeless, untimely, premature. T.A. ii. 3; R. & J. v. 3

time-pleaser, time-server, temporizer. Cor. iii. 1

tincture, in allusion to the practice of dipping handkerchiefs in the blood of martyrs. J.C. ii. 2

tire, prey or feed ravenously; busily engage. Tim. iii. 6; Cym. iii. 4; headdress. A.&C. ii. 5; bed-furniture. Per. iii. 2

tisick, consumptive cough. T. & C. v. 3

tithe, tenth. T. & C. ii. 2

tithed death, slaughter of a tenth. Tim. v. 4

tithe-pig, pig paid as a tithe. R. & J. i. 4

tithing, district. Lear iii. 4

toast for Neptune, made a, swallowed by the sea. T. & C. i. 3

tofore, formerly. T.A. iii. 1

toge, toga. Cor. ii. 3

toged, gowned. Oth. i. 1

token, mark on the body of disease or infection. T. & C. ii. 3

tokened pestilence, plague. A. & C. iii. 8

tom-boy, wanton. Cym. i. 6

tongue, vote. Cor. ii. 3; iii. 1; report, opinion. Tim. i. 1; A.

& C. i. 2; utter. Cym. v. 4

top-gallant, highest mast of a ship; hence, summit. R. & J. ii. 4

tortive, distorted. T. & C. i. 3

touch, land at. T. & C. ii. 2; delicate or refined feeling. T. & C. ii. 2; Mac. iv. 2; trait. T. & C. iii. 3; stroke of the brush. Tim. i. 1; test, as with the touchstone. Tim. iii. 3; Oth. iii.3; wound, hurt, injure. Tim. iii. 5; Cym. iv. 3; v. 3

touch their effects, attain realization. A. & C. v. 2

towardly, willing. Tim. iii. 1

towering, rising in circles of flight. Mac. ii. 4

toy, idle fancy, whim, freakish thought. R.&J.iv.1; Oth. iii.4

toy in blood, passing amorous fancy. Ham. i. 3

trace, follow. Mac. iv. 1; Ham. v. 2

tract, track of a path. Tim. i. 1

train, draw, entice. T.A. v. 1; lure, false device. Mac. iv. 3; tail of a comet. Ham. i. 1

trammel up, prevent. Mac. i. 7

translate, interpret. T.&C.iv.5; Ham. iv.1; transform, change, convert. Tim. i. 1; Ham. iii. 1

trash, check. Oth. ii. 1; worthless creature. Oth. ii. 1; v. 1

travail, travel, labour, toil. T. & C. i. 1; go on tour. Ham. ii. 2; labour of childbirth. Per. iii. 1

traversed, folded. Tim. v. 4

treacher, traitor. Lear i. 2

trench, furrows, wrinkles. T.A. v. 2; cut. Mac. iii. 4

trenchant, cutting, sharp. Tim. iv. 3

trencher-friend, parasite. Tim. iii. 6

tribunal plebs, i.e. *tribunus plebis*, tribune of the people. T.A. iv. 3

trick, trifle. Cor. iv. 4; Ham. iv. 4; spot (as colours are indicated in heraldry by dots). Ham. ii. 2; habit. Ham. iv. 7; skill. Ham. v. 1; Cym. iii. 3; peculiar or characteristic expression. Lear iv. 6

trill, trickle. Lear iv. 3

tristful, sad. Ham. iii. 4

triumph, trump card. A. & C. iv. 12; tournament. Per. ii. 2; public festivity. Per. v. 1

troth, faith. Lear iii. 4; truth. Cym. v. 5

trow, dare say. R. & J. i. 3; believe. Lear i. 4; know. Lear i. 4; I wonder. Cym. i. 6

truckle-bed, low bed, which could be pushed under another. R. & J. ii. 1

true-penny, honest fellow. Ham. i. 5

truest mannered, most honestly disposed. Cym. i. 6

trumpet, trumpeter. T.&C.iv.5

truncheon, staff or mace borne by kings and military officers. T. & C. v. 3; Ham. i. 2

trundle-tail, curly-tailed dog. Lear iii. 6

tub, i.e. powdering tub. Tim. iv. 3

tucket, personal trumpet call. Lear ii. 1 (stage direction)

tug, buffet. Mac. iii. 1

Tully's Orator, Marcus Tullius Cicero's *De Oratore*. T.A. iv. 1

tumble, debauch. Ham. iv. 5; A. & C. i. 4; roll. Per. ii. 1

Turk, Sultan of Turkey. Lear iii. 4

Turk, turn, change completely Ham. iii. 2

Turlygood, ? name for a 'bedlam beggar.' Lear ii. 3
twiggen, cased in wickerwork. Oth. ii. 3

umbrage, shadow. Ham. v. 2
unaccommodated, unfurnished with necessaries. Lear iii. 4
unadvised, inconsiderate. R. & J. ii. 2
unanel'd, not having received extreme unction. Ham. i. 5
unapt, unprepared, disinclined. Cor. v. 1
unattainted, unbiased, R.&J.i.2
unbarbed, unarmed. Cor. iii. 2
unbent, unprepared. Cym. iii. 4
unbolt, disclose. Tim. i. 1
unbolted, coarse. Lear ii. 2
unbonneted, uncovered, on equal terms. Oth. i. 2
unbookish, unskilled. Oth. iv.1
unbraced, unbuttoned, unfastened. J.C. i.3; ii.1; Ham. ii.1
unbuckle, tear off in a close fight. Cor. iv. 5; A. & C. iv. 4
uncharge, acquit of guilt. Ham. iv. 7
uncharged, unattacked. Tim. v. 4
unclew, unwind. Tim. i. 1
uncrossed, keeps his book, remains unpaid. Cym. iii. 3
undeeded, having accomplished nothing. Mac. v. 7
undercrest, wear as if a crest. Cor. i. 9
undertaker, be his, settle him. Oth. iv. 1
underwrite, submit to. T. & C. ii. 3
uneven, not straightforward. R. & J. iv. 1
ungalled, ungored, uninjured. Ham. iii. 2; v. 2
unhair, denude of hair. A. & C. ii. 5
unhappily, unfavourably. Ham. iv. 5; Lear i. 2
unhatch'd, not brought to maturity. Oth. iii. 4
unheart, dishearten. Cor. v. 1
unhoused, having no household ties or cares; unmarried. Oth. i. 2
unhousel'd, not having received the holy sacrament. Ham. i. 5
unmann'd (in falconry), not account. Ham. i. 1
union, pearl. Ham. v. 2
unlace, undo. Oth. ii. 3
unlimited, i. e. by the 'unities of time and place.' Ham. ii. 2
unmann'd (in falconry), not accustomed to the presence of man. R. & J. iii. 2
unpaved, castrated. Cym. ii. 3
unplausive, disapproving. T. & C. iii. 3
unpregnant, not quickened by. Ham. ii. 2
unprevailing, unavailing. Ham. i. 2
unprizeable, unprized, invaluable. Lear i. 1; Cym. i. 4
unproper, unexclusive, common. Oth. iv. 1
unproportion'd, inordinate. Ham. i. 3
unprovide, weaken the resolution of. Oth. iv. 1
unqualitied, divested of his manly qualities. A. & C. iii. 9
unreclaimed, untamed. Ham. ii. 1
unrecuring, incurable, past cure, T.A. iii. 1
unrespective, heedless, careless. T. & C. ii. 2
unrough, smooth, beardless. Mac. v. 2

unscann'd, inconsiderate. Cor. iii. 1

unseam, rip up. Mac. i. 2

unseminar'd, destitute of seed. A. & C. i. 5

unshaked of motion, undisturbed by the force which moves the rest. J.C. iii. 1

unshout, reverse the effect of by shouting. Cor. v. 4

unshunnable, inevitable. Oth. iii. 3

unsquar'd, inapt. T. & C. i. 3

unstate, strip of dignity. A. & C. iii. 11

unstate myself, lose my rank. Lear i. 2

unstuffed, untroubled. R. & J. ii. 3

untented, festering. Lear i. 4

untraded, unhackneyed. T. & C. iv. 5

unwit, deprive of understanding. Oth. ii. 3

unwrung, not wrenched or galled, as by a bad saddle. Ham. iii. 2

unyoke, finish one's work. Ham. v. 1

up and down, altogether, exactly. T.A. v. 2

up-cast, throw in game of bowls. Cym. ii. 1

up-spring, wild dance at old German merry-makings. Ham. i. 4

upward, upturned. Tim. iv. 3; J.C. v. 3; top. Lear v. 3

urchin, hedgehog. T.A. ii. 3

urge me in his act, make capital of my name in his war. A. & C. ii. 2

urn, grave. Cor. v. 5; water-jugs (fig. eyes). T.A. iii. 1

usuring, grasping, stingy. Tim. iii. 5; iv. 3

utter, offer for sale. R. & J. v. 1; emit. J.C. i. 2

utterance, uttermost, last extremity. Mac. iii. 1; Cym. iii. 1

vail, going down. T. & C. v. 8; let fall, lower, Cor. iii. 1; Ham. i. 2; Per. ii. 3; perquisite, tip. Per. ii. 1; do homage. Per. iv. Gower 29

validity, value. R.&J. iii. 3; Lear i. 1; strength. Ham. iii. 2

valued, containing the values of each set down. Mac. iii. 1

vanish, escape from. R.&J. iii. 3

vanity, character in the old morality plays. Lear ii. 2

vantage, benefit, profit, gain. Cor. i. 1; Cym. v. 5; opportunity. Cor. v. 5; Mac. i. 2

vantage, coign of, convenient corner. Mac. i. 6

vantage, of; to the vantage, in addition, besides. Ham. iii. 3; Oth. iv. 3

vantbrace, armour for the front part of the arm. T. & C. i. 3

varlet, page. T. & C. i. 1

varletry, rabble. A. & C. v. 2

vassal, base wretch, slavish fellow. Lear i. 1

vassalage, vassals collectively. T. & C. iii. 2

vast, waste, desolate. T.A. iv. 1; v. 2; desolate period. Ham. i. 2; desolate sea. Per. iii. 1

vaulty, arched, cavernous. R. & J. iii. v

vaunt, beginning. T. & C. prol. 27

vaunt-courier, herald, harbinger. Lear iii. 2

vaward, vanguard. Cor. i. 6

vegetives, vegetables. Per. iii. 2

vengeance, excessively. Cor. ii. 2; mischief, harm. T.A. ii. 3

ventage, vent-hole, stops of a flute. Ham. iii. 2

verbal, plain-spoken, verbose, playing with words. Cym. ii.3

versal, universal. R. & J. ii. 4

vestal livery . . . take me to, become a nun. Per. iii. 4

vesture of creation, real qualities with which creation has invested her. Oth. ii. 1

vice of kings, buffoon of a king. Ham. iii. 4

view, to my sister's, to see my sister. A. & C. ii. 2

villain, used as term of endearment. T. & C. iii. 2; bondman, servant. T.A. iv. 3; Lear iii. 7

vinewedst, most mouldy. T. & C. ii. 1

violenteth, is violent. T. & C. iv. 4

visit, afflict with disease. Mac. iv. 3

visitation, visiting, visit. Tim. i. 2; Ham. ii. 2

visor, vizard, mask. T. & C. i. 3; R. & J. i. 4; Mac. iii. 2

voice, judgment, opinion. T. & C. i. 3; Ham. v. 2; vote. Cor. ii. 2; &c.; support, authority, approval. Cor. ii. 3; J.C. iii. 1; Oth. i. 2; nominate Cor. ii. 3; expression of opinion. T.A. v. 3; Tim. ii. 2; acclaim. Tim. iv. 3; report. J.C. ii. 1; reputation. Oth. i. 3

void, emit. Tim. i. 2; empty. J. C. ii. 4

volume, bear the knave by the, endure any amount of contemptuous epithets. Cor. iii. 3

votaress, woman under a vow. Per. iv. Gower 4

voucher, one called upon to warrant a tenant's title. Ham. v. 1; Cym. ii. 2

waft, beckon. Tim. i. 1

waftage, convergence by water. T. & C. iii. 2

wafture, wave. J.C. ii. 1

wag, move about. T.A. v. 2

wage, remunerate. Cor. v. 5; stake as a wager. Lear i. 1; Cym. i. 4; carry on war. Lear ii. 4; A. & C. iii. 4; venture, hazard. Oth. i. 3; A. & C. iii. 7; contend equally, be equal. A. & C. v. 1; Per. iv. 2

waggoner, charioteer. T.A. v. 2; R. & J. i. 4

wagtail, obsequious person. Lear ii. 2

wall-eyed, glaring, fierce-looking. T.A. v. 1

wan'd, withered. A. & C. ii. 1

wandering star, planet. Ham. v. 1

wannion, vengeance. Per. ii. 1

wanton, trifler. R. & J. i. 4; luxuriant. R. & J. ii. 5; Mac. i. 4; unrestrained. Ham. ii. 1; spoilt child, effeminate person. Ham. v. 2; Cym. iv. 2

want the thought, cannot, can help thinking. Mac. iii. 6

wappened, stale. Tim. iv. 3

ward, guard in fencing, posture of defence. T.&C. i. 2; guard, protect. T.A. iii. 1; bar, bolt. Tim. iii. 3; cell in a prison. Ham. ii. 2

warped, perverse, malignant. Lear iii. 6

warrant, justify. T. & C. ii. 2; allowance, justification. Mac. ii. 3

warrantise, authorization. Ham. v. 1

wash one's brain, drink copiously. A. & C. ii. 7

watch, keep a hawk awake in order to tame her. T. & C. iii.

2; Oth. iii. 3; sentinel's and watchman's cry. Mac. ii.1; remain awake. Mac. v. 1; Lear ii. 2; state of sleeplessness. Ham. ii. 2

watcher, one who remains awake. Mac. ii. 2

water-rug, ? shaggy water-dog. Mac. iii. 1

waul, wail. Lear iv. 6

wax, man of, wax model. R. & J. i. 3

way, scope. Lear ii. 4; passage, course. A. & C. iii. 6

weal, commonwealth. Cor. ii. 3; Mac. iii. 4; Lear i. 4; welfare. Tim. iv. 3; Ham. iii. 3

wealsman, statesman. Cor. ii. 1

weather, keeps the, is to windward, i. e. has the advantage. T. & C. v. 3

weed, dress, garment. Cor. ii. 3; Ham. iv. 7; uproot. Cor. iv. 5

weet, know. A. & C. i. 1

weigh, be worth. Cor. ii. 2; be equivalent to, compensate. Tim. i. 1; Mac. iv. 3; consider. J.C. ii. 1

weird, having to do with fate or destiny. Mac. i. 3; &c.

welkin, sky. T.A. iii. 1

well-a-near, an old North-country word. Per. iii. Gower 51

wench-like, womanish. Cym. iv. 2

went before, excelled. Cym. i.4

what is the night? what time of night is it? Mac. iii. 4

wheel, roam. T. & C. v. 7; make a circuit. Cor. i. 6; spinning-wheel. Ham. iv. 5; as the emblem of Fortune. Lear v. 3

wheeling, wandering about. Oth. i. 1

wheels, go on, pursue a course of self-indulgence. A. & C. ii. 7

whelked, twisted, convolved. Lear iv. 6

when, exclamation of impatience. J.C. ii. 1

whe'r, whether. J.C. i. 1

whipster, contemptible fellow. Oth. v. 2

whistle off, send from the fist, in falconry. Oth. iii. 3

whistle, worth the, worthy of some notice. Lear iv. 2

white, cowardly. Mac. ii. 2

whittle, small clasp-knife. Tim. v. 1

whoreson, used in coarse playfulness = fellow. R. & J. iv. 4; used as an intensive. Ham. v. 1

widow, survive. A. & C. i. 2

wield, express. Lear i. 1

wight, man, person. Oth. ii. 1

wild, rash. Cor. iv. 1

wild-goose chase, race between two horses, the rider who leads choosing the course, which the other is bound to follow. R. & J. ii. 4

Winchester, goose of, applied to one suffering from venereal disease: the Southwark stews being in the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester. T. & C. v. 10

wind, sighs. T. & C. iv. 4; Mac. i. 7; insinuate oneself. Cor. iii. 3; Lear i. 2; scent. T.A. iv. 1; turn, wheel. J.C. iv. 1

windlass, roundabout way. Ham. ii. 1

wind, let down the, dismiss. Oth. iii. 3

window-bars, openwork of the bodice. Tim. iv. 3

winnowed, wise, sensible. Ham. v. 2

winter-ground, cover up in the ground. Cym. iv. 2
witch, bewitch. Tim. v. 1; Ham. iii. 2
with himself, not, beside himself. T.A. i. 1
without, beyond the reach of. Mac. iii. 2
wits, five, viz. common sense, imagination, fancy, estimation, memory. R. & J. i. 4; Lear iii. 4
womaned, accompanied by a woman. Oth. iii. 4
womb, anything hollow. R. & J. v. 1
woo't, wilt thou. Ham. v. 1; A. & C. iv. 2; iv. 13
word, watchword, password. Ham. i. 5; iv. 5; flatter with words. A. & C. v. 2; speak of. Cym. i. 4; say. Cym. iv. 2; motto. Per. ii. 2
work, fortification. Oth. iii. 2; be agitated. Per. iii. 1
working, mental activity. Ham. ii. 2
worky-day, very ordinary. A. & C. i. 2
world, life. R. & J. iii. 1; microcosm. Lear iii. 1
world, matter of the, anything at all. T. & C. ii. 3
worm, humorously supposed to infest the fingers of lazy persons. R. & J. i. 4
wot, know. T. A. ii. 1; A. & C. i. 5
woundless, invulnerable. Ham. iv. 1
wrack, destruction, ruin. Mac. i. 3; destroy. Ham. ii. 1; wreck. Oth. ii. 1
wrangler, adversary. T. & C. ii. 2
wrath, warlike ardour. Cor. i. 9; Ham. ii. 2
wreak, vengeance, revenge. Cor. iv. 5; &c.
wreakful, revengeful. T. A. v. 2; Tim. iv. 3
wrest, key for tuning a harp. T. & C. iii. 3; get as if by main force. T.A. iii. 2
wretch, used as a term of endearment. R. & J. i. 3; Oth. iii. 3; A. & C. v. 2
wring, writhe. Cym. iii. 6
writ, writing, document. T.A. ii. 3; &c.; specified, stipulated. Ham. i. 2; iv. 5; Scripture, i.e. gospel truth. Per. ii. Gower 12
write, think yourself. Lear v. 3
wrying, swerving from the right path. Cym. v. 1

yard, clothier's, arrow used with the long bow. Lear iv. 6
yare, nimble, brisk, briskly. A. & C. ii. 2; iii. 11; v. 2; easily managed. A. & C. iii. 7
yaw, ? move unsteadily. Ham. v. 2
yeoman, a small freeholder. Lear iii. 6
yeoman's service, good and faithful service. Ham. v. 2
yerk, thrust or push smartly. Oth. i. 2
yesty, foamy, frothy. Mac. iv. 1; Ham. v. 2
yielded, born. Per. v. 3
younger, ago. Per. i. 4
youngly, early in life. Cor. ii. 3
yravish, ravish. Per. ii. Gower 35
y-slaked, reduced to inactivity. Per. iii. Gower 1

zed, the letter z. Lear ii. 2
zone, path of the sun. Ham. v. 1

A Brief Biographical Note about the Artist

WARREN CHAPPELL

Warren Chappell was born in Richmond, Virginia, in 1904, and graduated from the University of Richmond in 1926. At the age of eleven when he saw Boardman Robinson's war drawings, made on the Eastern Front, he decided to become a draftsman.

In the Fall of 1926, Chappell entered the Art Students' League, studying the graphic arts with Allen Lewis. From the League, he went into a print-shop, and from there to a three-year stint as an art director of promotional advertising.

Resigning his commercial connections in 1931, Chappell went to the Offenbacher Werkstatt of Rudolf Koch, where he became one of the few artists in our time to undertake the craft of cutting type punches by hand. On returning to New York and establishing a studio, his work was largely concerned with typography, letter design and decoration. Lydian and Trajanus are two type faces produced from his designs.

The boyhood dream to study with Boardman Robinson was finally realized in 1935, and since then, the name of Warren Chappell has been associated equally with illustration and typographic design. He is the illustrator of outstanding editions of *Don Quixote, The Temptation of Saint Anthony, A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* and numerous others.